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A CAVALRYMAN'S REMINISCENCES

—OF THE—

CIVIL WAR.

By HOWELL CARTER.

THE AMERICAN PRINTING CO., LTD.
NEW ORLEANS.

PREFACE.

In presenting this volume to the public the author is conscious of its many imperfections; he feels that in some instances he has infringed upon the rules of rhetoric to such an extent that the finer sensibilities of the critic may be shocked; he has taken the unpardonable privilege of using both the first and third person in his narratives, but, if with all these shortcomings and incongruities, he succeeds in rescuing from oblivion the record and deeds of the "First Louisiana Cavalry" and the "old boys" are satisfied with his work he will be willing to say to the critic "lay on Macduff!"

When the actors in a great drama are about to have the last curtain rung down, they strain every nerve to so reach the climax that the audience may go away with the scene forever stamped upon their minds, and, thus it is in this case; thirty-five years have passed away and the dust and cobwebs have so accumulated that even the names of the actors are almost obliterated, but with a supreme effort we have brushed and swept until the walls have whitened and the names of most of the members of "Scott's Famous Cavalry," as the Federals called them, are written herein, and, if it means for *preservation*, then the author, when the curtain is about to be rung down, will say "this is a far, far better thing that I do than I have ever done."

With the fervent prayer that the remnant of this grand old body of troopers will spend their remaining days in peace, plenty and happiness, these pages are sent out to act as sentinels, with the hope that they will guard well their camp against the attacks of oblivion's relentless sword.

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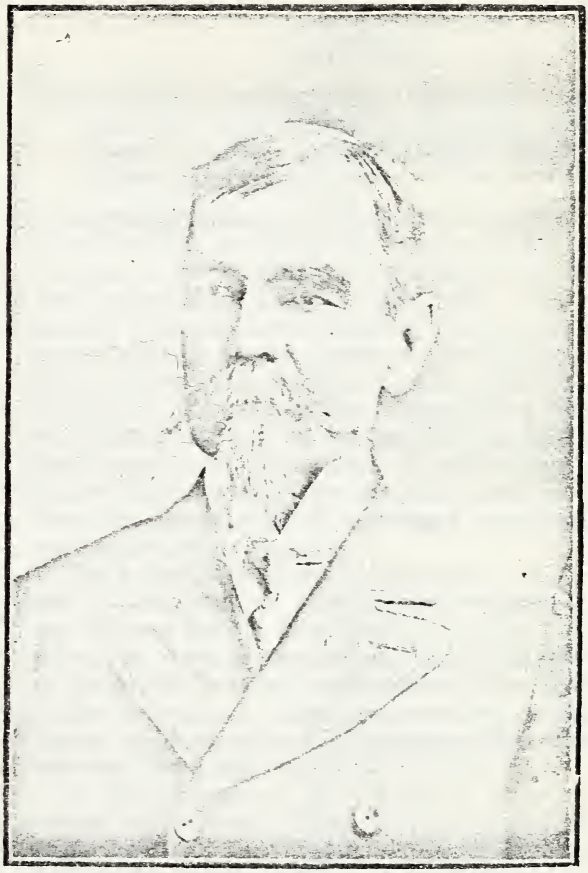


THE AUTHOR IN 1900.

CHAPTER I.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FIRST LOUISIANA CAVALRY—ROLL OF THE ORIGINAL OFFICERS—EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS PAPERS GIVING ACCOUNTS OF JOHN SCOTT'S SERVICES AS A SCOUT IN VIRGINIA.

A complete history of the First Louisiana Cavalry would be like outlining the history of the Army of Tennessee, for in 1861 the regiment joined that army and followed its fortunes until 1864. At different periods it fought under Albert Sydney Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Jos. E. Johnston, Hood, Breckinridge, Kirby Smith, Polk, Buckner, Taylor, Wheeler, Forrest, Stephen D. Lee, Cheatham, Pegram and others. In this sketch, though, no attempt will be made toward describing places or locations—it will be reminiscential (aided by notes taken at the time) and will contain only facts concerning the command, interspersed with the facetiae of its camps.

The writer apologizes in advance for the free use he will be *compelled* to make of the personal pronouns, and if more should be said about Company "E" than others, it must be remembered that it was from *this* company the personal observations were made,—and if the language in some conversations should sound coarse or indecorous it is because plain unvarnished tales are being told.

In the summer of 1861 John S. Scott, who was reared in the Parish of East Feliciana, Louisiana, came from the Army of Virginia, where he had made, in a few week's service, quite a reputation as a scout, for the purpose of raising a regiment of cavalry. The enthusiasm prevailing throughout the country was so great that it required only a little while to have the

ten companies ready. They reported at Baton Rouge, and were mustered into service as the "First Louisiana Cavalry," with John S. Scott as Colonel, J. O. Nixon, Lieut.-Colonel; Gervais Schlatre, Major; Albert Cammack, Quartermaster; N. T. N. Robinson, commissary; Peter C. Fox, Adjutant; Dr. T. P. Hotchkiss, Surgeon; Dr. J. L. Gurley, Assistant Surgeon; James R. Leake, Sergeant Major; Joseph Colton, Forage Master; A. Wilson, Wagon Master.

The companies were officered as follows:

"A"—Calvin W. Keep, Captain; Samuel Matthews, First Lieutenant; H. R. Slack, Second Lieutenant; E. A. Marioneaux, Third Lieutenant.

"B"—J. M. Taylor, Captain; Ed Hiriart, First Lieutenant; N. W. Pope, Second Lieutenant; J. B. Fort, Third Lieutenant.

"C"—W. W. Leake, Captain; Robt. D. Gill, First Lieutenant; E. G. Davis, Second Lieutenant; J. O. Howell, Third Lieutenant.

"D"—John R. Williams, Captain; E. Enette, First Lieutenant; James Culberson, Second Lieutenant; Thomas Clements, Third Lieutenant.

"E"—G. A. Scott, Captain; John F. Keller, First Lieutenant; A. Ballard, Second Lieutenant; James Haygood, Third Lieutenant.

"F"—Jos. Benjamin, Captain; W. R. Purvis, First Lieutenant; C. B. Wheeler, Second Lieutenant; Hugh Wilson, Third Lieutenant.

"G"—Fenelon Cannon, Captain; J. C. Joffrion, First Lieutenant; W. H. Murdock, Second Lieutenant; H. C. Cailletean, Third Lieutenant.

"H"—John Campbell, Captain; H. L. Daigre, First Lieutenant; J. G. GcGimsey, Second Lieutenant; Samuel Martin, Third Lieutenant.

"I"—Ovide Lejeune, Captain; Frank Hitchcock, First Lieutenant; J. H. Halsey, Second Lieutenant; Charles Villery, Third Lieutenant.

"K"—Wm. L. Ditto, Captain; Ashbury F. Harper, First Lieutenant; Thos. J. Wattington, Second Lieutenant; ——— Richardson, Third Lieutenant.

For full lists of companies, promotions, etc., see appendix.

The name of John Scott, the Virginia scout, was heralded far and wide and hence he had no trouble in raising a regiment. The following editorial is from the Clinton, La., *Patriot,* which at that time was edited by Wm. Greene:

"JOHN S. SCOTT."

"This gallant son of our parish, whose recent noble conduct in Virginia has given so much pride and pleasure to our people, will be here to-day. He will find in East Feliciana, among those who have known him from his birth, a hearty greeting. There is nowhere to be found a more gallant, chivalrous, hightoned Southern gentleman than John S. Scott, and we hope John, since he has been in the big fight at Manassas, and done such valorous and noble deeds of daring on the peninsular in Eastern Virginia, wont forget his old companions in arms in Capt. Comstock's company, "Andrew Jackson Regiment" in Mexico. You know, John, that you and we of the "Patriot" were high privates in that command and if we didn't do any fighting it was no fault of ours, as we had no chance. We predict for Colonel Scott's battalion a brilliant and glorious future. It cannot be otherwise with such men as he will have under his command, added to his own universally admitted qualifications for a military leader. Capt. Gus Scott's company from this parish, of this battalion, is composed of our best citizens, planters, who are used to the saddle and who enter this branch of the service and join this military corps because they think it affords the most prospect of get-

ting into the fray. Col. Scott, we know, will see that our boys are not disappointed; if there is any fighting he will take care to have a hand in it. Capt. Gus Scott's list, we understand, will be closed to-day. All who wish to join him should do so at once, they may be too late."

The *New Orleans Crescent's* special correspondent from Richmond, under date of June 15, 1861, writes: "The most notable man in the Confederate army north of Virginia, is a Louisianian, John S. Scott, a native of one of the Felicianas, who has rendered valuable service to Gen. Magruder and his command, in his capacity as scout. He is fearless and has passed through the most imminent dangers without injury. It was Scott who penetrated the lines of the enemy at Newport News and reported the strength and position to Gen. Magruder. He passed the pickets on the 4th of June, just before daylight and taking his position on the roof of an uninhabited house remained there until guard mounting, undiscovered. It was Scott who notified Gen. Magruder of the advance of the Federal forces on Great Bethel on the 10th of June. He reported their number also; reported the detour made by Major Winthrop for the purpose of turning Magruder's batteries, in which he was foiled by a cruel and destructive fire of the masked battery, killing Winthrop and dispersing the enemy. He never hunts in couples, but relies alone on his woodcraft and daring; from retreat to tattoo he selects as the period for passing the guard, takes some cold provisions for himself and a few ears of corn for his horse. He never lights a fire nor sleeps near his horse, but lays in the thicket for hours awaiting the enemy; if in force he mounts his horse and reports, if only one or two he is certain to bag one of them and leave the other one terrified and amazed at the sudden loss of his companion. Gen. Magruder, recently at Young's Mills, when annoyed

Col. JOHN S. SCOTT, 1865.

by the contradictory reports of his scouts, said to one of his aides: 'If Scott was here we should learn the truth; he makes no reports that can be questioned; whatever he says is considered true and reliable.'"

The following is taken from the special correspondence of the *New Orleans Delta*:

Great Bethel, York Co., Va.
June 17, 1861.

* * * In the Government ambulance, besides Mr. Da. P—— and Mr. Marion B——, of Louisiana, my companions were Bishop Polk, the Hon. Henry Marshall and Mr. John Scott. The estimable Bishop you know well enough, if not personally, at least by reputation * * * But Mr. Scott, I take it, you don't know, and perhaps few of your readers, yet I wish you and them to know him, for he is worth knowing. He is one of those peculiar men to whose complete development peculiar circumstances are necessary. If Rome had no armies and no wars Caesar might have shone as an orator equal to Cicero, or a philosopher as famous as Aristotle; for Caesar was too ambitious to rest in peace or war. But without the border campaign in Virginia it is quite possible that Mr. Scott's neighbors and friends in West Feliciana and Pointe Coupee parishes (he has a plantation in the last and resides in the first) would have known him only as a genial companion and intelligent gentleman, distinguished especially as a good judge of horse flesh, a bold rider and a brilliant shot. Here amid the stirring and eventful scenes of this peninsula he is all this indeed, but he is greatly and notably more. As a select volunteer scout in the service of Colonel Magruder's command, it would be hard to point to any single man who has assisted to more advantage than he to organize the success of the Confederate arms along this line of operations. Leather-Stocking was scarcely a more skillful woodsman, Marion was not a more daring

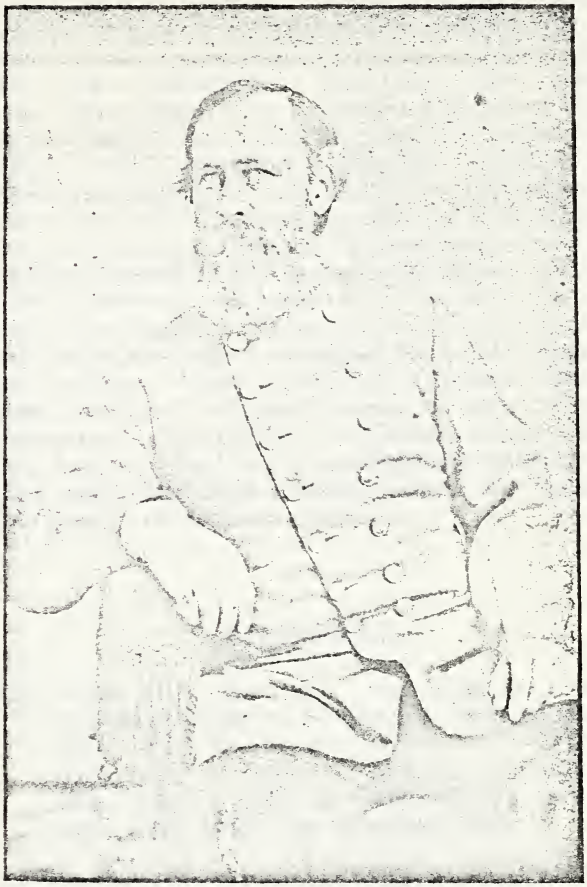
cavalier. Though the peninsula was but a short time ago entirely new to him, he is now familiar with every nook and corner of it; with every high road and by path, inlet, river, creek, morass, forest, meadow, of it, from Hampton and Newport News to Yorktown and Williamsburg. Not one of its inhabitants is so thorough a master of its military topography. He can tell you without chart or field book all the ways by which cavalry, infantry or artillery could be moved—where the enemy would be at a disadvantage, where our troops would hold a commanding position. A brief conversation with him on these topics is worth more than the diagram of an engineer. In this respect he is an unconscious genius. The engineer only gives you lines and points and angles; he paints. Were you to hear a recital of his adventures, his conflicts, his perils, his almost miraculous escapes, you would be inclined to ask, "is this the story of Roland or of Amadis repeated with a modern variation. We cannot refuse to believe in the substantial existence of the Knight errantry of the mediaeval romaunts, when we behold such an instance of the same spirit of "chivalrous emprise" in our own days.

From Hampton to Yorktown in every family of loyal citizens the name of Mr. Scott is already an affectionate household word. He knows them all. He has the friendship and confidence of the men. The women almost idolize him. The children love him as an older brother. Mr. Scott was the first Southerner on the peninsula to make a Yankee invader bite the dust; he was the first to bring a live Yankee a prisoner to the Confederate camp. Several of his desperate encounters with the enemy's scouts, pickets and videttes have been attributed to another. I say "desperate encounters," but it is difficult to conceive what encounter is desperate for one who combines such consummate daring, such coolness and presence of mind, and

such ready knowledge of the situation, however perilous. In one instance, near Hampton, in company with two citizens on horseback, he was attacked by nine of the enemy, who endeavored to surround and take them prisoners. Mr. Scott turned his horse and feigning a flight succeeded in drawing their fire. He then wheeled and charged upon three that were in advance of the rest. One of them, however, still had his piece loaded and fired upon Mr. Scott at the distance of about twenty yards, when the latter was at full gallop. Mr. Scott instantly reined up his horse, shot the man, who had just fired, dead, with one barrel of his gun, then with the other barrel mortally wounded another who was running across a field, and afterwards captured the third who was not so active in getting away. While this was going on the rest of his assailants had scampered off in wholesome dread of meeting with similar treatment from his companions. Gathering the *spolia opima* of victory, Mr. Scott then returned to camp * * * It is needless to say that Mr. Scott is in all respects an accomplished guerrillero, and if a guerrilla corps should be formed for the war along the Virginia border, he is the man of all men to be its chieftain. In person Mr. Scott is about five feet nine inches high, with a rather florid and full face —regular, and when in repose, almost feminine; dark gray eyes, brown wavy hair, broad shoulders, full chest, and a body, from neck to ankle, far from lean and angular, yet not soft and rounded to a degree of obesity. Physiologically I should pronounce his organization an admirable compound of the vital and motive systems. His dress in camp and on the road for scouting service differs little from that which a young Louisiana planter of elegant tastes would wear in a walk down Canal street. His arms at present consist of a breech-loading carbine, a Colts revolver and a bowie knife. Col. Magruder is momentarily expected

this morning from Yorktown, and when he arrives Mr. Scott will lead a party for a reconnoitering expedition. It is possible that his report may decide the plan of some important movement against Newport News, perhaps. * * * J.

The companies of the newly organized regiment went to different parts of the State to drill. Capt. Gus Scott took "E" to Jackson and Olive Branch, where, for several weeks they were put through a hardening process in drill and disciplinary work. The process was crude, though, as the following example will show: The Captain was absent from camp and the Lieutenant in command gave a sergeant and one of the men permission to go to Clinton, with the injunction to be back by 5 *o'clock* that evening. The boys went to see some girls, and as is often the case under such circumstances, they stayed a little longer than was expected, and reached camp at 5:30. The Lieutenant looked sternly at them, and said: "Boys, you have remained a half hour over your time, and as discipline is the all important thing in an army, I will be compelled to punish you. Sergeant, you will take charge of the guards at 6 o'clock and remain on duty until 6 tomorrow evening, and you (turning to the soldier) will go on guard at 6 and remain all night." Of course, it was done, but in after days the boys often laughed at the first punishment inflicted in the company. After several weeks rather pleasantly passed in Jackson and at Olive Branch, orders came to report to Baton Rouge. "The Barracks" was then our home for a while. Daily drills and guard duty was the routine work. Company "E" had within its ranks a rather facetious trooper, who caused no little amusement by an incident that the boys never forgot: Lieut. Colonel J. O. Nixon was in command, and like the good officer that he proved to be, rigid discipline was the course



LIEUT.-COL. J. O. NIXON, 1865.

he marked out to pursue. No man would dare do what was not strictly in accordance with military rule. A soldier on duty was required to salute an officer of the line with a "shoulder," a field officer with "present arms." The wagon master was about the same height of the Lieut. Colonel, and their hair too was silvered alike. "Tom" was sentry at Post No. 1—and, as Col. Nixon was passing he noticed that he received only a "shoulder arms." Stopping instantly, he said, "Soldier, do you know who I am, sir?" Immediately the sentry came to "present arms," saying as he did so, "You can have it any way you please sir. I thought you were the wagon master." The stern look which he then beheld made him *forever* remember the Lieut. Colonel of his regiment. Poor "old Tom" afterward went to sleep "on post" in Kentucky, and through the kind-heartedness of his Colonel and Captain was sent home and *reported* "dead." A few months thereafter the report could have been truthfully made, for his spirit had gone to the God who gave it.

CHAPTER II.

ON BOARD THE "MAGNOLIA" FOR MEMPHIS, TENN., THENCE BY RAIL TO NASHVILLE AND THE MARCH FROM THERE TO BOWLING GREEN, KY.—MEASLES BREAK OUT IN CAMP—A SAMPLE OF IRISH HUMOR—SCOTT'S TRIP TO GREEN RIVER AND RETURN WITH HOGS, ETC., FOR THE ARMY.

The regiment was soon ordered to the front. On board the "Magnolia," a large Mississippi river boat. Company "E" and one or two others embarked; "A" and two others on the "Vicksburg," and some other boats whose names cannot now be recalled took the

balance of the regiment. After an uneventful trip, we safely arrived in Memphis, Tenn. Spending two or three days in this delightful little city, we then took the train for Nashville, where we stopped about a week, had our horses shod, and prepared for marching. On the trip to Bowling Green, nothing of particular interest occurred. At night we would seek shelter in houses, barns, and wherever we could find it. One night some of the boys were sleeping in a little two room house, where an old man lived alone, at least was alone that night. "Bob" (one of the company) asked the old fellow if he couldn't sleep in the bed with him. He consented, and went out to attend to some duties about his place, and as Bob had taken a long ride and was tired he concluded to get in before the old farmer returned. He found that he was getting into what might be called a "duplex" bed, that is, the mattress was half cotton and half shucks, and getting over on the *cotton* side he told the boys who were sleeping on the floor what he was doing. After a while the old man came in, and when he found the soldier on *his* side, he tried to wake him, but he was as one dead—*pretending* to be so sound asleep; finally the old fellow said, "well! I suppose I will *have* to sleep on them shucks, but if God will forgive me this time for doing such a fool thing, I'll never let a soldier sleep with me again." Old Bob laughed many days afterward about the way he got the *cotton* side of that mattress.

In good time we arrived in Bowling Green, and reported to Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston, one of the grandest and most magnificent looking soldiers it has ever been our fortune to see. A few days after going into camp, in company with another soldier I took a ride. We met quite a number of officers; one particularly attracted our attention. We saluted, and looking at each other both said: "What a grand looking sol-

dier. If that is not Gen. Johnston, he surely ought to be in command of an army.' Riding on further we met a soldier whom we questioned, and he said: "Did you meet an officer riding a gray horse? Well, that was Gen. Johnston." So the man we had *picked out* as our *beau ideal* of a *soldier* was indeed the peerless Albert Sydney Johnston. We were soon ordered to Russellville, which we found a pleasant place to quarter in. Eggs and chickens were plentiful, the former selling at three cents per dozen, when we first got there and the boys *feasted* for many days. The measles, though, had broken out in camp and havoc was played with the command, Many of our finest boys died, or went home to die from the effects of the disease. After spending several weeks at this place, the Regiment returned to Bowling Green and went into winter quarters. One night the tent in which the writer was sleeping with his messmates caught fire. The boys sprang out of their straw beds, seizing their guns, accoutrements, clothing, etc., and jumped into snow about six inches deep. "W. S.," one of our trustworthy and most reliable men—one, who though not a *drinking* man, always had a canteen of *something* that could be counted on, was among our number who were shivering in the cold. We had just seen our little Irishman, who was the life of the mess, come from the corner of a tobacco house that stood near, with a broad smile upon his face. "W" said: "I would give a dollar for a drink of whisky. I don't see why I let such as that burn up." The little Hibernian said, "Come with me and I'll give ye a drink." So to the corner of the house all went, and no one who saw the look on "W's." face as he took the canteen, can forget it. He looked first at John, then at the canteen, and said: "Where did you get this?" "Be the Holy Moses," said he, "while ye were all in the tint hunting up your thraps, it was meself that was on the outside feeling for this canteen, for I

knew d—n well there was one under the head of old 'W's.' bed." Not long after this, on account of water, we had to move quarters. Nearly all of our company were in hospitals; in fact, the Captain, a sergeant, six men and the wagon driver were the only ones well enough for duty the day the move was made. Arriving at the new camp the Captain told the sergeant not to allow Lynch to take his mules out until he had hauled some straw for the boys to sleep on. The old Irishman said, when he was told to go, "I am going to wather me mules first." "All right," was the reply, "but the Captain said *not* to take those mules out until you hauled that straw." "Well! I'll wather me mules." Just then the little Captain made his appearance. "What does all this mean?" said he. "Nothing at all," said Lynch, "only I am going to wather me mules." "It looks to me, Lynch, as if you wanted to be *Captain* of this company and have *me* for *wagon driver.*" "No, I'll be darmed if I do; I wouldn't be Captain of six sick men." It knocked Captain Scott out completely, and he made for his tent hurriedly, almost bursting with laughter. But old Lynch never unhitched his mules; he winked his eyes as only an Irishman can, and said, "Be Gad, I shall go and get that sthraw." In a few minutes the Captain had gotten over his "knock-out," and returned. "Where are you going, Lynch?" said he. "For the sthraw; didn't me Captain tell me to get it, and whin did I ever disobey him." It was another "knock-out," but of a different style, and all the Captain could say was "I am glad you came to your senses."

About the middle of January Colonel Scott, with four companies of his regiment, went on a scout toward Green river. Capt. Gus Scott, who had gone down to Russellville to see about his sick men, heard of it and asked permission to go along. He got Hendry's horse and Brook's rifle and pistol, and started.

Capt. ALBERT CAMMACK.

They spent the night at Greenville and next day went to Rochester, situated at the junction of Green and Mud rivers. Here they got sixty-five hogs and left about 4 o'clock p. m. The enemy was within six miles of them at the time, report said, nearly four thousand. Col. Scott went direct from this place to Bowling Green, Capt. Scott returning to Russellville. Although they had no engagement, one man was killed on the trip—to what company he belonged cannot now be recalled. He was sitting at a table eating; another soldier coming in, slipped and fell, the hammer of his gun striking the floor caused it to fire, killing the man at the table instantly. Captain Scott said that while he was at the hotel in Greenville he saw a wounded Yankee, the first he had ever seen. He was shot in several places, in a fight at Sacramento. In the night he was groaning terribly. Capt. Scott went to him and found that he had become twisted in his bed, and unable to help himself; he fixed him comfortably and gave him some water; the poor fellow was grateful, but seemed very much surprised to think that a Southern soldier would do *anything* for him.

CHAPTER III.

EVACUATION OF BOWLING GREEN—MARCH TO CLARKSVILLE, TENN.—POSITION OF REGIMENT DURING THE BATTLE OF FORT DONELSON—COLD WEATHER—SURRENDER OF BUCKNER—RETREAT TO NASHVILLE—CAPT. GUS SCOTT'S FIGHT AT GRANNY WHITE PIKE—MARCH TO PULASKI AND THENCE TO DECATUR, ALA., WHERE MANY RECRUITS JOINED THE COMMAND—BATTLE OF SHILOH—DEATH OF ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON.

Early in February, 1862, the movements of the Federals up the Cumberland with land and naval forces necessitated the evacuation of Bowling Green. Scott's cavalry was sent to Clarksville; on the trip we found the roads in a fearful condition, and in sleet, rain, and mud, the command marched, but strange to say, just as we got to the Tennessee line the sun came out beautifully, and the roads were fine. The boys immediately commenced drawing comparisons, in which Kentucky suffered, for, most of the farmers with whom we had come in contact in that part of Kentucky were Union sympathizers, and had not treated the men as well as they might have done, and as if to strengthen their views or to corroborate the comparisons made, Companies B and E stopped in the lot of a man by the name of Mumford, near Clarksville, who was a whole-souled gentleman and Southerner. His house was filled with women and children who had fled from Hopkinsville, and notwithstanding that forty men got supper and breakfast, and sixty horses were fed, not a cent would he take for anything; said he could not charge Confederate soldiers, and, not being used to such treatment, the boys thought it refreshing to meet such a man. From here we went out to the Fair

Grounds, where we found comfortable quarters for ourselves and horses. After remaining a day or two we started toward Indian Mound and almost opposite Fort Donelson. The fight commenced on the 13th, and those bitter cold days will never be forgotten by those who were exposed. The mercury had crept down at least to zero, it had been sleeting and snowing, and the suffering among the men was intense; the soles of their shoes froze to the stirrups, and many fingers and toes were "frost-bitten." The command was stationed on that side of the river to watch the movements of the enemy, and was not really engaged, but they saw and heard enough of the excitement of the battle to give them the first actual taste of war. The writer can never forget his good old friend "August" (as his mess-mates called him) on that bitter cold night of the 13th. We had been in the saddle for hours, and not knowing what moment we would meet and become engaged with the enemy, it was not deemed advisable to go into camp, but hitching the horses in the fence corners, with positive orders that each saddle should be placed right behind the horse, the boys scratched back the snow, and wrapped up in blankets for a "snooze" in bivouac. "August" thought it would do just as well to put his saddle on the fence, and, about the time he got wrapped up well in his blanket the Captain walked down the line on an inspection. Finding no saddle behind this horse, he said, and in language that could not be *misunderstood*: "Whoever this horse belongs to I want to put his saddle right where it ought to be in two minutes." "August" rolled out of his blankets and put the saddle in the place designated. Being a Christian gentleman, he never used *comparative* and *superlative* degrees of expression, but seeing the Captain disappear down the line he said, with a scornful curl of the lip, "By ganny, I'll tie it to my horse's tail if he wants it,' or something

similar to that, which brought forth a merry peal of laughter from the almost frozen boys. As to the surrender of Fort Donelson, it is not the province or desire of the writer to speak. Other pens will tell of Floyd and Pillow escaping, and Buckner remaining to share the destiny of his troops when he surrendered. Our command was then, on the morning of the 16th, ordered to fall back toward Nashville, which was done with no startling incident, and we remained in the city until the Federals appeared on the oposite side of the river, when we leisurely marched along toward Franklin. A detachment of Federal cavalry, having annoyed us some, Col. Scott sent Capt. Scott back on the 9th of March with a detachment to teach them a lesson, which was effectually done and we were troubled no more.

In a dispatch of Gen. Johnston's to Beauregard, dated Decatur, March 11, 1862, among other things is the following: "My cavalry, a part of which still observes the enemy near Nashville, had a smart skirmish with the enemy's cavalry six miles from Nashville day before yesterday. Forty of Scott's cavalry attacked 100 of the enemy's, killed twelve, routed them and burned their tents. We lost two, one killed and one mortally wounded. The force here is in good condition and fine spirits. They are anxious to meet the enemy. Very respectfully your obedient servant,

A. S. JOHNSTON,
General C. S. Army.

See Vol X, Series 1, part II, official records. Page 310.

We now started for Pulaski and thence on to Decatur, Ala. Here we went into camp and many recruits from Louisiana and elsewhere joined us; among them, Dr. A. Porter Brown, A. E. Carter and Charles McVea in Company "E;" Frank A. Monroe in Company "C," and many others whose names cannot now be recalled. Some regularly enlisted and others joined as

JUDGE FRANK A. MONROE, 1900.

independents ("peacocks" the boys called them), that is, they were willing to fight with us and do guard duty, but would not be sworn in; they wanted to reserve the right to leave when they felt so disposed. Dr. Brown, being prominent in his profession, was soon acting as assitant surgeon, the surgeon being absent. The early days of April found us at Corinth, and like most of the troops we were ordered to the front to take part in the great battle of Shiloh, that was to be fought. Sunday morning, the 6th, we were on the extreme right of the army and there we remained during the progress of the two day's fight. When word was passed along the line that Gen. Johnston was killed the chilliness of gloom crept over our entire command. We believed him to be the greatest military man of the age. We had followed and watched him in his matchless retreat from Bowling Green, and although some newspapers were severely criticising his movements, yet most of the soldiers had implicit confidence in him and felt sure that when *he* thought the proper time had come, he would deal to the enemy a blow which would stagger him, and, we still think that if he could have lived until the 7th of April, the brilliancy of a great military genius would have been so *dimmed* that his "unconditional surrender" fame of Cumberland river, would have been so obscured, as to have given him great trouble in regaining distinction. Yes! when Albert Sydney Johnston died his soldiers believed like Jefferson Davis said in a special message to Congress, "Without doing injustice to the living it may safely be said that our loss was irreparable. Among the shining hosts of the great and good who now cluster around the banner of our country there exists no purer spirit, no more heroic soul than that of this illustrious man."

CHAPTER IV.

ACCIDENTAL WOUNDING OF JOHN MCKEOWN—EIGHT CAPTAINS PREFER CHARGES AGAINST THE COLONEL AND ARE ARRESTED—CAPT. LEAKE AND LT. HOLMES MENTIONED FOR GALLANTRY—COL. SCOTT'S REPORT OF FIGHTS NEAR ATHENS, ALA. BEAUREGARD'S ORDER IN REFERENCE TO THE CAPTAINS.

The regiment was now ordered toward East Tennessee, and, near Moulton, Ala., the little Irish soldier, John McKeown, whose wit and humor filled his company with the sunshine of hilarity, was accidentally shot and lost his arm. The writer was not in camp when the accident occurred, but when the one armed soldier left the hospital and came back, the first thing he said when we met, was "Do ye moind the time whin ye found me in the middle of the night lighting me pipe, ye said, 'if ever ye get shot John it will be lighting that old pipe.' Well! be the Holy Moses, it was meself that was lighting the poipe when me arm was shot." "John," of course, was entitled to a discharge, but he would not leave the command for months thereafter.

Just about this time an unpleasantness occurred in the regiment which hung like a pall over us for many months. All the Captains, save two, who were absent at the time, preferred charges against the Colonel. They were a fine set of officers, honorable and upright gentlemen, well liked by their companies, but the Lieutenants and men looked upon their act as a misguided one, and all took sides with their Colonel. From this time until the following September we had but two Captains with us. Some of the boys used to say that these officers were "spiling" for a fight, and it

was just previous to this that the regiment had some fights near Athens, and was about to have another brush when Col. Scott ordered a retreat, and upon this they based their charges. But it was that characteristic, that foresight and judgment which made Scott such a successful cavalry officer. He seemed to know exactly when to fight and when to retreat.

The following official documents refer to these matters:

Athens, Ala., May 1, 1862.

General: I attacked the enemy this morning at this place and drove them within six miles of Huntsville. They left their tents standing, a considerable quantity of their commissary stores, all camp equipage, and about 150 stand of arms; also some ammunition. They numbered eleven companies. Gen. Mitchell was present, but made his escape by cars. My force was 112 mounted men and my mountain howitzer battery. My boys took few prisoners, their shots proving singularly fatal. My loss I regret to say was one man killed from Company C, and three severely wounded. The enemy's loss must have been 200 killed and wounded. My officers and men behaved so well that I can make no particular mention. Yours very respectfully,

J. S. Scott,
Colonel First Louisiana Cavalry.

General G. T. Beauregard.

P. S. I cannot, however, close without particular mention of the gallantry of Capt. Leake, commanding Company C, and Lieut. W. H. Holmes, commanding howitzer battery.

Indorsement.

The two officers therein named, besides Col. Scott, shall be mentioned in order for gallantry and merito-

rious service; also the boy who took Lieut. Colonel Adams, United States engineer.

G. T. BEAUREGARD,
General Commanding.

Elk River, Ala., May 2, 1862.

General: Since I dispatched you yesterday I have burned the Limestone Bridge between Decatur and Huntsville. I caught two provision trains at the bridge and burned about twenty cars. We killed and wounded there thirty-four of the enemy. This morning about 10 o'clock the enemy's cavalry, about 400 strong, attacked me at Elk River, after I had half my command over the river. We repulsed them with the loss of two men killed on our side and at least 35 on theirs. I lost on the trip four men killed, five wounded and twelve horses. I am out of ammunition and my horses are very much jaded. I will cross to-night on the south side of the river, and rest my men and horses for a few days in the neighborhood of Courtland. I send you twenty prisoners, two Captains. Yours very respectfully,

J. S. SCOTT,
Colonel First Louisiana Cavalry.
General G. T. Beauregard.

A correspondent in the *Memphis Appeal*, under date —Courtland, Ala., May 4, 1862, says:

"Scott's Louisiana Cavalry have performed some most daring exploits in this and the Athens neighborhood within the last ten days. Advancing with a portion of his regiment toward Tuscumbia John Scott frightened the Federals out of the place by a very simple ruse. Capturing a well-known negro, who from his intimacy with the Yankees in Tuscumbia, was a fit subject, he complied with the darkey's pleadings for release, only on said darkey giving *his parole* that he

would not tell the Yanks that Price and fifteen thousand men were advancing upon them. Of course, the darkey made tracks for his friends in Tuscumbia and swore that the hills were crowded with Prices' men. The burning of the stores at Florence and immediate evacuation of Tuscumbia was the consequence(a description of the fights is given, and, continuing, the correspondent says) : The entrance of Scott's regiment into Athens was a triumphant one. The streets were lined with exultant ladies and shouting men. The former gathered in a body and presented Scott with a Confederate flag which they had kept hidden* * * * *Scott has almost cleared North Alabama of Yankees and something is now in prospect that will cast a glow of delight over 'true and faithful' Middle Tennessee."

General Orders No. 55.

Headquarters Western Department,
Corinth, Miss., May 24, 1862.

The General commanding the forces desires to call the attention of the army to the insubordinate conduct of the following named officers of Col. J. S. Scott's regiment of Cavalry, Louisiana: Capt. C. W. Keep, Co. A, Capt. W. W. Leake, Co. C, Capt. John Routh Williams, Co. D., Capt. J. Benjamin, Co. F, Capt. Fenelon Cannon, Co. G, Capt John Campbell, Co. H, Capt. A. Lejeune, Co. I, Capt. Wm. L. Ditto, Co. K.

These officers, without authority, having abandoned their commands in the face of the enemy, and presented themselves in person at these headquarters in order to lodge complaints against their commanding officer, have been promptly ordered under arrest, and sent under guard to Brig. Gen. Forney, commanding at Mobile, to be confined at Fort Morgan. The General commanding regrets to notice conduct strangely in contrast with the many recent instances of the

heroic behavior of the regiment to which they belong, but deem it proper to publish to the army not only his disapproval of such acts of insubordination, but his stern determination to visit them with the penalty due to their commission. By command of

GEN. BEAUREGARD,
GEO. WM. BRENT, Acting Chief of Staff.

Official Records, Vol. X, Part II, Series 1, page 543.

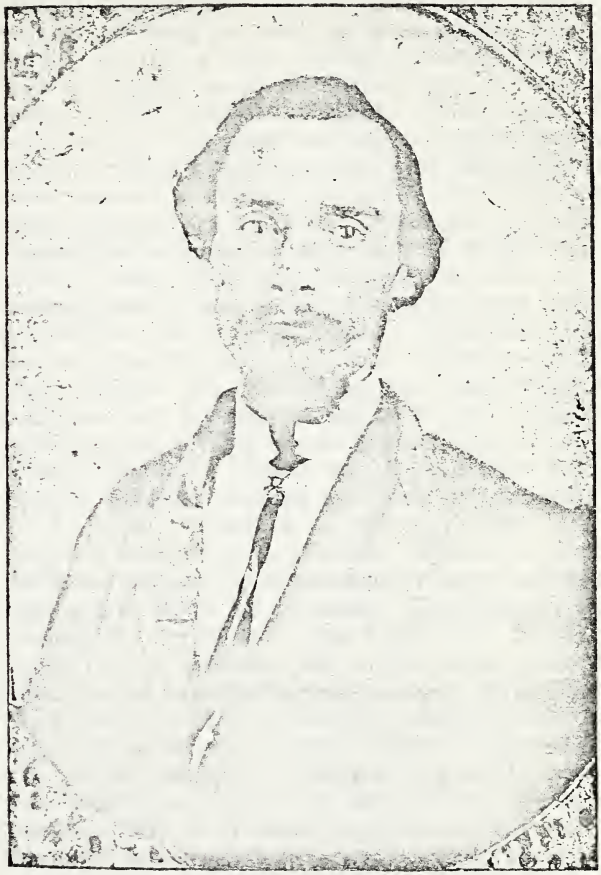
We learned afterward that these officers were never put in confinement; that Gen. Forney refused to do so until he received the charges against them; and as none ever reached him he simply required them to report to his headquarters regularly until they were ordered by the Secretary of War to report to Col. Scott.

CHAPTER V.

MARCH TO EAST TENNESSEE—DR. A. PORTER BROWN'S REMINISCENCES—CHARGES OF DRUNKENNESS, INCOMPETENCY AND COWARDICE AGAINST ONE OF THE OFFICERS—MARCH ACROSS THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS; FIGHT AT LONDON AND BIG HILL.

We were now ordered to East Tennessee and on the banks of Clinch river, near the little town of Kingston we spent most of the summer, having only a few skirmishes with the enemy; among them that of Calf Killer on the 4th of August.

Right here it might be apropos to speak of our acting assistant surgeon, Dr. A. Porter Brown,—he is now practicing in Fort Worth, Texas, and his recollections and descriptions of the oak timbered black lands of the vicinity of Shiloh, and the immense



WALTER STEWART.

growth of wild onions are amusing and ludicrous. The rainfall immediately after the great battle was in excess of anything we had, up to that time, seen. The doctor says (in a letter recently received from him), 'While sleeping under an oilcloth tent," (one improvised for that special occasion) "I felt what I supposed to be a root under my side and putting my hand into my pocket to get my knife (the boys all slept in their pants at that time) to cut it away, the muddy water splashed up my arm. Withdrawing the hand, I slung the water out of the sleeve and turned over and went to sleep. The next morning the rain was still pouring down, I saw a soldier stretched on a log snoring like he was in a feather-bed." When the regiment got to Iuka the news that New Orleans had fallen was received. Dr. Brown says he was sitting by a camp fire with his head resting in the palm of his hand grieving over the fall of our beloved city, feeling perfectly miserable. "Some one touched me," he says, "on the shoulder; looking up, I saw it was Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon. I started to arise and salute him, but before it could be done, he said, 'Brown do you ever drink anything?' My countenance, I know, would have been a fine study for an artist. The Colonel, appreciating the doubts and other expressions facial, said, 'come on.' I followed him to his horse ("old Four Bits," as the boys had named this one). From his saddle pockets he drew a tempting looking bottle, handing it to me he said, 'Drink,' which I did freely, (but not to Gen. Butler)." While at Burnsville some soldier brought in a bottle of white whisky that was so *vile* that only a sip could be taken by any one, and the *smell* was enough for most of them. Brown says, "Some one suggested that if the assistant surgeon could not drink it it had as well be thrown away. He was induced to try it, but failed to drink, so it was destroyed. Col. Nixon fell sick with chills and fever

and sending for me, asked, after I examined him, what I was going to give him. 'Colonel, the only medicines we have are calomel, blue-mass, dovers-powders, quinine and whiskey, and I am going to give you some of all,—calomel, blue-mass and dovers-powders to-night, and to-morrow, quinine and whisky. 'The two latter together?' asked the Colonel. 'Of course.' 'Say! Brown, as a special favor to me wont you let me take the quinine first and the whisky afterward?' As the Colonel was too good a fellow to refuse, I agreed to it." While at Kingston we occasionally went out foraging toward the Kentucky line. On one of these trips we stopped at a little village in the mountains to get breakfast, and the regiment was divided up into squads, that went to different houses to have cooking done. The doctor says: "I went up to a house where I found Col. Scott having a lively time with the first barefooted, grown, white woman I ever saw, sitting cross legged, chewing tobacco, and using cuss words, but she was game, and when Col. Scott told her to tell her husband to come in and surrender, as the war would soon be over, she replied, 'No, sir! I will send him word to stand to his post.' It was not far from this place where the jayhawkers shot Chapman, and, having dressed his wounds, I decided that it would be dangerous to try to take him with us (we had no ambulances on this mountain trip), so we went to the house of a good old Dutchman, who fortunately was a Southern sympathizer. He agreed to take care of the wounded soldier and he did so by hiding him in a cellar. About ten months afterward one of his acquaintenances told me that the jayhawkers came that night to kill Chapman, but the old man had him so well hid they did not find him. The good old Dutchman had a large hay wagon in the bottom of which he bored many holes for air, put Chapman in it, covered him with a large load of hay, and drove him to

Chattanooga and delivered him safe to his sympathizing Southern friends."

It was at Kingston that another unpleasantness occurred in the regiment. Charges of drunkenness, incompetency and cowardice were preferred by a company against its First Lieutenant. The lapse of years is sufficient to justify the writer in suppressing names, for he sees no reason why the feelings of the descendants of this good-hearted but unfortunate man should be hurt. When the orderly sergeant handed the Lieut-Colonel a copy of the charges, he read them, looked savagely at the sergeant and said, "This is the most awful thing I ever heard of; that officer is one of the bravest in our regiment, and I tell you right now, young man, that I am going to put every one of you through for this. The two leaders in this affair I shall have arrested immediately and as we are going off on a scout I will fix the balance of you when we return." It seems that Col. Nixon had some intimation of what was coming, and had found out, as he thought, who was at the head of the movement, and consequently two of the boys were arrested and imprisoned. This Lieutenant had the reputation of having unbounded personal courage and the Colonel believed implicitly in him.

The next night, Aug. 12, 1862, orders were received to prepare for a march. Gen. Kirby Smith had placed Col. John S. Scott in command of a brigade consisting of the 1st Louisiana Cavalry, Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon commanding; 1st Georgia, Col. Morrison; 3rd Tennessee, Col. Stearns; and the First Louisiana's battery of mountain Howitzers, commanded by Lieut. Holmes. Also temporarily atached to the First Louisiana was the "Buckner Guards" under Capt. Garrett, a fine body of Kentuckians, formerly the body-guard of Gen. Buckner.

On the 13th we started over the Cumberland moun-

tains, passed through Montgomery and Jamestown and reached Monticello on the 15th, where we rested and refreshed man and beast. From this point we went to Somerset, a place then unknown to us, except that Zollicoffer had fought and died there a few months previous; however, eight months afterward we became acquainted with the place from personal experiences and not only the "First Louisiana," but Pegram's Brigade will perhaps *never forget* it. Col. Houck, with a Tennessee regiment, was guarding a wagon train at London on its way to the Federal Gen. Morgan at Cumberland Gap. On the morning of the 17th, after a forced night march, we undertook to take charge of this train, but our rights were disputed. The Federals were in and around a church and not until after we had quite a hard little fight would Col. Houck give up his treasure. And such a treasure! Oh! ye hungry and travel worn Rebs! can you ever forget those steaming pots of hot coffee that we found on the fires in that old church yard? the cheese, canned goods, wines, etc., that the sutler let us have free of charge? Nearly a hundred wagons laden with supplies, four hundred or more mules and horses and quite a number of their men killed and wounded and about 120 prisoners was the result of the fight; but there were many sad hearts in our command. Several of the boys had been shot down; among the number Lieut. Cailletean, a gallant and promising young officer of Co. "G." An affecting scene witnessed on this field was the death of Private Frank Boyle of Company "F." As he lay stretched out upon the ground his brother looked at him and said, "It is so hard to see you here, but that is better than to have had you with those fellows," pointing to a group of prisoners near by. We afterward learned that the remark was caused from the fact that this brother was fresh from Ireland and hesitated which to don, the blue or grey,—but, hearing

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that his brother had enlisted in the Confederate army, came South and joined the same company. For several days we were now busy gathering up stock, arms, munitions, etc., that had been abandoned by the enemy.

"The Kirby Smith Brigade," so named in honor of our commander, by Col. Scott, now numbered about 800 men, and, hearing that Col. Metcalf, with his own regiment, the Seventh Kentucky Cavalry, and a detachment of Tennessee Infantry under Lieut. Col. Childs, was strongly posted at Big Hill, seventeen miles from Richmond, Col. Scott determined to dislodge him. On the 23rd the First Louisiana moved against him; the firing was hot on both sides for a half hour or more. Lieut. Holmes in the meantime doing efficient work with the little battery of howitzers. Col. Scott, seeing that the position of Metcalf in a *stand up* fight was too strong for us, ordered a charge and raising a genuine old Rebel yell, the boys started, and that was the last of Metcalf. His command was scattered in every direction; those keeping the road were chased for nine miles or more. The Seventh Kentucky, I don't think, was ever reorganized, and we heard at the time that Col. Metcalf tendered his resignation, not at all pleased with the manner in which some of his officers and men behaved. At any rate if his command was ever reorganized we never met them again, and at different periods of the war the First Louisiana crossed swords with nearly all the cavalry of the army in Kentucky and Tennessee. Our loss at Big Hill was eight killed and wounded; theirs, about 35 and 150 prisoners. These are the figures the writer took down the night after the fight and he knows our loss to be exactly as stated, but he has in his possession a Federal account of the fight which gives the losses as follows: "Union 10 killed. 40 wounded; Confederate, 25 killed." In the engage-

ment Company "F," which the boys called the "Irish Brigade," and also "Copper heads," from their yellow banded caps, was conspicuous for its gallantry. They were formed in an old field to the right of the road, and under a withering fire from the enemy they never flinched but continually fired and advanced until the charge was ordered and the enemy fled. The old servant of Lieut. D'Armand, prowling around through the woods after the fight, picking up what he could find, suddenly and unexpectedly came upon nine Federals. At first "old Ben" was much frightened, but determining to do the best he could, said, "Our white folks right ober de hill dar to take you, so you all jist better come right along wid me," and amid the shouts and laughter of our boys, he brought in nine prisoners, fully armed and equpped. After this fight we rested, so to speak, between Big Hill and Richmond until the 29th, when we had such a lively tilt with the enemy that we might have wished we were back at our old camp in East Tennessee had we not been apprised of the fact that Gen. Cleburne was in close proximity, he being the advance of Kirby Smith's infantry.

CHAPTER VI.

GEN. LEW WALLACE'S REPORT OF BIG HILL—EXTRACT FROM LOUISVILLE COURIER ON SCOTT AND MORGAN—BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KY.

GEN WALLACE'S REPORT OF BIG HILL.

Lexington, Ky., Aug. 24, 1862.

General—I regret to report that the enemy moved against Col. Metcalfe yesterday afternoon. The Colonel led his men to attack those on Big Hill, but they broke and fled, leaving him and his Lieutenant Colonel

alone on the field. A small body of the Third Tennessee stood and fought, but were driven back to Richmond after rescuing Metcalfe and Oden. Then the enemy advanced and demanded surrender of Richmond. Metcalfe refused to surrender. Link's brigade reached the place in time and is now ready to defend it. Link has three regiments and three field pieces. The conduct of Metcalfe's men was most disgraceful. He refuses to command them any longer. He thinks his loss about 50. I am arresting his runaways as they come to town. Link will whip the Rebels if they attack him.

LEW WALLACE, Major General.

To Major General Wright.

(See Vol. 16, part 1, series 1, War Records.)

The *Louisville Courier*, just before the battle of Richmond, Ky., commenting on the Big Hill fight, says:

"Col. Scott, reported wounded, captured and paroled, is from Bayou Sara, La. He was a Union man up to the last hour and made a speech at his home for the Union just before the firing on Fort Sumpter. He was known as a Bell and Everett man and was a prominent citizen in his State. He had previously canvassed Louisiana for the Union. He has been in almost every engagement between the Union and Confederate forces since the war began and has commanded the select cavalry which led the advance of the Confederate armies for six months. He is acting Brigadier General of cavalry and, in fact, commanded all of Smith's cavalry except what was under Col. John H. Morgan, of Lexington. Col. Morgan, we believe, commands a brigade and the only difference between Scott and Morgan is that Morgan acts as a guide and Scott's cavalry does the fighting, as they did to our cost at Big Hill. Personally, Col. Scott is all that a

generous and honorable foe could ask. He is chivalrous without pretention, kind without knowing it, and so good a soldier, we regret that he is so resolute an enemy."

The morning of the 30th dawned beautifully bright. The infantry passed, moving to the front, and "Scott's Cavalry" awaited orders. Soon the reverberating sounds of artillery were heard, but of that glorious attack, Smith's admirable tact and management, Churchill's invincibility, Cleburne's and Preston Smith's daring, others must write,—I shall only chronicle the closing scenes of that brilliant victory. After being idle lookers on for some time, "boots and saddle" sounded, and off galloped our gallant commander with his brigade toward the rear of Richmond, and when he made his attack the troops were so placed as to make the enemy believe they were entirely surrounded, and, panic stricken, and demoralized, they commenced surrendering by the hundreds. Capt. Hennin of the First Georgia, and one of his men had been captured by a battalion and the demoralization was so great that the 416 concluded to stack arms and surrender to *him*. One of Gen. Smith's aides says that Col. Scott rode in, dismounted, and hurriedly walking up to the General saluted and said, "Gen. I've got them." "How many?" was the query. "Have not counted them, but I have a ten acre lot full." The laconic report and the splendid results wreathed the General's face in smiles of approbation. When all the prisoners, guns, wagons, etc., were taken into town by our troops, the infantry commenced yelling out, "Boys we beg your pardon for thinking you were like some other cavalry we have seen," and all such things as "bully for old Scott." "Boys, we will never call you buttermilk rangers again." Even Gen. Smith exclaimed, when he saw and heard of the thousands of prisoners, nine pieces of artillery and all those wagons marching by,

"My cavalry has surpassed anything I have ever known." Thus ended one of the most glorious little victories of the war, the "Battle of Richmond, Ky.' Pollard, in his "Lost Cause," giving an account of this fight said: "A detachment of Confederate cavalry came in upon their flank and scattered them in all directions, capturing all their artillery and trains." It seems to the writer that such an attack, with such results deserved at least the mention of John Scott's name. The following is Col. Scott's report to Gen. Smith:

"On the morning of the 30th in obedience to your orders, I passed around to the west of Richmond and took possession of the roads leading thence to Lexington. The majority of my forces were posted on the Lexington road and one company on the Lancaster road; the remainder between the two roads. About 4 o'clock stragglers from the battle field commenced passing into my lines and gradually increased in numbers until 6 o'clock, when the main body of the enemy, apparently about 5,000 strong, with nine pieces of artillery, came upon us. My forces being well ambuscaded, poured a destructive fire into their ranks, killing about 60, and wounding a large number. The firing commenced in obedience to my orders on the extreme left, extending to the right, which was nearest Richmond; soon after which almost the entire force surrendered. Owing to the smallness of my force (about 800) I was unable to still guard the roads and remove all the prisoners to the rear, and consequently a large number escaped, wandering through corn fields and wood lands, it being too dark to distinguish them when a few paces distant. I am unable to state positively the number of prisoners taken by my command, owing to the fact that they were principally captured after dark and during the same night turned over to Gen. Preston Smith in obedience to your orders, but am con-

fident they could not fall short of 3,500. I captured also nine pieces of artillery, a large number of small arms and wagons laden with army supplies. Among the prisoners taken were Brigadier General Manson, and a number of field and staff officers.

"My loss since leaving Kingston is one officer and six privates killed, 21 wounded and nine taken prisoners. Since leaving London I have captured nearly 4,000 prisoners, including those turned over to Gen. Smith and those paroled by me; about 375 wagons, mostly laden with army stores and provisions; nearly 1,500 mules and a large number of horses. It has been impossible to keep an account of the wagons captured, owing to the rapidity of my movements."

CHAPTER VII.

LIEUT. COL. NIXON'S APOLOGY FOR THE PART HE HAD TAKEN IN THE CHARGES AGAINST THE LIEUT.—MARCH TO VERSAILLES—CONSOLIDATION OF COMPANIES—FRANKFORT OCCUPIED—BATTLE FLAG HOISTED OVER THE CAPITOL—MARCH TO LEBANON, THENCE TO MUMFORDSVILLE, WHERE THE BATTLE OF SEPT. 14 WAS FOUGHT.

The morning after the Battle of Richmond, the orderly sergeant who had presented the charges of his company against the Lieutenant was called by Col. Nixon, who said: "Young man, I want to beg your pardon for the manner in which I talked to you at Kingston. I noticed at the Battle of Big Hill, that when the fight closed you were commanding your company, and your Lieut. could not be found anywhere. Precisely the same thing occurred in yesterday's battle, and I want you to tell the boys that I am sorry I took any part against them; that I am now with

them in the movement heart and soul, and those whom I had arrested shall be immediately released."

Friends persuaded the Lieutenant to resign and the men did not insist on his being tried; and thus ended one of the most disagreeable things that ever happened in the regiment.

On the 1st of September, we had stopped on the banks of the Kentucky river, Moses Walder, a member of Company "E," who had been captured on Saturday at the same time with Lieut. D'Armond, made his escape and returned to us.

On the 2nd we entered Versailles and our reception was as a grand ovation, every attention and kindness being shown us, and when we went into camp one mile from the town, large baskets bountifully filled, came pouring in from every direction, and we feasted upon the best in the land. Many ladies in the afternoon visited the camp and gladdened our hearts with their smiles and kind wishes—all expressed a desire to see our battle flag, which was leaning against a tree, and, when it was unfurled many demonstrated their enthusiasm by kissing its folds.

On the 3rd we took possession of Frankfort without firing a gun, and amid shouts and rejoicing the battle flag of the "First Louisiana Cavalry" was hoisted over Kentucky's Capitol, the first Confederate flag that ever waved over that building.

From appearances we supposed Frankfort to be about equally divided in sentiment, yet the profusion of good things that thronged the State House yard, made us believe that though our friends might not exceed the others in numbers, yet for hospitality, generosity and enthusiasm they could never be surpassed. Ah! how often does memory take us back to the days of our sojourn in and around Frankfort. Thirty-eight long years have rolled away and changes have been wrought in the lives of all of us, yet the

scenes of that eventful time are not and can never be obliterated; the kindness and attention of those people blotted out forever the hard times and harsh treatment we once received from Kentuckians. On the 10th we went to Lebanon, where we remained three days, and had a respite from war's labors by enjoying ourselves at a ball given by the citizens in honor of "Scott's Cavalry." The regiment in the meantime had been partially reorganized, Companies C and E being temporarily consolidated with John W. Leake acting as Captain, Willis W. Davis, First Lieut., and Howell Carter, second Lieutenant. Other companies were also consolidated and had appointments, promotions, etc., but no data being at hand, the companies mentioned are the only two that can positively be spoken of. On the evening of the 13th we marched to the immediate vicinity of Mumfordsville. Winslow Robinson, under a flag of truce, was sent in to demand the surrender. He was told that we would have to come and take it if we wanted it, so early next morning Scott made a speech to his men, telling them the fort must be taken, and asked every man to do his duty. The advance movement started and just as we had driven in the pickets, firing was heard over in the direction of the Cave City road, and we soon ascertained that Gen. Chalmers, with the 9th and 29th Mississippi regiments, the advance guard of Bragg's army, was commencing an attack. We were then thrown out to the right, dismounted, and Chalmers made the attack from the centre. It was a desperate assault, but to no avail, the enemy was too strong and too strongly entrenched to dislodge him. We lost 36 killed and 240 wounded. The attack was not renewed, but on the morning of the 17th when the place was surrounded by a large force, they surrendered; something over 4,000 men. An incident of this fight might bear relating, illustrative of the absolute inability of some men to control

themselves, but names will be suppressed, because the party referred to came home after the war, prospered, and, I believe, raised a family and was well thought of by his neighbors and acquaintances. The First Lieut. of a company said to the 2nd: "You know, at the crack of the first gun 'X' will run; if he comes my way I will pretend that I am going to kill him; if he runs toward you, do the same thing. The line was formed in a corn field; the blades and stalks were crisp and dry, as corn will be in September. All of a sudden a battery opened on us with grape shot and canister, and the sound was appalling to even the stoutest of hearts; but all stood the racket save this one man, who broke from the ranks and started. The Lieutenant threw his pistol in his face and said, "Halt, or I'll kill you," but the man knocked the pistol up and went by like a shot out of a gun, and over a ten rail fence he leaped, with so much ease that a deer would have looked enviously at him. The officers all concluded that the man could not help it, and henceforth he was a "horse-holder" in fights where the command was dismounted, and where he was in the other engagements no one ever knew.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mumfordsville to Lebanon—Arrest of Home Guards—The Hospitality of the People Near Louisville—Correspondence Between Col. Nixon and Geo. D. Prentice—Captains all Return—Two of Capt. Leake's Stories.

We marched from Mumfordsville back to Lebanon, where we remained several days. Hearing there were two or three hundred home guards some fifteen miles from the town we were sent out to try and get them,

not for the purpose of imprisoning them, but to quiet their fears about Rebel cruelty by reading to them the address of Gen. Kirby Smith.

The writer was with a detachment, and seeing a man leave his plow and run full speed toward the foot of a mountain, we followed and soon captured him. "Where is your gun?" he was asked. "Wait and I will bring it to you," was the reply, but he was informed that old soldiers never allowed a man to get out of sight when he was once captured, and hence some of the squad would accompany him. They went up on the side of the mountain and he pulled the gun out from under a log and one package of ammunition. "Where are the other cartridges?" "At the house," he replied, and we went with him; he told his wife to bring the cartridges, —40 rounds is not very light—and in handing them to me she energetically dropped them in my hands, saying, "Here, take these. What are you going to do with my husband?" "We are simply going to take him up to headquarters and he will be back here to-night," was the reply. "I don't believe one word of it," she said. One of the boys, thinking he might help me out, said, "Madam, really your husband will be back in an hour." "You're a liar," she said, "one of you will tell a lie and the other will swear to it." The man then told his family good-bye, and as we started off such a tongue-lashing as she gave us I never heard before, and the man said in a low tone, apologetically, "Don't think anything of what my wife is talking about, she is at times half-crazy and doesn't know what she says." But she was far from being crazy, it was simply a case of ungovernable temper, and he would rather have strangers think her demented than that she was such a demon; in fact, he looked as if he would rather be dwelling upon the housetops than living in a mansion with such a broiling woman. He looked as if "Andersonville" would cause him no fears.

Leaving Lebanon we went to Bardstown, thence to Bloomfield and from there to the vicinity of Frankfort. The boys had made many acquaintances in and around this place and they enjoyed themselves hugely. The ladies were indefatigable in their endeavors to promote the happiness of the "Rebels," as the girls delighted in calling them. Hearts, minds and bodies were all contributed to. The writer's memory brings before him now, the shining brightness of a handsome silver waiter that made its appearance in his quarters daily. This same waiter had another significant reminder of our dear old Louisiana homes. The inscription upon it, told us that the patrons of "The New Orleans and Bayou Sara Packet Line" had presented it to the father of these estimable young ladies, who took such an interest in the Louisiana boys, he having commanded one of the boats in that line. It would give unbounded pleasure to many members of the "Old First" to know that the sweet girls of Kentucky who contributed so much to their pleasure have had woman's full share of love and happiness.

On the 26th we were within twenty miles of Louisville, having passed through Shelbyville the day before, where we were greeted by smiles and cheering words. On the 28th we were relieved from picket duty by Stearn's regiment, and as the saddles had not been off the horses for three days the poor animals were suffering severely. Skirmishes with the enemy were had almost daily. On the 1st of October the Federal pickets were driven in and our command got within two or three miles of Louisville, and we could hear the "long roll" beating in every direction. The next morning a division of Federal infantry came to try and drive off Gen. Cleburne, and, as it was not intended that he should give battle at Shelbyville he fell back to Frankfort.

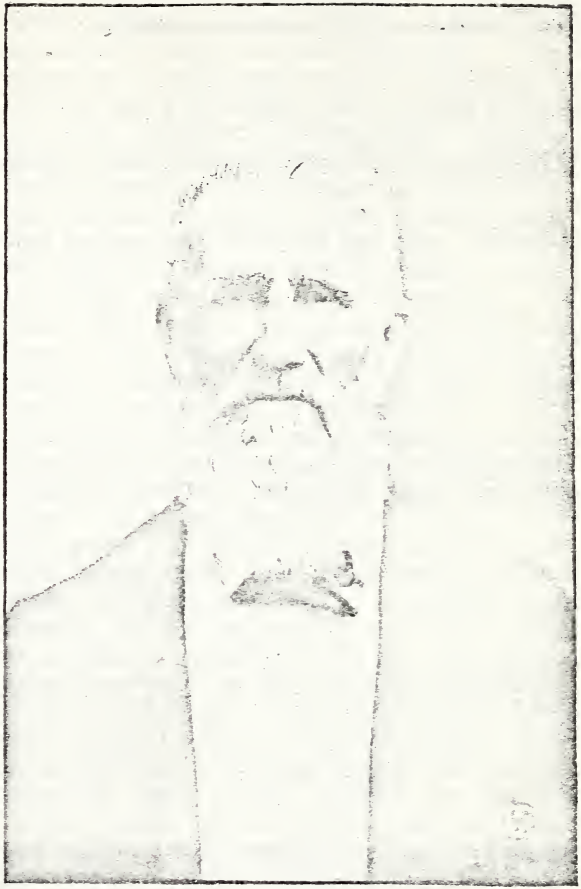
Even amid war's alarms and hardships pleasures

often seek us, and one, among the many during this week, was the daily reception of the Louisville papers, (by underground routes) particularly the *Journal,* in which a spicy correspondence was going on between Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon of the "First Louisiana," former editor of the New Orleans Crescent, and George D. Prentice, occasioned by the former gentleman sending in a note to Mr. Prentice the first day we were in close proximity to Louisville, saying that he believed he liked journalism better than war, and that he would soon be there to take charge of the *Journal.* Whether our Lieut. Colonel, who wielded a facile and trenchant pen, got the best of this little word fight, we leave to the imagination of those who can remember the bitterness of Prentice's sarcasm when he chose to dip his pen in gall. It was a glorious little fight though, waged between Kentucky's great editor and one of the South's most gallant and accomplished officers.

On the 3rd the regiment went back in the direction of Louisville. The two companies in advance had a little skirmish, and then we went to Hardinsville.

Our Captains reached the regiment at this place, but for some cause they remained only a little while; all save one resigned and left. It was reported at the time that Capt. W. L. Ditto said he was going to serve with the First Louisiana Cavalry if he had to do so as a private; he remained with us in command of Company "K" until captured about a year afterward.

Capt. W. W. Leake tells two stories which might bear repeating right here. One of his men was sick and the surgeon told him unless he could get a furlough for him and let him go to Louisiana he would certainly die, so he determined to make the trial, and started for Bowling Green. A story concerning one of the boys of Company E had preceded him—that he



CAPT. WM. L. DITTO.

had been married five years and had seven children, two sets of twins and one of triplets. Capt. Leake went to the Adjutant General with the surgeon's certificate and asked to have his man furloughed. The officer replied that no furloughs would be granted, but that he could get a discharge. Capt. Leake explained the case fully, saying the soldier would not take a discharge, that he would rather die. Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston was in the next room and heard the whole conversation; opening the door he asked Capt. Leake who he was and all about the case. When he was through Gen. Johnston, without hesitation, said, "Have the papers made out in proper shape and I will sign them." Then with a smile he said, "You have another man in your regiment, Captain, who can get a furlough or discharge *whenever* he feels *disposed*. I mean the trooper with seven babies."
And the man really did get a furlough in a few weeks thereafter, for he came near dying with measles.

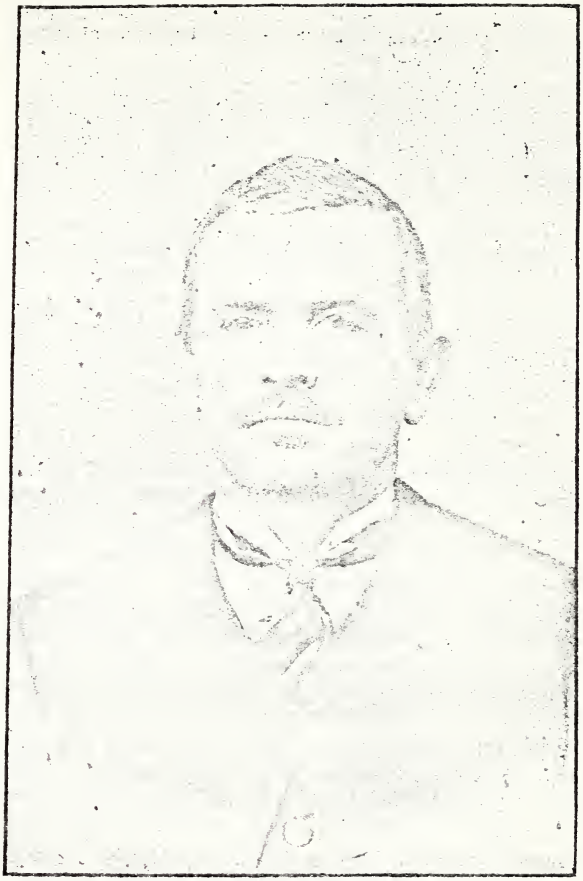
Capt. Leake says during the fights near Athens in May, 1862, at one time there was quite a lively skirmish going on; both the enemy's and our own forces being behind trees. Col. Nixon and Capt. Leake were behind the same tree. All of a sudden a gun fired close by and looking up they saw it was young Beck of Company C standing out in full view of the enemy firing away as if he was shooting at squirrels. Col. Nixon scolded him for such recklessness and peremptorily ordered him to get behind a tree. "I can't do it," said Beck. "Why not?" asked the Colonel. "Because the trees are all occupied by the officers." "Come, Leake, we have got to leave this tree now," and with that both stepped out, and the supposition is that neither of them let Beck see them even look toward a tree any more.

CHAPTER IX.

FIGHT AT CLAY VILLAGE UNDER MORRISON—RETREAT TOWARD FRANKFORT—TERRIBLE FIGHT AT THE BRIDGE—SCOTT'S CAVALRY, LAST CONFEDERATES IN FRANKFORT—AMBUSCADE WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER—BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE—LIEUTENANTS CHALARON AND HOLMES—EXTRACT FROM MOBILE REGISTER ON KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.

On the 4th five miles from Clay Village, under the command of Col. Morrison of the "First Georgia," we succeeded in drawing the enemy's cavalry out from the infantry and had quite a lively little brush with them; it was what the boys called a pretty little fight. We lost two killed and three wounded. Captured a Major and seven privates, but do not know their loss in killed and wounded, though the next day the citizens reported thirty or thirty-five. The brigade now commenced a Southward march. Capt. Garrett's company was the rear guard and when within about a mile of Frankfort the enemy came upon him and a desperate cavalry struggle ensued. This splendid officer fell, fearfully wounded almost in sight of his home and loved ones. The writer never saw or heard of him afterward, but he certainly hopes that he recovered and is still living and prospering.

Companies "C" and "E" with others of the brigade (which cannot be recalled) were stationed at the bridge, and held the enemy in check for quite a while, and many valiant Federals who started across never reached the Frankfort side. When the command was forced to retreat and started up the hill, Milton Williams of Company "E," knowing that some of Mor-



H. MILTON WILLIAMS

gan's men were in town and were claiming that they would be the last Confederate soldiers to leave Frankfort, and, seeing them coming up the hill claiming that they had carried out their intentions, deliberately wheeled his horse and galloped back, and as the enemy drove him up the hill just in front of them, he seemed to bear a charmed life, for of the hundreds of bullets that whistled around his head, not one touched him. Then he rode up to the Morgan scouts and said: "Young gentlemen don't forget one thing, Scott's cavalry were the first Confederate soldiers to enter Frankfort and the *last* to leave it." The boys gave Morgan's men a good old fashioned laugh. It was with sad hearts the Louisiana troops bade farewell to old Frankfort, but they never dreamed it was their last goodbye as Confederate soldiers. The night was a dark and dreary one, just such a night to commit the horrible deed that makes me shiver even now when I think of it after the lapse of so many years. Coming out from Frankfort a short distance the command was dismounted and sent back to go into ambuscade. Only a few minutes passed when the Federals made their appearance. They were marching along eight abreast, all laughing and talking gleefully. The understood signal was Col. Scott's pistol shot, and as it rang out on the night air a great crash followed that was deafening to hear, and the agonizing cries of the wounded and dying were horrible to listen to; the road seemed actually filled with dead and wounded men and horses. Such though is war, and ambuscades are permitted by enlightened nations, and it is like Rosecrans is reported afterward to have said, "Men who fight must be killed." Never can we forget the valor of some of those Federal officers, hemmed in as it were by wounded and dying men, their voices rang out coolly and calmly, "Steady men! follow me and we will drive them from behind that stone fence." The next day the Battle of

Perryville was fought and our brigade was on the extreme right. Although our army had decidedly the advantage in this fight, the battlefield was ours with the dead and wounded, many pieces of artillery and several hundred prisoners had been captured, yet during the night Gen. Bragg having been apprised of the arrival of a corps of fresh troops concluded to retire at daylight toward Harrodsburg, and thence on toward Bryantsville, and the last week in October found the rear guards of our army passing through Cumberland Gap, and other routes toward Tennessee. About this time Colonel Scott was placed under arrest by order of Gen. Bragg. The particulars of which we never fully understood, though it was said that Bragg arrested him because he was contemplating an independent trip with his brigade without permission; disobedience of orders, though, I believe, was the charge.

While a portion of the army was at London, Ky., Lieut. J. A. Chalaron, of the Washington Artillery, was sent with a section of his company to report to Gen. Wheeler, for the purpose of guarding a crossing at one of the rivers. In passing along a narrow way over a mountain road Lieut. Holmes with his battery of little mountain howitzers, met him at a place where neither could turn around. It was, indeed, a dilemma, and although Lieut. Chalaron did not ask Lieut. Holmes to give him one of his little guns to wear as a charm on his watch chain, he did say, with a significant glance at the little things, "No trouble about this, Holmes; all you have to do is to pick your guns up and lift them over mine." And the difference in the looks of the little howitzers and the big rifled guns would warrant one in believing that such a thing could easily be done, but the attempt was not made. By hard work and good management they passed each other. Both Holmes and Chalaron were fine artillery officers,

and knew each other's worth. On more than one field both were conspicuous for gallantry and were complimented by their commanding officers. Chalaron still lives and is active in veteran association circles, and is the affable superintendent or manager at Memorial Hall and always seems delighted to point out to visitors the relics and reminders of his old comrades, and strangers who visit New Orleans will miss a rare opportunity if they fail to visit the hall and meet Col. J. A. Chalaron.

Capt. Holmes afterward commanded a battery of big guns in one of the forts near Mobile, Ala., and if he handled them as well and effectively as he did the mountain howitzers Mobile could have asked nothing more. I trust he is still living and is honored and respected by the community in which he resides, as much as he was by the members of the old First Louisiana Cavalry.

A writer to the *Mobile Register* in October, 1862, closes an admirably written letter on the Kentucky campaign as follows: "I dwell with pride and pleasure, pardonable in the extreme, on what has been accomplished by our brigade in the campaign, more particularly because the cavalry has been generally regarded as the most inefficient arm of the service. That this has been so generally is unfortunately too true, resulting simply from the fact that but few men have developed sufficient capacity to handle a large body of mounted men; but that Col. John Scott is peculiarly gifted in that respect, none will deny who are in the least cognizant of the details of our army operations. Quick of comprehension, subtle of design and rapid of combination he has but to glance at a map to be thoroughly conversant with all geographical bearings. Prudent and cautious before entering a fight, he displays in action the chivalrous abandon of a Murat, and having the entire control of his men and the prestige of

victory ever on his brow, he is their idol. If Col. Scott orders a fight "we are sure of victory," say they, "for he never was beaten." When the history of the war is written and the mists of romance and sentiment faded before the clear sunlight of facts, the name of John Scott, the unpretending, modest gentleman, the skillful officer and brave soldier, will go down to posterity embalmed in the encomium pronounced upon him by the lamented Sydney Johnston, "He is the best cavalry officer I know of in the Confederate army." In thus sketching the career of the "Kirby Smith Brigade" I have been compelled to overlook all instances of individual gallantry. My space will not permit me to say more than that Nixon is ever cool and imperturbable, amid the roar of artillery and showers of balls; Morrison rides as gayly in the charge as a Knight of old, while Stearns' perpetuates all we know of Tennessee fighting stock, and is the embodiment of the stern patriot and doughty warrior."

CHAPTER X

PICKET DUTY BELOW NASHVILLE—BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO—DANIELS AND GEN. BRAGG'S AID—BRECKENRIDGE'S FIGHT ON 2ND OF JANUARY—FIGHT OF JAN. 5—MARCH ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS TOWARD KINGSTON—THE BOYS SLEEPING UNDER SNOW—DANIELS AND FLEM STUART'S POTATOES.

For nearly two months we were now engaged in picket duty, watching the movements of the enemy from Nashville and elsewhere. The Battle of Murfreesboro found us on the right as usual. The enemy had moved forward with the intention of attacking Bragg, but on the morning of the 31st of December

our army advanced and made the attack. It was unexpected and a great surprise to them. The battle raged furiously all day and when night came we certainly were not whipped, on the contrary had rather the advantage. The next day there was no general engagement, and it was at this time, while we were lying on the side of a road that a man in citizen's clothes came galloping by. Covert jumped up and throwing up his hands hallooed out, "Hold on, Mister, I want to see you a minute." The man reined up and Covert continuing, said, "I just wanted to ask if you were going somewhere or traveling." The man's face reddened and in emphatic language he said "I'll bet a hundred dollars you never heard the whistle of a minnie ball in your life, and you never will; no d—n blockhead like you is worthy the name of soldier." Wiley Daniels, always full of fun and wit, walked toward him and in an apologetical sort of way said, "Mister, don't get mad with that fellow, he is about half crazy and hollows at every d—n fool that passes by here." This brought forth the merriest peal of laughter imaginable and the officer (for we afterward heard that he was a volunteer staff officer or a new appointee) galloped off saying "this is a h—l of a crowd I have run into." The writer has seen this same story told as happening in Virginia; be that as it may, there are at least ten men to-day, of old Company "E" who will vouch for the fact that Daniels told the above mentioned officer those identical words at Murfreesboro.

On the 2nd it looked as if there was to be no more fighting, but in the afternoon we were ordered to report to Gen. Breckenridge and were with him in his furious assault on Van Cleve's division, which was driven across Stone river. It was a terrible fight, though, for the enemy was reinforced after being driven across and the fight was terrific. On the 3rd

it rained, but no fighting took place, and that night Bragg ordered a retreat. Our regiment was left in the edge of the town to bring up the rear. The Union papers, of course, claimed a victory, as we retreated, but our troops had captured certainly more prisoners than they, more artillery, arms, etc.; in fact, the reports afterwards showed that we brought off the field over thirty pieces of artillery, sixty-thousand small arms, many horses, mules, ambulances, etc.; captured over 6,000 prisoners and several hundred wagons, many of which were destroyed. On the 4th the Federals quietly took possession of Murfreesboro. On the 5th they moved forward and not very far from town overtook our command. We drove back their advance, and being somewhat protected behind a fence succeeded in repulsing their second charge, but when the third came and in such tremendous force we had to leave our fence corners with considerable alacrity. No data can be had and the casualties on our side are forgotten. Ben Brown of Company E was shot and the nerve he exhibited in holding up his leg and telling the surgeon to "cut that bullet out" was remarked by many. Alf Horton of the same Company was so badly wounded that we had to leave him on the field; he afterward told us that the Yankees came up to him, but supposing him to be dead passed on and he then crawled toward a house he saw in the distance, which proved to be a negro cabin. He says some white people living close by would have nothing to do with him, but the old negro and his wife took care of him for weeks and weeks, until he was able to leave. They made him a comfortable bed and dressed his wounds every day and gave to him willingly part of their rough fare. Though crippled for life, he lived until 1897 and died regretted by a host of friends. Sergeant R. P. Holland and several others of Company F were wounded at same time. Two or three days after

this last mentioned fight the regiment was ordered to cook three days rations for a long march. All, of course, were anxious to know our destination, but not until "boots and saddle" sounded and all were ready to march, were we gratified. Then it was announced that we were to go to Kingston, and the very woods rang with the shouts of the entire command. One after another yelling out, "Boys we are going home." East Tennessee had been our camping ground so long that the boys had a great weakness for it, and next to Louisiana they would rather have been sent there than anywhere, hence they looked upon it as a second home and yelled with delight. Memory does not picture anything startling on this trip, except that in the mountains we went into camp, and it being quite cold were necessarily compelled to cover up head and ears, during the night we found it warm and comfortable under our blankets and never knew until next morning that part of the warmth and comfort we found was caused by six inches of snow having fallen upon us. It was indeed a strange sight to look out from under your cover and see nothing but snow in every direction, with heads popping up now and then like prairie dogs in locations where they abound; and it was amusing too to hear voices from under the snow saying, "Hello there, boys, have any of you got a fire?" Perhaps some fellow would answer, "Yes! but I certainly had a time of it starting it," and the chances were that he had never been from under cover. At last, though, one or two fires in every company were started, and soon the whole camp was up. It was bitter cold; such terrible weather that we could go no further that day, but remained in camp hugging the fires.

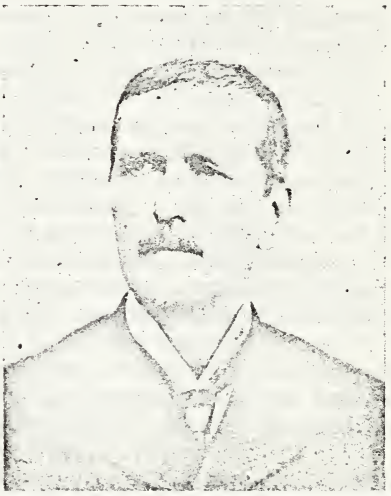
I think it was this place that Flem Stuart in some way got hold of one or two large sweet potatoes and put them in the coals to roast. For some cause he left his fire and Wiley Daniels, finding the potatoes, ate

them. When Stuart got back he said, "Somebody has got my potatoes. Daniels, did you take them?" "Yes," said he, "I saw them and nobody seeming to claim them, I ate them." "Well, sir! that's a pretty how de do; take things which you know don't belong to you, and then talk about it as if you had a right to them." "Oh, Flem! for goodness sake, don't carry on so about an old potato, I'll buy you some more as soon as I get a chance." "It isn't the potato I am talking so about, but it is the principle of the thing," said Stuart. "Oh!" exclaimed Daniels, "if that's all, we'll compromise things and fix this up in a minute. Now, you take the principle and I'll take the potato, and we'll say nothing more about it. I cared only for the potato, and you, only for the principle, so both ought now to be satisfied." The disgusted look on Stuart's face and the laugh of the boys ended the little controversy, and in a few minutes Flem walked off whistling "Lorena."

CHAPTER XI.

On the Banks of Clinch River, thence on to Rogersville—Miss Marshall Presents a Flag to First Tennessee Cavalry—Joe Hawkes Joins the Regiment—Bell's Camp Ground—Gambling, etc.—Harry Charles and Dr. Gurley—Pegram's Kentucky Raid—Fights at Danville and Somerset—Col. Nixon's Wound and Gallantry—Jim Freeman's Cool Act—Jim Palmer's Death—Jim Cain's Gallantry—Lieut. Jones—Losses at Somerset—Col. Scott's Arrest.

The next day we started and arrived safely in Roane county, spent some little time on the banks of old Clinch river, and then started toward the Virginia line,



LIEUT. JOS. G. HAWKES, 1893.

but when we arrived at Rogersville, which was near we halted.

It was at this place we saw Miss Marshall, daughter of Gen. Humphrey Marshall, present to the First East Tennessee Cavalry a beautiful battle flag, which, in a few weeks they lost at Somerset, Ky.

It was here that J. G. Hawkes joined us and a valorous soldier he proved to be, rising to the position of Junior Second Lieutenant of his company for gallantry on the field. . Afterward he informed us that when he determined to join the Confederate army, he asked an old gentleman of Virginia where he was living which was the best cavalry command he knew of. He replied "My opinion is that the First Louisiana, Col. John Scott's regiment, that has been operating in Kentucky and Tennessee is the best in the service. They are now just across the Virginia line, at Rogersville." "With that information," said Hawkes, "I started, and in a day or two more was regularly enlisted in the First Louisiana, and, acording to my judgment the old gentleman was right; the regiment was the best equipped and best mounted cavalry I had seen anywhere, and as for fighting they were at it all the time, and most of them are such capital fellows I am glad I did not join a Virginia troop."

From here we went to Knox county, where we took quarters in the tents and cottages of "Bell's Camp Ground." Although the place was consecrated to sacred use, yet it was the greatest and in fact the only real gambling camp the First Louisiana ever had. Never before or since have I seen so much gambling; nearly everybody engaged in it. On all sides tables of "Twenty-one,' "Poker," "Chuck-a-luck," and "Seven Up" could be seen. A soldier one day would have hundreds of dollars and the next not a dime. There were plenty of girls in the vicinity and those who preferred basking in the sunlight of their smiles

instead of attempting to "break a bank" were at liberty to do so, and thus weeks were passed. I think it was from this place that Harry Charles left us. He was a young Irishman of good family and highly educated. His parents had intended him for the priesthood, but not liking the profession and preferring the army he was about to buy a commission when his father prevailed upon him to travel a while before commencing that life, promising him that if he would travel through America and elsewhere for a year, immediately on his return he would get him a Lieutenancy in the army; he came over and went to Jackson, La., to visit a cousin, Dr. Gurley. Just about this time Scott's Cavalry was being organized; the enthusiasm prevailing throughout the country touched the young Irishman and he volunteered. Dr. Gurley also joined and was made assistant surgeon of the regiment. Charles proved to be a gallant soldier, always under fire sustaining the reputation of his countrymen for unflinching courage. On one occasion we were fighting in an apple orchard and while the bullets were flying around thick and fast Harry Charles rode under a tree and stood in his saddle until he had filled his pockets with nice looking apples—it was a piece of cool daring rarely met with. At last he got tired of such a life and started for home; beng a British subject he would have no trouble in getting through the lines, but at Knoxville he was taken sick and died, possibly his family never knew what became of him, as his cousin was killed just after this.

On the night of the 13th of March, 1863, orders were issued to cook three days rations, and the morning of the 14th found us marching over the Cumberland mountains toward Monticello. On the 23rd we crossed the river and finding some of the enemy drove them toward Somerset, and on through that place toward Danville, where it looked as if we were going to have a hard fight, and for a while it was pretty lively.

About 3 o'clock p. m. (our little battery of howitzers having in the meantime done some excellent work) we charged into the town and drove out a large force. There was an ambuscade which might have riddled us had their soldiers been better marksmen; they were posted behind houses and haystacks in a big lot, and we did not know they were there until they opened on us about 50 yards distant. We had two killed and three wounded, which is positive proof of bad marksmanship, and as a further corroboration they killed a lady, Mrs. Mitchell, who was standing at the window in the second story of her residence. I do not know their loss; quite a number, though citizens reported that they took many off in wagons. We followed them to Dix river, where we halted for the night.

On the 26th Company "E" was on police duty in Danville. We were comparatively idle all day, but about 4 o'clock in the afternoon our pickets were driven in on the Lebanon pike. We immediately mounted and marched out to what was supposed to be the scene of action, but after going several miles and finding none of the enemy we halted. The rattling of horses hoofs on the pike attracting our attention, we looked down the road and whom should we see coming at the head of 200 men but our Colonel, John S. Scott. Such shouts and cheers as greeted him must have been gratifying to him. He had not crossed the mountains with us; was in Knoxville and could not leave at that time. At night Companies "B" and "E" were ordered to Harrodsburg on a reconnoitering expedition. After going through the town and hearing nothing of the enemy we bivouacked near by, feeding our horses and resting until daylight. The writer spent two hours with an old Louisiana family whom he had known well in childhood, and being good rebels they gave us all the information desired.

We then went back to Danville and three miles out

on the Lebanon road, where firing could be distinctly heard in the distance; we did not know what it meant, but all hoped it would prove to be Morgan or Van Dorn, whom we had heard might enter Kentucky from some other direction; but it was a vain hope, neither came.

On the moning of the 29th we were at the top of a hill, a few miles south of Stanford, where the little battery had been halted to await the approach of the enemy, but we soon moved on towad Somerset.

At daylight on the morning of the 30th the Federals advanced and by 10 o'clock General Pegram's entire command seemed to be engaged, and it was soon evident that we could not hold out against such tremendous odds, and particularly as our troops were short of ammunition. Col. Scott was sent with the First Louisiana and Carter's East Tennessee regiment to make an attack upon the enemy's rear and no doubt it would have been a successful move, but just as he ordered the command to form for a charge, to his surprise and dismay he discovered that he had only two companies; for some cause then unknown to him all the rest of the command had been stopped. By this time the enemy had discovered us, and having driven our forces back from the front, they wheeled their lines to confront us. An aide of Gen. Pegram's galloped up and said, "Col. Scott, the General says come back to the front as quickly as possible, as he cannot hold out much longer." Lieut. Col. Nixon rode up and said that he had stopped some distance back in obedience to Gen. Pegram's orders. Turning to the aide with a look of supreme disgust, Col. Scott said, "What right had you, sir, to give one of my subordinate officers orders that were sent to me?" "I could not overtake you," was the reply. "Well! go back and tell Gen. Pegram that by having a d—n fool officer on his staff he has lost the battle, and has got me

hemmed up in here to be cut to pieces or fight out as best I can," then turning to some of his officers he said, "A d—n fool General with such d—n idiots as aides has no business trying to command anything." The regiment was quickly dismounted and put behind a rail fence, and a lively skirmish ensued until the Tennesseans came up. Jim Freeman, Jim Palmer and I were in the same fence corner. Palmer said, "Boys, watch me pop that Yankee behind that apple tree," and as he was deliberately aiming we heard a thud—a harsh crushing kind of sound, once heard can never be forgotten—it was the sound of the bullet as it crashed through poor Jim Palmer's brain; we saw him double up, as it were, and knew that one of our best soldiers was gone. We quietly laid him out, and to-day his bones are resting in an unknown and uncared for grave, but in the hearts of his comrades his virtues are enshrined forever. Our ammunition was now about giving out, and we were ordered to go back to our horses and mount. We had not reached them before an immense force, said to be several regiments of infantry, in front, and two of cavalry on the flank, charged us, and then such confusion we had never before seen. The regiment had never before been whipped, but this time "we caught it good." A great many heroic and amusing things happened. We had among us a Captain whose head was silvered and whose hearing was defective; whenever an order was given he was compelled to ask some one what it was. The enemy charged into us and it was a hand-to-hand fight; the old officer seeing the great commotion, jumped up and said to some "Yankees," thinking they were our own men, "What is the order?" The Yankee nearest him presented a pistol at his head and said, "The order is for you to surrender, you d—nd old grey headed son of a b—" The boys who witnessed this say they never saw such a look on a human being's face

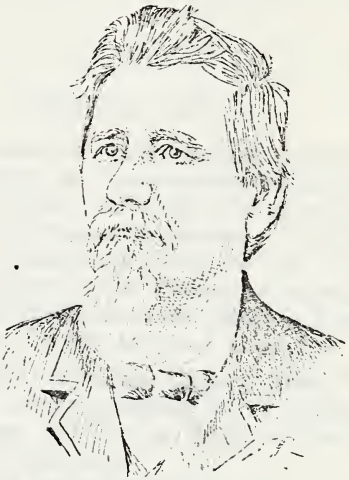
as the poor old officer heard these words, and realized his position. The colors of the East Tennessee regiment were captured, and the Federals shouted out, "Boys we have got old Scott's colors." A gallant son of the Emerald Isle was our color bearer; he had won the position by valor at Murfreesboro, and those who saw him can never forget his looks and words as he whirled his horse around and waving his flag over his head, cried out at the top of his voice, "It's a d— lie, Scott's colors will never go down." Of course that drew upon him the fire of all the Federals near by. All of us were retreating as rapidly as possible, and all of a sudden the point of the color staff struck a tree and broke, down the flag went to the ground, but in less time than it takes to tell it the old bearer had sprung from his horse and was tying it around his body; four or five Federals rushed up to him, ordering him to surrender, but he vaulted into his saddle and with a scornful look upon his face said, "Now, d—n ye, when you get it ye'll get me," and with bullets whistling around him he galloped off. It was, indeed, a daring act, one that endeared him to the whole command, and when, at the Battle of Chickamauga, a few months afterward, the colors were in the front line of battle borne by his hand, they went to the ground again, not in dishonor though, but in glory, for it was a desperate and glorious charge; his hand though, raised them no more—upon his dead body his flag, the pride of his life, rested until raised by other hands. The white stone in Chickamauga Park that tells where the First Louisiana Cavalry fought should be on the spot which was crimsoned by the blood of this hero, Jim Guin, and future generations could look at it and say, "From this place the heroic soul of a valiant soldier went back to its God—a noble sacrifice on his adopted country's altar. Another instance of indomitable courage in this Somerset fight

was exhibited by Col. J. O. Nixon, when five Federals rushed upon and attempted to capture him. He and Lieut. Jones of Co. "I" were being pursued; the Colonel had no loads in his pistol and Jones only had two. The Federals rushed up and one of them seized the reins of Col. Nixon's bridle, and being almost entirely surrounded they were about to surrender, but the "Yankee" overshot his mark in his demand, "Surrender, you d—n *conscripted* son of a b—h!" Like a flash of lightning the reins were jerked from the fellow's hand, and in the most emphatic way he said, "Scott's Lieutenant Colonel *never* surrenders!" at the same time slapping at the pistol that was near his head; it was fired and the bullet pased through the palm of his hand. Jones, seeing what was up, fired at the Federal who was taking a deliberate aim at the Colonel; he fell, either killed or badly wounded. They started off rapidly, and striking the limb of a tree while the bullets whistled around him, Col. Nixon was thrown to the side of his horse, and the Federals shouted, "We have killed Scott's Lieut. Colonel," and followed them no further. Telling about it next morning, Col. Nixon said, "I was going to surrender, but the miserable fellow called me two things I could not stand—even a Yankee shall not call me a conscript or that other horrible thing, but boys, I tell you Jones is a "brick;" if he had not been there I would not be with you now." Jones said, "It was a hot time, but really a laughable scene; the Colonel was just saying, 'I surrender,' when the Yankee said what he did, and I never saw a man fire up so—it was just glorious to see him snatch the reins and say, 'Scott's Lieut. Colonel never surrenders.'"

Another incident showing equally as cool courage happened about the same time in another part of the field. Three Federals were chasing Jim Freeman across an open space; one overtook him and

seized his bridle rein, the other two stopped, thinking the "Reb" had been captured; "Surender, you —— rebel," said the fellow, putting his pistol right up to Freeman's nose—it being one of those old percussion cap revolvers that every barrel could be seen through except one, and looking down in them and taking the chance that that one was empty too, Freeman said, "I'll not surrender!" "Yes! you know my pistol isn't loaded," said the fellow; "if it was I'd shoot h—l out of you." With that Freeman commenced getting the strap of his Smith and Wesson carbine loose to crack the fellow over the head, and fearing what might happen to him he quickly let loose the rein and dropped back, at the same time hearing a few words that were not very complimentary.

After falling back, or rather running a few miles, Col. Scott attempted to make a stand, but only twenty men had loads for their guns, still he determined to do the best he could, and, as the enemy's cavalry came dashing through the woods, he gave the order to fire and four or five of them fell; they returned the fire and Col. Scott's horse was shot. The devotion of his troops was exemplified here by the heroic act of Charlie Hall of Company B—the bullets were whistling around, but Charlie sprang from his saddle and chivalrously said, "Colonel take my horse." "And what will become of you?" asked Scott. "Oh! no matter about that," returned the gallant boy, "if I am lost I shall not be missed, but the regiment cannot spare you." In the meantime firing was continued and the enemy not knowing how strong we were, fell back toward their main body and we succeeded in crossing the Cumberland river. Our loss was heavy, as was also that of the enemy, but I do not remember the casualties. The morning after the battle Company A reported eighteen killed, wounded and missing. "E" sixteen and the other companies perhaps as many, but



J. R. FREEMAN.

quite a number of those missing made their appearance several days afterward. For a few days we had exciting times in camp. Col. Scott was ordered under arrest by Gen. Pegram and charges preferred against him for cursing his superior officer. Colonels Ashby and Nixon took decided stand with Colonel Scott, the latter preferring charges against Gen. Pegram; but whatever became of it or what the result was I never knew.

CHAPTER XII

COL. NIXON'S CHARGES AGAINST GEN. PEGRAM—PEGRAM'S REPORT TO DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS—SCOTT'S REPORT TO GEN. PEGRAM—FEDERAL GEN. Q. A. GILMORE'S REPORT OF BATTLE OF SOMERSET—KNOXVILLE REGISTER ON FIGHT AT DANVILLE—GEN. PEGRAM'S COMPLIMENTARY ORDER—MARCH TO KNOXVILLE—SCOTT'S TRIAL, ETC.—PLACED IN COMMAND OF A BRIGADE.

Accusation against Brigadier General John Pegram, commanding cavalry brigade for Department of East Tennessee, Provisional Army of the Confederate States of America:

Charge—Official Incompetency.

Specification 1—In this, that in conducting his command on the late expedition into Kentucky, he, the said Gen. Pegram, consumed the period of eight days, that is to say, from 15th to 23rd of March, 1863, in passing from Clinton, Tenn., to Somerset, Ky., a distance of only one hundred and thirty miles, thereby giving the enemy time to obtain full information of his coming and to make every preparation to meet him.

This between Clinton, Tenn., and Somerset, Ky.

Specification 2—In this, that on the 24th of March,

1863, the said Gen. Pegram wholly failed to support Col. H. M. Ashby, Second Regiment Tennessee Cavalry, and J. O. Nixon, Lieut. Col. commanding First Louisiana Regiment, in an attack upon the enemy in the town of Danville, Ky., and also failed to take any steps to intercept the retreat of the enemy, he at the time having forces sufficient to accomplish both objects; and further, cut off the largest portion of the respective commands of the said Col. Ashby and Lieut. Col. Nixon, leaving to the former forty men only and the latter one hundred and twenty-one men; and this while they were making a charge, whereby the capture of the infantry, artillery and wagon trains of the enemy was prevented.

This at and near Danville, Ky.

Specification 4.—On this, that on the 28th of March, 1863, the said Gen. Pegram, after having determined to retreat toward the Tennessee line, burned two bridges behind him over Dick's river; thus giving the enemy early and certain information of his purpose, and leaving uninjured another bridge over the same stream in close proximity to one of those destroyed, by means of which the enemy could easily pursue him. This between Danvills and Camp Dick Robinson, Ky.

Specification 4.—In this, that while conducting said retreat, being at the time pursued by a largely superior force of the enemy, he marched his command from Danville to Somerset, a distance of 43 miles only, in fifty hours. This between Danville and Somerset, Ky.

Specification 5—In this, that on the 30th of March, 1863, the said Gen. Pegram offered battle to the enemy, who had on the previous day been reported to him as being in large force, without having first reconnoitered his position or forces; he, the said Gen. Pegram, having at the time less than 700 men, but with proper effort might have brought into action a

much larger force—with a small and insufficient supply of ammunition and with a large river in his rear only six miles distant over which he had made no preparations to cross his command, though he had abundant means for so doing within his reach; by means of all of which his said command sustained serious disaster and large numbers of men, guns, horses and cattle were lost. This at and near Somerset, Ky.

Specification 6—In this, that throughout the whole of said expedition the conduct of said Gen. Pegram was marked by weakness, indecision and vacillation, and by a want of skill and judgment.

J. O. NIXON,
Lieut. Col. First Regiment Louisiana Cavalry.

Witnesses: Col. Carter, Lieut. Col. Bean, Major Goforth, Capt. Swearengen, First Tennessee Cavalry; Col. Ashby, Lieut. Col. Gillespie, Major Cobb, Capt. Kuhn, Capt. Owens, Capt. Stone, Adjt. Bearden, Second Tennessee; Col. Morrison, Lieut. Col. Harper, Major Strickland, First Georgia; Lieut. Col. Neal, Sixteenth Batallion Tennessee Cavalry; Major Steele, —Regiment Morgan's Brigade; Capt. Corth, Regiment Morgan's Brigade: Col. Scott, First Louisiana Cavalry; Capt. Scott, Capt. Matthews, Capt. Wheeler, Adjutant Fox, First Louisiana Cavalry.

In Gen. Pegram's report to the Department of East Tennessee he gives as the loss of the brigade "slightly over two hundred, being greatest in the First Louisiana." He closes his report as follows: "For Col. Scott's operations I refer you to the accompanying report. Touching this curious document I have only to say that I cannot but admire the ingenuity with which Col. Scott has attempted to account for disobedience of orders and dilatoriness of action which it is my sincere belief lost us the fight.

"I am, sir, very respectfully wour obedient servant,
"JOHN PEGRAM."

For both reports see "War Records," volume 23, part 1, series 1, page 174.

In Col. Scott's report to Gen. Pegram he gives as his number in the fight 330 men. First Louisiana lost 4 commissioned officers and 71 men.

Col. Carter lost five commissioned officers and 32 men.

He closes as follows:

"This is the first time that the First Louisiana Cavalry ever turned their backs on an enemy, and I assure you I feel as much mortified as any soldier could who thinks he has done his duty. But for the unfortunate circumstance of cutting my command in two when I thought I had an advantage of the enemy the disasters of the day might have been very much lessened, and I would very respectfully suggest that aides in the future be instructed to bear your message to me in person instead of halting my column in a charge and in the face of a powerful enemy. Very respectfully,

J. S. SCOTT,
Colonel First Louisiana Cavalry.

To Brigadier General Pegram.

As to Gen. Pegram's report it was the belief of every officer and man in the First Louisiana and First Tennessee that had we been permitted to make the charge in the rear as was contemplated, the battle would have been won—and that there was no dilatoriness in getting to the enemy's rear—that we were about to make the charge at the right time, and the blunder referred to cost us a whipping.

The following is a copy of a dispatch sent to Gen. A. E. Burnside by Brig. Gen. Q. A. Gilmore:

"Somerset, Ky., March 31, 1863, 2 a. m.

"I attacked the enemy yesterday in a strong position of his own selection, defended by six cannon, near this

town—fought him for five hours, driving him from one position to another, and finally stormed his position and drove him in confusion toward the river. His loss is over 300 in killed, wounded and prisoners. The enemy outnumbered us two to one, and were commanded by Gen. Pegram in person. Night stopped the pursuit which will be renewed in the morning. We captured two stand of colors. Our loss in killed and wounded will not exceed 30. Scott's famous rebel regiment was cut off from the rest and scattered.

"Q. A. GILLMORE.
"Brigadier General."

See Reports, volume 23, part 1, series 1, page 170.

The following is taken from the Knoxville (Tenn.) *Daily Register* of April 16, 1863:

THE FIGHT AT DANVILLE, KY.

The recent raid into Kentucky, which met with such an unfortunate wind up under Gen. Pegram at Somerset on the 30th ult. had one redeeming incident that should not be permitted to pass from public attention until better understood. I refer to the charge on the town of Danville on the 24th, which was pronounced by many witnesses as dashing an affair as any that has taken place since the war began. Without going into particulars I submit for publication the appended order, with the explanation that the First Louisiana Cavalry was commanded by Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon, the advance being led in the most gallant manner by Capt. G. A. Scott, acting Major of the regiment:

Headquarters Cavalry Brigade,
Near Monticello, Ky., April 5, 1863.

Special order No. 1—It is with pleasure that the brigade commander testifies to the gallantry of the First Louisiana Regiment in the action at Danville on

the 24th ult., especially in the perfect composure with which it received the heavy fire from the infantry ambuscade at a distance not exceeding 50 yards. He candidly believes that no troops in the world could have shown finer bearing under such trying circumstances.

II.—Equally admirable with the above was the dash exhibited by Col. Ashby and the two companies of his regiment, whose charge had such a telling effect in the daring action of the day.

By order of Brig. Gen. Pegram,

R. T. DANIEL, A. A. G.

The regiment now crossed the mountains and went into camp near Knoxville. Col. Scott stood his trial, and the court found him guilty and ordered that he be privately reprimanded by the General commanding the department. It is said that Gen. Buckner told him the next time he wanted to curse a superior officer to be certain and not do it where one of his aides could hear him. He was then put in command of a fine brigade and we were soon ordered to the vicinity of Kingston to watch the movements of the enemy.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOHN MCKEOWN'S TRIP TO KENTUCKY, HIS ARREST, ETC.—GEORGE AND HIS FIDDLE.

It was while at this camp on Clinch river that the writer saw in a Kentucky paper an advertisement that was particularly interesting to him.

In leaving that State a few months previous his negro boy George suddenly disappeared and thinking that he had "gone to the Yankees," nothing more was thought of it, but seeing that he was confined in the

Bloomfield jail as a "runaway," means must be provided if possible, to get him out; but how to accomplish it was the question. At last John McKeown, the one armed soldier referred to in previous pages, said, "If I had a few dollars in 'greenbacks' or coin I might go into Kentucky and bring the naiger out." So it was determined to make the trial, a $20 gold piece was secured, and a letter written to an old friend in Harrodsburg, simply saying, "anything you can do for the bearer will be appreciated by your old friend." The money and note were given to McKeown, and his excitement over the contemplated trip was so intense that he did not sleep at all the night before he started. In about ten days he returned, the most woe begone looking man ever seen in Tennessee. The boys warmly greeted him and said, "Where is George?" "Darm the naiger, he will rot in Bloomfield jail if he iver expects to git out through me; why, be gad, I've been arrested as a spy and came d—n near being shot." His description of the trip was so graphic and ludicrous that it called forth the loudest peals of laughter ever heard in our camp. He said, "After crossing the Cumberland river says I to meself, no man should thravel without a flask, and finding a saloon I had me twinty changed by getting a pint of the rael old stuff. I thin mounted me pony, took a good swig at the bottle and started. After thraveling about five miles I met a regiment of Yankees. The Colonel says, 'Where are ye going?' 'To Harrodsburg.' 'What for?' 'To see if I can find work.' 'Do you know any one in Harodsburg?' 'I have a letter from me old boss in Tennessee to a gintleman there.' 'Let's see it?' He took the letter, read it and then turning to his adjutant, said, 'Call some of those Harrodsburg boys.' Three or four came up and says he, 'Do ye byes know any one in your town by the name of Frank Moore?' 'Yes, sir,' they all answered, 'and the darmdest rebel in Harrodsburg.' 'Be

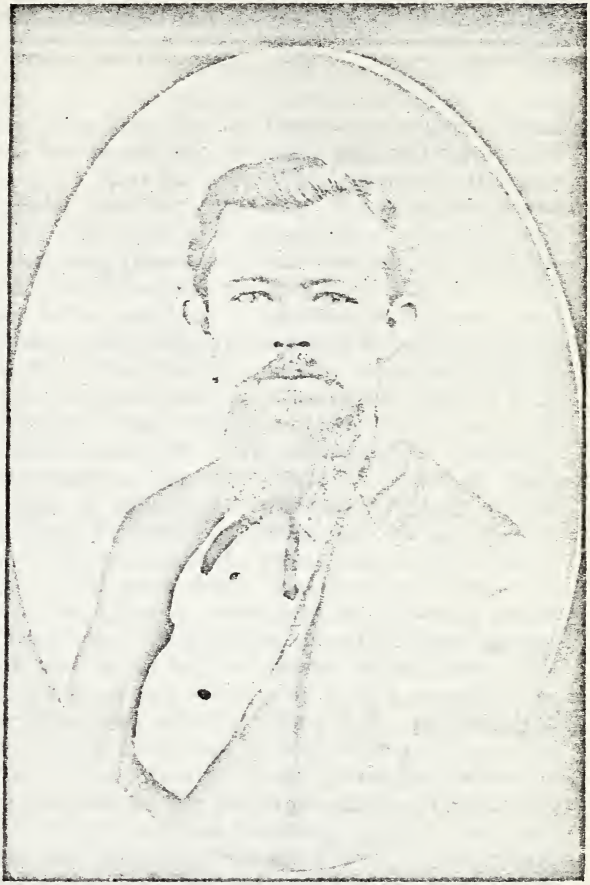
the Holy St. Patrick,' says I to meself, 'I'm in for it now.' 'Where did you lose that arm?' says the Colonel. 'In me old boss' sugar mill in Louisiana last July a year ago.' 'Docther,' says he, 'examine this fellow's arm.' So the docther fumbled and fooled with me arm for a while and then said, 'Colonel, I know nothing about it; whether it is months or years since it was taken off no man can tell, for it has entirely healed.' Just thin an old farmer walked up, and handing me his darmed old hand said, 'Hello, John, how de do; whin did you leave your regiment?' 'I niver saw you,' said I. 'Git out,' says he, 'haven't I seen you wid Scott's Cavalry many a time.' O, be the Holy Moses! me very heart jumped into me mouth; Hell to his soul, he had called me own name, and plumped the nail square on the head about me regiment, and you can just bet I shivered in me boots, but luck was wid me: the Colonel said, 'Look here, old man, you go home. I don't believe you ever saw this man before,' and so the darmed old shiney was run off. Then the Colonel says, 'Young man, my candid belief is that you are a spy and so we will lock you up for to-night! And they put me in jail and niver in me life did I spind such a cold night. Such a thing as sleep never entered me head and all night long I danced the polka to keep warm, and tried to think what county Kingston was in. Suppose he should ask, what the devil would I say? All night long I tried to think but couldn't to save me soul. Early next morning they sent for me, and then the examination commenced again. After asking about a hundred questions, the Colonel says, 'Where did you live in Tennessee?' 'At Kingston,' says I. 'What county is that in?' says he. 'Roane,' says I—the name jumped into me brain and out of me mouth at the right minute; he looked at me a while and said, 'Well, I'll tell you what I am going to do. We know you are a spy, but as we can prove nothing on ye

we are going to turn ye loose, if you will swear to go back to Tennessee and never cross the line again during the war.' Ye can bet your boots, I took the oath, and so help me God, I'll kape it." "John," said one of the boys, "didn't you tell that Yankee that you lost your arm in a sugar mill in July?" "Yes." "In what part of Louisiana do they grind cane in July?" "Oh! darm the month; the Yank had no better sense than I about it and it made no difference." This negro "George" was one of the irrepressibles connected with our regiment. In one of the battles of Kentucky he took from a captured Federal wagon a fine violin, which he said, he intended taking back to Louisiana with him. On one of our long tiresome marches, noticing that he still carried the violin in front of him, I said: "Throw that box away, George, you cannot weight that horse down in such a manner." "You won't care about me keeping it if the weight is not on the horse, will you?" "Of course not," I replied, and upon his shoulder went the violin, saying as he did so, "I'll pack it myself." We never heard how George ever got out of the Bloomfield jail. Two years after the close of the war I had a letter from him asking if I could not get him out of the North Carolina penitentiary. That he was in there accused of horse stealing, but was innocent.

CHAPTER XIV.

SANDERS AND BYRD RAID—WRITER'S TRIP TO LOUDON —BEN BROWN AND STOKES—CAPT. SCOTT KILLED —CHARLIE PALMER MORTALLY WOUNDED—CAPT. DITTO'S WOUND—COL. SCOTT'S CONFIDENCE IN CAPT. SCOTT—EXTRACT FROM CAPT. SCOTT'S DIARY—COL. SANDER'S REPORT OF HIS RAID.

We were in camp a short distance from Kingston—all were enjoying themselves as was always the case, when we were encamped in Roane county. Nearly all the boys had their sweethearts, and when did time ever drag slowly and disinterestedly along when a fellow was with his best girl? Some of them had gone beyond the sweetheart days and entered the matrimonial state, hence they were in reality at home. While here news came that the enemy was approaching by way of Montgomery. A portion of our brigade engaged them near that place and preparations were made to receive them at Clinch river, but Gen. Buckner ordered all the troops toward Knoxville, and we started. The writer, having once made the trip across mountain paths to Loudon, was asked if he thought he could make it that night. He, of course, tried it, and was successful as to time, arriving in Loudon at least an hour earlier than was expected. Delivering to Colonel Maxwell (who was in command at that place) the message from our Colonel. It being about 2 o'clock in the morning, Col. Maxwell told him to send to Gen. Buckner at Knoxville the same message that was brought to him, and such a time waking that operator! It looked as if he was determined not to get up; at last the sentry who was on guard at Maxwell's headquarters, walked up,



DR. O. D. BROOKS IN 1893.

gave a thundering knock on the door and in stentorian voice said, "Get up from there and send this dispatch; if you don't I'll break your head." The words worked like magic, for in a twinkling he was up and the "rat a tat tat" of his instrument showed us that he was "pushing" the keys for all they were worth. After the horse was rested and we had a nap, and then something to eat, a start for Knoxville was made. It was a *forced* march, one that "stove up" the horse, but to be away from your command and not know exactly where to go is not very pleasant. Some one told me the regiment was just ahead and pushing on as fast as a broken down horse could go I overtook Ben Brown and Cage Stokes, on horses as completely stove up as mine, and as misery always loves company we were delighted to have the companionship of one another, and we rode along chatting away; all of a sudden we saw a big force coming toward us. The exclamation, "Yankees," was simultaneous, and three "rebs" bounced off their horses about as quickly as anything ever seen in that part of East Tennessee. Stokes and Brown ran to one side of the road and the writer started up a hill on the other. He must have been moving with some celerity, for he fell over a rock and his gun went several feet from him. The bullets were whistling around his head, and as he fell the enemy shouted out "We got that 'Johnnie' any way,'—and as it was safest and best for them to think that, they were permitted to continue in their belief and he just remained flat on the ground until they had all passed, counting them as they did so—and as the last were passing, Companies "A" and "E" of the First Louisiana made a dash into their rear, and up from the side of the rock we sprang and got our gun and went back to the road. Capt. Scott kindly greeted us and said, "Get a Yankee horse or mule and come on," which was immediately done. Brown and Stokes on the other side of the road did

not fare quite so well, for there was no fence between them and the Yankees, and hence they were rushed upon and captured, but that night both made their escape. It seems that our brigade was chasing these Federal raiders (my recollection is that it was called Byrd's raid, though I am not positive on that point) when they acted as sly as a fox would when he "doubles back." They dodged their pursuers and started back on the same road they had come, and had the "gap" in the mountains been defended by a good command, all of them would have been captured, but unfortunately the batallion left when they heard the "Yankees" were coming, and left without firing a gun, giving them an opportunity to pass through and back to their lines in safety. Before doing so, though, they inflicted upon us a blow that was severely felt by the regiment, but crushing to Co. "E." Their beloved Captain, Gus A. Scott, received from this retreating troop his death wound. Capt. Scott was in command of the advance guard, consisting of several companies, "A," "E," "K" and perhaps others which I do not now recall—possibly all of the First Louisiana. He saw a line of Federals on the top of a hill as if they had stopped to give fight. He immediately formed a line for a charge, and just as he did so a force of Federals only about a hundred yards from him fired from behind a stone fence—they had dismounted on the brow of the hill and had taken position behind these stones. They fired but one volley and ran for their horses, but that one volley saddened many hearts. Gus Scott, the gallant, chivalrous little Captain, beloved by almost every man in the regiment and idolized by his own company, was no more. The bullet that tore through his stomach took with it a piece of the buckle from his belt. As he was falling his only words were, "Johnny, I am killed," speaking to the Adjutant, John Barry, who also had received a bullet through his shoulder. The dry eyes were few that day in old Company "E" as

they gazed upon this valiant son of East Feliciana, stretched out upon the ground before them—had the grim reaper invaded our own homes our griefs could scarcely have been more poignant. He was not only our beloved Captain, but was comrade, friend, yea, brother and father to us all. The company believed in him and he in the company, and no sacrifice would have been too great for either to perform, if it concerned the happiness or wellfare of the other. A few months previous, when we charged into Danville it was he who led—and when the fight was over and he looked at the bullet hole through his hat and one each through his sleeve and coat tail, he said, "Look, boys! they shot my clothes all to pieces and wont give me a scratch to take home to show my little girl." Ah! valorous soul! Little didst thou think, when in the exuberance of thy patriotic expressions, courting a bullet from the enemy, that when it was sped toward thee, that it would mean that you not only bled for the cause you loved, but died in defense of the South and what you believed to be right. And the "little girl" whom thou didst so love and so often spoke of can teach her own loved ones as they gather around her fireside, that the comrades of their grandfather believed that the heritage left them was one to be proud of, for they claim that no more valorous soldier and no better man ever wore the gray than Capt. Gus A. Scott. Nor was this all; another of Company "E's" best men bade us farewell forever. Charley Palmer was shot through the leg, and, though a bad wound, no one ever dreamed that it would prove fatal. He was taken back where every attention was shown him, but only lived a few days. Charley was one of those soldiers who could always be depended on. You knew always where to find him—he was at the spot where duty called at all times and when his spirit took its homeward flight, there was a vacant space left in the ranks of old Com-

pany "E" which was never filled. In the same fight Captain W. L. Ditto of Company "K" was shot in the identical spot that Capt. Scott was—on the buckle of his belt. It must have been a "spent ball," though, for it did not penetrate, it left only a black mark whch was very sore for about a week. Several others from different companies were shot, but their names have been forgotten.

Capt. Scott's body was brought off the field by Samuel C. Schwing; he was taken to Knoxville and buried. In the winter of 1865 his family had his remains taken to Louisiana and on the 20th of December buried in the family cemetery in East Feliciana parish. The fight in which he was killed took place June 22, 1863. As an illustration of Capt. Scott's character and high sense of duty he was once ordered to hold a position at the crossing of a river. The enemy came to the opposite side and from the heights above kept up an incessant fire upon his men who could not effectively return it. When all was over and the enemy had withdrawn he said, "Colonel, why did you put me under that hill to be shot at?" "Because, Capt. Scott, I knew you would stay there;" and, as a further view of his character, the following extracts from one of his diaries are submitted. Writing to his wife as a closing letter in the diary, speaking of the men of the South he says: "Every male who posseses a spark of manliness should shoulder arms and march out to meet our foe. As for me, I am determined to strike for home, for wife and child as long as my arm is able to lift a weapon—and when the day comes to go back to the homes we have defended, I can look any one in the face and boldly say that I have tried to do my duty, and then my wife can look on her husband with pride, and when his name is mentioned feel a glow of pleasure instead of a blush of shame, and my daughter can truly feel a reverence for the name

of her father,—but, if I should chance to fall in this holy cause it will be with the proud conviction that I have not altogether been unworthy of the love of my sweet wife, who (God knows) is dearer to me than aught on earth save mine honor; and you will then know that you have not bestowed that priceless boon (your love) on an unworthy object, and my daughter will have that priceless heritage, the pure and unsullied name of her father." The daughter, his only child, is now Mrs. R. E. Thompson, of East Feliciana parish.

Col. W. P. Sanders of the Fifth Kentucky Cavalry (Federal), who commanded the troops on this raid, said in his report: That he started from Mt. Vernon June 14, 1863, went by way of Montgomery "expecting to cross Clinch river at Kingston, but hearing positively that Scott's brigade was there with one battery," he went eight miles above and crossed at Waller's Ford —went within three miles of Loudon and on to Lenoirs, where he burned the depot which contained five pieces of artillery, army supplies, etc. About 170 men got on the wrong road and did not reach the command until they got to Kentucky. Lost two killed, four wounded and thirteen missing. Indebted to Col. R. K. Byrd for valuable assistance. Captured and paroled 461 prisoners. Starting out toward Roger's Gap, found the way blockaded with felled trees, etc., and had to abandon the artillery, but spiked the guns, cut down the wheels, etc., then passed out at Smith's gap, driving away a regiment stationed there.

From the above it will be seen that Sanders was in command and not Byrd, as was generally supposed—the mistake being made, perhaps, because Byrd was an East Tennessean and was well known throughout that part of the State.

CHAPTER XV.

SCOTT'S KENTUCKY EXPEDITION—FIGHT AT LONDON AND THENCE ON TOWARD BIG HILL—FIGHTS AT ROGERSVILLE AND RICHMOND—COL. SANDER'S REPORT OF HIS "DISGRACEFUL ROUT"—ASHBY'S AND GOODE'S REGIMENTS AT IRVINE—COL. NIXON WITH 100 OF THE FIRST LOUISIANA CAPTURED—CAPT. REILY'S CHARGE INTO STANFORD—RECROSSED THE CUMBERLAND AT SMITH SHOALS—BOYS WITHOUT SLEEP, EATING GREEN APPLES AND HONEY—LITTLE BEEF KILLED ON SIDE OF MOUNTAIN—EXTRACTS FROM PAPERS OF EAST TENNESSEE.

In the summer of 1863 Scott's brigade, consisting of the First Louisiana Cavalry, J. O. Nixon commanding; Second Tennessee, Lieut. Col. Gillespie; Fifth Tennessee, Col. McKenzie; Tenth Confederate, Col. Goode; Fifth North Carolina Battalion, Capt. Lusk; Battery "Brown Horse Artillery," four guns, Capt. Marshall; Louisiana Battery, Capt. N. T. N. Robinson.

About the middle of July Gen. John Morgan started on his raid into Kentucky, Indiana and Ohio, and Gen. Buckner ordered Scott to go into Kentucky and draw some of their troops from Morgan, and bring back all the stock, supplies, etc., he possibly could. On the 25th of July we passed through Big Creek Gap, and drove a detachment of the 44th Ohio mounted infantry toward London. The command then made an attack on that town and the enemy retreated toward Mount Vernon. Started then for Big Hill, but had to fight all the way. Some of the brigade had a pretty severe fight at Rogersville. When we got within a

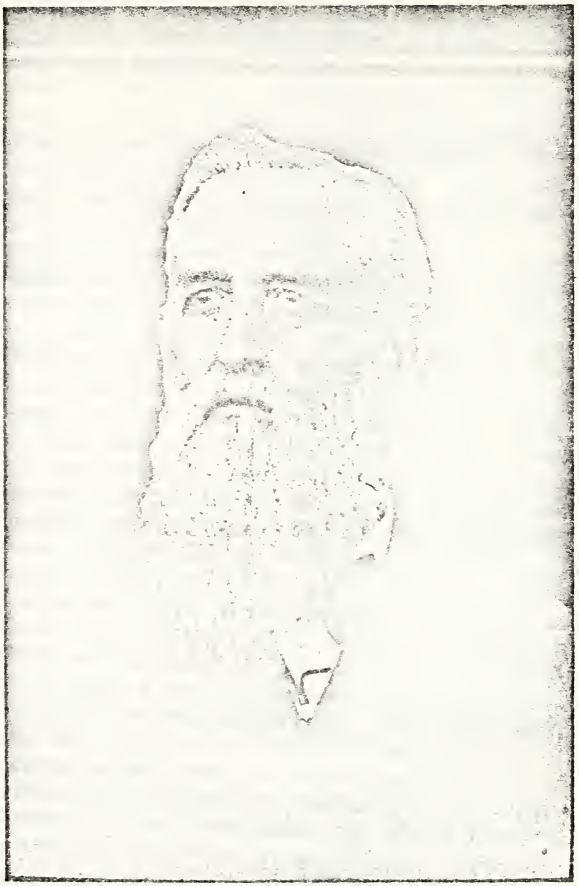
mile or two of Richmond we found a heavy line of battle, and for thirty minutes or more the fight raged; a charge was then made and the enemy was driven through the town and in the direction of Lexington. In this fight we had three killed and ten wounded. It was reported that the enemy lost fifteen killed and about 30 wounded, though I never knew how accurate the figures were—report also said that Col. Sanders was among the wounded. We paroled 120 prisoners, besides capturing a large number of horses, mules, etc. It was here where we first heard of the surrender of Morgan—he had been surrounded at New Lisbon, Ohio, on the 26th, and captured and we now knew that we had run into a hornet's nest. The troops following him were hurried back by rail and fresh horses had been collected at different points to remount them.

On the 28th when the enemy reached Clay's Ferry, Col. Sanders reported the fight to the commanding officer at Lexington in the following language: "My command completely panic-stricken—it was an unnecessary panic—will try and protect this ferry; ten miles has been a complete and disgraceful rout. I don't know who commands the rebels." See Reports, volume 23, part 1, series 1. A portion of the command went to Winchester on the 29th and had quite a hard fight—a terrible rain nearly all night, but there was no time to stop. Ashby's and Goode's regiment and a detachment from the First Louisiana went to Irvine, had a fight, routed the enemy and captured two pieces of artillery and over a hundred prisoners and quite a number of wagons well filled with all kinds of supplies. We were now apparently surrounded on all sides, but Col. Scott seemed equal to the occasion. On the 31st, not far from Lancaster, Col. J. O. Nixon, with about one hundred men of the First Louisiana, was captured. He commanded the rear and was entirely surrounded by an overwhelming force. With this exception, we

lost few men except stragglers. Just before Col. Nixon was surrounded Col. Scott ordered Capt. Reily to go to the front with his company and drive the enemy out of Stanford. It looked as if we were in for a desperate struggle, but when the charge was made after our battery had thrown a few shells into the town, the enemy fled in confusion leaving all their wagons whch were destroyed by our troops, except some 30 or 40 whch were sent on in the direction of Hall's Gap.

Lieutenant Palmer says he was ordered with a detachment to Crab Orchard to open the way and guard the wagon train. His instructions were similar to those of Capt. Reily, to drive the Yankees out of the place. A charge was made and the result was similar to the Stanford affair—the detachment of Federals fled on the approach of our boys.

The crossings of the Cumberland were not fordable at the usual places. Some of them because of obstructions we would meet with before getting to them. The consequence was we had to go to Smith shoals, and as we were crossing the enemy made a vigorous attack upon us, a rifled gun of Robinson's battery capsized and it had to be spiked and abandoned. The enemy was closing around rapidly—being four or five times as large as our own force—and elated over the Morgan capture they were boasting that we too would be bagged, but Scott had so divided up his command that we came together when necessary and separated if found expedient. Col. McKenzie's regiment had been sent toward Paris and was cut off entirely and never got with us for some days after. When we were crossing the river the enemy's attack was spirited, but they were repulsed and gave up the pursuit. The wagons and mules had most of them been abandoned, but a sufficient quantity of stock, etc. were brought out to regard the trip as not altogether fruitless, particularly



CAPT. JOSEPH C. REILY IN 1896.

as many of the boys had "fresh mounts." Col. Scott's report to Gen. Buckner closes as follows: "For five days and nights the fighting was incessant, not a half hour of rest at any time intervening; nothing but the most indomitable bravery and perseverance, without food or rest upon the part of a portion of the officers and men saved the entire command." And he was right; never before did troops suffer as much—seven days and no day without a fight, and five of them fighting nearly all the time, and during the time one square meal which we took from a Federal camp. During the rest of the trip our rations consisted of green apples, which we found in abundance and they proved extremely healthy; an officer told us that the first green apples he ate he felt as one would who was signing his own death warrant, for he had suffered for years with chronic diarrhoea, but the pangs of hunger made him try some anyway, and finding no ill effects he continued eating them and the result was an absolute cure. The disciples of Aesculapius may give an incredulous smile, many perhaps will say impossible, nevertheless, this is true, and they must not forget that in their profession marvelous things are being daily developed, and who knows but that some mind, delving deep into the mysteries of nature may yet discover in the obnoxious green apple a cure for the very diseases which it is now thought it would aggravate. They must not forget that only a few years ago every doctor had his lancet, sacificator and cups, or leeches, but where do you find them now? Yes, science is advancing day by day, and revelations are wonderful and who knows but that something valuable may yet be found in the little green apple that kept alive Scott's Cavalry for so many days. The old boys can never forget the first solid food they had when they got into the mountains and that which to them was the sweetest ever tasted—marching along half starved some one discovered a young steer graz-

ing on the side of a hill. The Colonel being notified of the great "find" said to the commissary, "Have him shot and skinned immediately." By the side of the road we bivouacked, fires were made and in a few minutes the beef was being distributed, and each soldier cooked his piece on the point of a stick, in a toasting fashion—more properly speaking a smoking style, without salt and with no bread to eat with it, yet no first class hotel dinner ever tasted so good. It was without doubt the *sweetest* meal we had during the war. We were now marching through a barren country toward Montgomery and could not stop until something was found to eat. After dark we came to a mountaineer's home and halted to get some water, as he had a fine spring. Some of the men discovered some "bee gums," and taking them up the road a little distance soon had them "robbed," and many of the boys could be seen with great "chunks" of honey, and looked as happy as if they had struck a veritable land of milk and honey—what a combination these two courses for a dinner made! Beef without salt or bread, and honey for dessert. This trip was the first time I ever saw men take real good naps on horseback. They arranged it in this way—one would lead the other's horse for an hour while he slept and then the other would lead, but at the crack of guns, either in front or rear all would wake and be ready for the fight; but when we got into the mountains we could ride along and sweetly dream the hours away.

Some of the men fared even worse than as stated above; at the different crossings on the Cumberland the commander of each rear guard placed men on the south side so as to drive back the Federals when they came up; at all the places they were repulsed, and followed no further. At one of the crossings a squad of about fifteen men were posted, their horses taken to the top of the hill and by some unaccountable accident,

some carelessness on the part of the officer who placed them there, these men were left and their horses taken along by the command. The poor fellows had to foot it for three days going through mountains where they were fired on by bush-whackers from behind the rocks. When they reached camp all were surprised to see them, for it was supposed they were captured.

The following is an editorial from an East Tennessee paper which was published just after Col. Scott's raid:

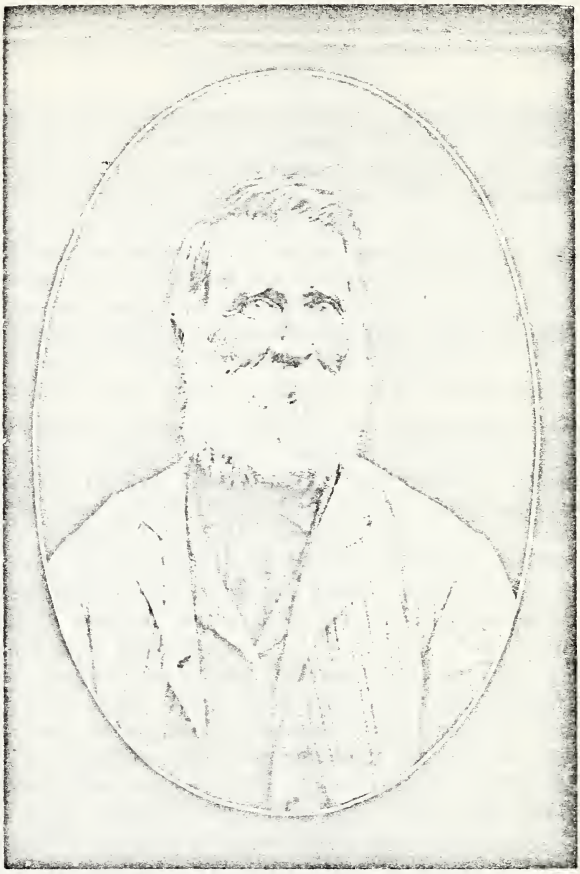
"It is now nearly two years since Col. Scott left Louisiana in command of the First Cavalry regiment of that State. A finer or braver or better equipped body of men never marched to repel the invaders of their country. J. S. Scott was Colonel, J. O. Nixon (proprietor of the *New Orleans Crescent*) Lieut. Col., Gervais Schlatre, Major. They were all approved officers, worthy to command the gallant men of which the regiment was composed. The regiment has seen much service and has performed many glorious deeds. At the battle of Richmond, Ky., last year it was always in the van of Kirby Smith's army and aided materially in achieving that splendid victory. It has participated in nearly all the great battle of the West and has been in almost innumerable engagements, in all of which the bravery of the men and the skill and gallantry of the officers shone forth conspicuously, reflecting credit upon the noble State of Louisiana and the Confederate arms.

"During most of this time Col. Scott has been acting as Brigadier General, and in this last expedition into Kentucky, which resulted so auspiciously, he was acting as Brigadier. If he can do so much as Colonel, he certainly deserves promotion and we trust he will soon obtain it. If the lamented Gen. Sydney Johnston had lived he would have been promoted long since, if his warm recommendation could have accomplished

that object—Gen. Johnston at once saw that he possessed military merits of a high order and reposed the most unbounded confidence in his capacity and energy."

The Knoxville, Tenn., *Register*, editorially said:

"Col. Scott's expedition to Kentucky is regarded in high military circles here as a decided success and marks him as one of the most accomplished cavalry officers in our service." (An account of the fight is here given, then the following: "Thus terminated one of the most arduous expeditions as yet undertaken by any of our many daring cavalry officers. All unite in saying that but for Col. Scott's coolness and consummate generalship the whole command would have been lost. Instead, however, of quailing before difficulties of the gravest character when contending with a foe outnumbering him many times he boldly pushed forward, relying upon his own skill and the bravery of his men for success. Nor was he disappointed. Although worn down with incessant marching, hunger and loss of sleep, officers and men nobly responded to the requirements of their gallant leader, and bravely fighting shed new lustre on Confederate arms. Col. Scott's loss will not be more than two hundred all told. In this number were a rather larger proportion of officers, including Lieut. Col. Nixon of the First Louisiana Cavalry, who, after performing prodigies of valor, was cut off while attempting to cross Dix river by a superior force and after a stubborn resistance forced to yield. The brigade is now in good condition and again ready for the field, where it is sure to win new honors."



LIEUT. ISAAC PALMER IN 1900.

CHAPTER XVI.

RETREAT FROM KNOXVILLE TOWARD CHATTANOOGA—FIGHT AT LOUDON—MARCH TOWARD RINGGOLD AND FIGHT WITH WILDER'S BRIGADE—WILDER'S REPORT—COMPANIES "A" AND "E" ASSIGNED TO GENS. LONGSTREET AND HOOD—CHICKAMAUGA—HAWKES WITH THE ALABAMIANS—THE COOLNESS OF A YOUNG AIDE—HOOD WOUNDED—AN IRISH SOLDIER'S WOUNDED FINGER—THE DEAD UPON THE FIELD—COLOR BEARER'S DEATH—GEN. PEGRAM'S REPORT—SCOTT'S REPORT TO GEN. CHEATHAM—GEN. CHEATHAM'S ENDORSEMENT.

The last of August and first of September, 1863, found the forces of Gen. Buckner retreating from Knoxville toward Chattanooga, and Scott's Cavalry was the rear guard. That part of my diary referring to this particular trip has been lost and the many years that have intervened have gathered around it an almost impenetrable gloom; still we know that we were engaged in several skirmishes, the most important of which was at Loudon.

We fought the enemy on the north or Knoxville side of the river, drove them back and then started to cross, and seeing our movement they marched up as close as possible and commenced a terrific fire upon us. The troops posted on the opposite side, though, kept them from coming very close and with their bullets flying thick around them our boys succeeded in setting fire to the bridge. We now leisurely marched along until we formed a junction with Gen. Bragg's forces—Scott was then in command of a brigade consisting of the First Louisiana, Second Tennessee, Fifth Tennessee, Tenth Confederate (Col. C. T. Goode), a detach-

ment of John H. Morgan's command under Lieut. Col. R. M. Martin and N. T. N. Robinson's Louisiana Battery. On the 9th of September Gen. Forrest who had command of all the cavalry of the army at that place ordered Col. Scott to Ringgold, Georgia, to watch the enemy on the roads from Chattanooga. On the 11th quite a hard fight took place—Col. J. T. Wilder (the Federal officer) commanding First Brigade, 4th division, 14th Army Corps in his report from Tunnel Hill, Sept. 11, says: "I have now reached this place; the enemy disputed every inch of the way stubbornly. I have come over ground hard to advance on when disputed as it was to-day. My loss is one killed and seven wounded. Enemy's loss not known. Scott's cavalry brigade has been fighting us." See Vol. 30, part 3, series 1 Army Reports. We next had a skirmish at McElmore's Cove—quite a spirited one and the morning of the 19th found the fierce battle of Chickamauga raging. Lieut. Gen. Longstreet of the Virginia army, had come over to reinforce Gen. Bragg with about two divisions of his corps—no cavalry and no artillery. About 5,000 infantry. Company 'A' of the First Louisiana Cavalry was ordered to report to Gen. Longstreet as a body guard, and "E" with a portion of "C" to Gen. Hood. The consequence was these three companies saw a great deal of the battle, were exposed to terrific fires and had to ride along and take it without being able to return fire, the most trying of all positions in a fight. When the companies were first ordered to report to these Generals, the boys of "A" laughed at the others, saying "we are the escort of a Lieut. General, and will stand off at a long distance and look at you fellows with your little Major Generals right up behind the fighting lines." But when the battle was raging, the bullets flying thick as hail around us and shells bursting in every direction, whom should we see (riding along with a tooth pick in his

mouth as if he was just getting up from a quiet dinner) but Gen. Longstreet with Company "A" trotting along behind him—then the boys of the other companies "guyed" them, telling them that "Lieut. Generals of some armies might view the battles afar off, but old Rebs want to see what's going on at the front." Several of our men and horses were shot. Joe Hawkes while we were in line awaiting orders, but exposed to a heavy fire had a shell to explode under him, tearing his horses head all to pieces. Just then a Federal horse (whose rider we supposed had been killed) came dashing through the lines and the boys caught him for Hawkes. Scarcely twenty minutes passed before a minnie ball struck this horse in the head and he was on foot again. About this time the First Alabama Infantry came at a "double quick" to the front to reinforce some weak position of the line. Hawkes said, "Boys, do you want a recruit?" "Yes!" yelled out a dozen or more, "anybody who will fight." Then, to our crowd he said, "Good bye boys, those fellows won't let me stay mounted and I am going to fight them some way anyhow," so the balance of the Chickamauga battle he finished in the ranks of the First Alabama. A terrific cannonading was taking place and we witnessed an act that for coolness and imperturbability was never surpassed. On Gen. Hood's staff, or at least acting in that capacity that day, was a young officer whose looks told us that he was but a boy—surely not out of his "teens." The General called him and riding up until their horses' heads almost touched each other, he stood listening to the orders of his commander, with a chicken bone in his hand. A shell dropped and exploded almost under the two, and when the smoke cleared away instead of finding them torn to pieces as many thought would be the case, Hood was continuing his orders and the boy listening as if nothing had happened, but his chicken bone had been taken away by a piece of the

shell. Who this young officer was or what became of him we never knew. Hood's division made a magnificent charge up the slope of a hill, but was repulsed—a heavy force having been massed in front of the division to his left, commenced an enfilading fire, which caused consternation among the troops and the retreat at one time looked as if the division was going to be panic-stricken, but they were only running to get out of the trap they had rushed into, for Hood and his officers rallied them beautifully. They galloped up and down the lines and ordered a halt. Hood rushed up to a color bearer, whirled around in his saddle and was reaching out for the flag of his old Texas regiment, when a bullet crashed into his leg and he commenced falling. One of his aides sprang from his horse and caught him just as his crippled arm (which was in a sling from a wound received in Virginia) was about to be caught on the horn of his saddle. Then a magnificent sight was witnessed. Gen. Laws who was next in command, with a battle flag in his hand galloped up the line and half way back again and shouted out "halt!" All the officers took it up and the whole division seemed to stop instantly—at least it looked that way, and the gallant little General with the colors in his hand started back up the hill. Gen. Hood was placed upon a litter and started to the rear. After going a little distance he told the litter bearers to stop as he believed the enemy was driving our men back. His staff officers insisted on getting to one of the field hospitals as quickly as possible, but he said, "No, you don't move from this spot until I find out what the result of that charge is." In a few seconds we heard the genuine old rebel yell—we knew it meant victory, and, turning to his aides, he said, "Gentlemen, you may go where you please now, I know that yell and I know my boys have driven them over that hill." We soon found the place where arms and legs were being taken off—

where ghastly wounds were seen in every direction and after an examination of Gen. Hood's wound we heard the surgeon say, "General I fear we will have to take your leg off." "I am in your hands, gentlemen; do as you think best," was the reply, then turning to us he said," Capt. Reily, thank those boys for sticking so closely to me to-day—they have all performed their duty. Go back now to the front and report to Gen. Laws." That was the last we ever saw of Gen. John B. Hood, but we never forgot his courage and the nerve he displayed while writhing in pain from a leg that was simply dangling by his side. Galloping back to the front we reported to Gen. Laws and saw him driving the Federals before him. While taking Gen. Hood back to the rear an Irishman passed us and said. "Boys can ye tell me where I can find a docther?" "Are you wounded?" asked one of our men. Holding up the front finger of his right hand which was shot off just above the second joint, he said, "not much, but I want to have me finger thrimbed a little so I can get back to the front, for darm em, I can shoot yet," and, there is not a doubt in our minds but that he had his finger "thrimbed" and went back. Chickamauga was a desperately fought field, but when night came, on the second days' fight, we undoubtedly had them badly whipped—in some places they were routed and night alone saved them; it was unquestionably a Confederate victory, but the loss on both sides was dreadful. During the second day's fight we passed by an old field that can never be forgotten; during the night, after the first day's fight the Federals made temporary breast works of logs—it was through the centre of this little field,—woods being on each side, and I do not think it exaggeration to say that from the woods to the logs one could have stepped upon dead Confederates all the way, and from the logs to the edge of the other skirt of woods the same could have been done on Federal dead

bodies; it was a terrible sight—we were told at the time that a Florida regiment was almost annihilated at this place. All of the First Louisiana except the two companies mentioned were engaged in desperate fighting nearly all the time; the color bearer's death, which has been referred to is the only one that can now be recalled. In Col. Scott's report to Gen. Pegram he gives as his loss two officers and eight men killed; four officers and thirty-eight men wounded, and fifteen horses killed. In Gen. Pegram's report, among other things, he says: "My command was subjected to a heavy fire of canister at 300 yards range. Both Gen. Davidson and Col. Scott lost several men. The steadfastness with which both brigades bore this artillery fire was admirable in the extreme, especially as evincing the discipline of the men." It will be seen from the above that Col. Scott was in Pegram's division, Forrest's corps, neither of whom he had any love for. The following report will give some idea of how he felt, situated as he then was, and will also show that fighting for Scott's Cavalry did not end on the evening of the 20th:

Headquarters Scott's Brigade,
Foot of Missionary Ridge, Sept. 22, 1863.

General—After leaving you I advanced toward this road, meeting the enemy near this place. I fought them, killing and wounding some 30 or 40 and taking eight prisoners, two of whom are commissioned officers. I drove them back to within one mile of Chattanooga, taking their first line of rifle-pits. I succeeded in getting also about 50 stand of fire arms. After taking their rifle pits Gen. Pegram came up and not knowing that Gen. Davidson would be up to my support, ordered me back to this place. The General has since then come up and is now near me on my right. What is most singular to say, all of the Yankees killed or

taken prisoners had canteens of mean whiskey that was issued them to-day to get up a little Dutch courage.

Being, General, in the position of the* * * *I would most willingly receive and obey any orders issued by you. There has been considerable excitement in Chattanooga this evening, and I do not think there will be a single Yank found on this side of the river to-morrow morning. The enemy used no artillery at all this evening. I am, General, most respectfully your obedient servant, J. S. SCOTT,

Colonel Commanding Brigade.

To Major Gen. B. F. Cheatham, Commanding Divisio.n.

P. S.—If you have no especial use for my two companies that you picked up this morning please send them to me, as I think they will be of more use to me than you.

INDORSEMENT.

Headquarters, Sept. 22, 1863.

Col. Scott and Gen. Davidson were ordered by me to cross the ridge to my right and sweep down the valley toward Chattanooga and extend their lines from the ridge to the river.

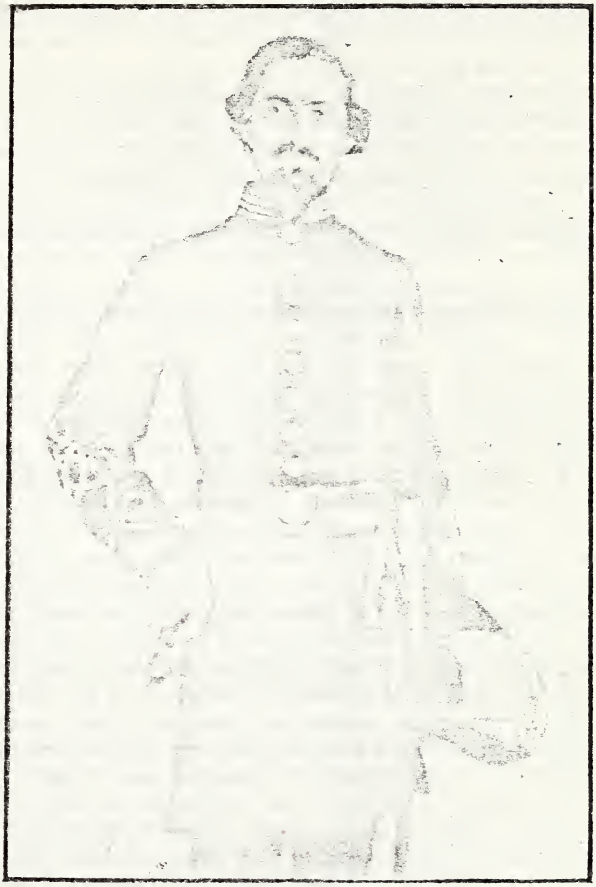
B. F. CHEATHAM,
Major General C. S. Army.

Reports, Vol. 30, Part 2, series 1.

CHAPTER XVII.

AMUSING INCIDENTS AS WELL AS HEART-RENDING SCENES UPON THE FIELD OF CHICKAMAUGA—GEORGE LORD AND RICKS—JIM JELKS AND HIS LITTLE MULE—ROSECRANZ RELIEVED—THOMAS IN COMMAND—GENS. GRANT, SHERMAN AND HOOKER—TRIP TO MOUTH OF CHICAMAUGA CREEK—SAM JAMES—EMORY CURTISS—LIEUT. ALLEN—MAJ. J. M. TAYLOR WOUNDED—OPENING OF BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE—GEORGE WHITE AND HIS PIPE—RETREAT TOWARDS DALTON, GA.—CLEBURN'S OLD BRIGADE—LIEUT. LEAKE—CAPT. REILY—JOKES BETWEEN THE INFANTRY AND CAVALRY—THE OLD SECOND U. S. CAVALRY—MEETING WITH FOURTH REGIMENT AND AUSTIN'S BATTALION—FIRST LETTERS OF BILL ARP, DALTON, ETC.

Many amusing incidents, as well as heart-rending scenes occurred on the field of Chickamauga. At one time when our lines had halted Gen. Hood ordered all of his escort to get behind trees, an order which the boys were not slow in obeying. A Federal battery turned loose upon us and were tearing the limbs from the trees all around us and every fellow hugged his tree as closely as possible. George Lord, who, by the way, was one of Company C's best soldiers, says he saw a lovely looking tree for that purpose and made for it, but when he got there Ricks was ahead of him, but it looked big enough for two and behind it he



MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR, 1865.

got. When the old shells and shot got thick around them closer and closer they nestled together. "I suppose," said George, "that each of us wanted to be certain and have no part of the body exposed and hence the scramble." At last Ricks said, "Look here, George Lord, I am getting tired of this, so you go and hunt a tree of your own, this is mine." Just then orders were given to form company—as was supposed, every man rode up into his place, but as we were about to move off one of our good soldiers, a man who always seemed ready to go anywhere that others would, galloped up on his little mule, and took his place. When the fight was over he said, "Boys, I never shirked in my life, but to-day when we were all hugging our trees—those old shells were singing such mournful songs all around me that they kind a made me feel like resting a while longer right behind that fine old tree. I thought to myself I can stay right here and nobody will ever miss me.I heard the order 'fall in,' but I never moved, just made up my mind that for once I would shirk; but I heard some one behind the tree next to me say, "Oh! my stomach, my stomach." Looking up I saw it was old ——; I then for the first time realized what I was doing, so out from the tree I jumped, mounted my mule and rode into ranks. Now, this old fellow may have been sick and he would have been a fool for going any further if he was, but somehow I didn't believe him; I knew he preferred holding horses any time to listening to the music of minnie balls, and that's the reason I was the last man to ride into ranks." This same soldier, always facetious, but saying exactly what he thought was detailed the night after the second day's fight to report to Gen. Bragg's headquarters to perform courier duty. He was sent to take a dispatch to the extreme right of the army and the next day when he made his appearance his description of the trip was certainly ludicrous: "I'll tell you right now,"

said he, "if I am ever detailed again to go anywhere at midnight on a battlefield, there'll be a soldier shot next day for disobedience of orders, for I would rather die than take another such trip. I am not afraid of any live Yankee, but when it comes to dead ones, that's another thing. Just think about it, ten miles over dead bodies and half of the time not a live creature to be seen anywhere—whenever my mule would shy to one side I'd know what it was, and the cold chills would run up and down my back. Then I would strike a warm streak of atmosphere, and remembering that the niggers used to tell me when I was a chap, 'when you pass through warm air look out for ghosses,' I just thought my time had come. I shut both eyes as tight as could be and slapped spurs to my mule and the little fellow would spring to one side, then jump up and knowing what it was he was jumping over all I could do was to keep my eyes shut and say, "Oh! my God, what is to become of me!"

The victory of Chickamauga was not followed up, and while our army was dwindling away, Longstreet having been sent toward Knoxville and confidence in Gen. Bragg gradually giving way, many believing his inactivity unnecessary, Rosecranz had been relieved of command and Gen. Thomas placed in his stead. Gen. Grant, in the meantime, had been put in command of all the Federal forces in that section of the country and he had reinforcements pouring in to relieve Thomas. Hooker came with two corps. Sherman with several divisions, and the estimate was that he had an army of 80,000 men or more to commence his move on Bragg's depleted army. The First Louisiana had been kept during this time near Gen. Braggs' headquarters as body guard, and for various other duties appertaining to the cavalry line. Early on the morning of the 25th of November the writer was sent with a squad to report to headquarters. The Adju-

tant General said, "Go to the mouth of Chickamauga creek, call in the torpedo men at work there, then come back along the line as close to the enemy as possible, and try and find out what they are doing and report back here as soon as you can." Reaching the mouth of the creek and finding no one there, but seeing a man standing at the top of the hill near by, we rode up and asked him if he could tell us where the torpedo men were. "Click, click," went his old "Springfield," as answer, and had it not been for the celerity of Sam James in getting the first shot and "downing" the fellow, this sketch would never have been written, as the muzzle of his gun was not much more than a foot from our nose when he fell. Sam was a modest, unobtrusive soldier; was never known to brag on what he could or would do, but was ever found where duty called and that day he was certainly the "right man in the right place." He still lives, is farming near Norwood, La., and our fervent wish is that his life may be a long and happy one. Just as this Federal fell it looked as if a thousand rose from the bushes around us. We had gone up between the skirmish and main lines of Sherman's advancing columns. They ordered us to surrender, but we started down that hill as fast as horses could take us, and thousands of bullets whistled aoruud us, but miraculously we escaped without a man being shot. One, however, was captured. Emory Curtiss asked who had fired the first shot; being told that we did, he slipped back and went up the hill to see if we had not made a mistake, and from that time until the close of the war he remained in a Northern prison.

Lieut. David H. Allen, of Co. "K," was sent on the same mission with a like number of men. He got into the same kind of scrape—went up a hill (perhaps the same place) and got into the enemy's lines; he and two of his men were shot and two horses killed. Allen was shot in the shoulder, a painful but not serious

wound. He was a good soldier and nice gentleman; came from Shelbyville, Ky. After the war returned to his native State.

The regiment was then dismounted and went down the hill to the railroad leading out toward Knoxville. The road being upon quite an embankment here afforded good breastworks and we repulsed two charges made upon us, but the third was made by what seemed to be a division of infantry, and we then had to leave. Major J. M. Taylor was in command and thinking he could hold the position still longer, seeing the line begin to waver, he jumped up on the embankment to encourage the men, but was shot down at once. It was a gallant act, but proved of no avail and cost him a severe wound. One regiment could not repulse a charge from such a force. They drove us up the ridge and just after this it was that Hardee's corps or a portion of it sent Sherman reeling back down the hill. As we reached the top of the ridge George White, of Co. "C," said, "Boys, those fellows have shot me, but it doesn't hurt much; however, I am going to see what it is they have done." Pulling off his coat he found only a scratch or slight flesh wound in his left side, and looking in his pocket he discovered that his beautiful meerschaum pipe was crushed to pieces by the bullet. "The miserable fellows," he said, "have ruined me; I don't mind the little scratch they have given me, but to break my pipe in this way is just terrible—if I don't get several of them for this before night it will be because we will not be permitted to try them again." We were now in a position on Missionary Ridge, where a large portion of the valley below could be seen, and that vast moving mass of blue was a sight appalling to behold. Another charge had been made—this time on our left and the enemy hurled back down the hill. All now wondered what this commotion below meant. The troops in the centre of our line looked as if they were

ready to retreat, before a gun was fired. What brigade or division it was has been forgotten, but when Grant ordered an advance all along his entire lines, they did break and confusion was the result. No man ever tried harder than Gen. Bragg did to rally his troops, but it was useless, and thus ended Missionary ridge, a fight, which no Confederate soldier was ever proud to say he participated in, but it must not be forgotten that Bragg had about 35,000 troops and Grant over 80,000, still if the "centre" of our line had behaved as well as the "right" and "left" nothing could have driven them from that ridge. We now commenced retreating toward Dalton, Georgia. Our command was bringing up the rear—had several little skirmishes with the enemy's advance guard and once as we were passing through a gorge or little gap in the mountain we found an infantry regiment on each side of the road. They commenced yelling, "Here go the buttermilk rangers." "Say, boys, look out the Yankees are coming sure, the cavalry is getting to the rear, and all such stuff as that. At last one of them said, "What regiment is this?" "First Louisiana," was the answer. There seemed to be a dozen or more at the same time yelling out, "Boys, we beg your pardon for what we said, we didn't know who you were," and turning around toward their own comrades they cried out, "Boys, these are our old friends, Scott's Cavalry—these are the fellows who were with us at Richmond, Ky.," and with that some of their crowd proposed "three cheers for Scott's Cavalry"—a ringing cheer was given. It was a portion of Cleburnes old brigade and the boys felt proud of the compliment thus paid them. Riding along we still found soldiers on each side of the road. A tall lank looking fellow walked up to Lieut. Leake, who had on a long cloak with a hood to it, a kind of capote, and said, "Here, mister, this is all I've got but you are welcome to it," handing him a cracker, an

old "hard tack," as the boys called them. "Keep your d—n cracker," said the Lieutenant; "I don't want it." "Excuse me," drawled out the fellow, "I thought you were the parson, and were about to take up a collection, but I discover you are not." All laughed at the discomfiture of the Lieutenant, who was an excellent soldier and splendid fellow—modest and unassuming—loved a joke as much as anybody, but couldn't tolerate such "tomfoolery" as that. Capt. Joe Reily was the next to catch it. He had on a coat of "home-spun" and the dye in it had changed to various hues—down the back were three different shades and the front had even a greater variety. It was comparatively new, though, and was too warm and comfortable to throw aside. A green comical looking infantryman came up, took a good look at "Capt. Joe," walked all around him and then shouted out, "Oh! boys, come here, I want to show you something; I've found Joseph with the coat of many colors." The name and everything fitted so nicely that the sally of the comical looking fellow brought forth peals of laughter. This was a long line of infantry we were passing through—our regiment had been on constant duty for so many days that we were ordered back for a little rest and all kinds of jokes were happening along the route. An infantryman called to one of our boys, telling him that he wanted to speak to him privately. "All right," said the trooper, "I am in for any kind of an interview." Then in a stage whisper—loud enough for all of his own crowd to hear, he said, "Wont you be kind enough to give me a little buttermilk?" "I certainly would," replied the cavalryman, "but I am too poor to give away anything; however, I will trade some with you." "All right," said the fellow, "but what shall it be?" "Goobers, of course," was the reply, "for I am sure you look like a goober grabbler." The infantryman was knocked out, and his own com-

rades yelled, "That's a good one, partner, you hit the nail right on the head, he lives in Georgia right in the goober district." Why the infantry should ever attempt to ridicule the cavalry has always been a mystery—it certainly must be the ignorant alone who really mean such things, for the sensible ones must know that the cavalry service (though enjoying some privileges the others do not) is unquestionably the hardest branch —it has been said and it is really true that they are the "ears and eyes of an army." While the infantry and artillery are resting quietly in camp, the cavalry are on the outskirts keeping back the enemy, thereby giving the opportunities for rest and sleep. Some one has said and it must be so, that they envy the cavalrymen their horses, but common sense ought to teach them that if it were not for these friends on horseback they would be harrassed and annoyed all the time; besides, they must not forget that squadrons of cavalry made famous such names as J. E. B. Stuart, Fitzhugh Lee, Joe Wheeler, Forrest, Morgan, Ashby and numberless others; and going back still further we find the officers of the old U. S. army seeking positions in that branch of the service. Think of the old "Second Cavalry" that had Albert Sydney Johnston for Colonel, Robt. E. Lee, Lieut. Colonel; Wm. J. Hardee, senior Major; George H. Thomas, junior Major; Captains, Earl Van Dorn and Kirby Smith; Lieutenants, Hood, Fields, Cosby, Major, Fitzhugh Lee, Johnson, Palmer and Stoneman, every one of whom became generals in our war, all on the Confederate side except Thomas, Johnson, Palmer and Stoneman. Then there was Walter H. Jenifer, First Lieutenant of Kirby Smith's company, who was afterward Colonel of a Maryland (Confederate) regiment, and Robt. C. Wood, Jr., 2nd Lieutenant of the same company, who became Colonel of Wirt Adams' regiment, and subsequently commanded a brigade of Mississippi cavalry. He is still a respected

and honored citizen of the State of Louisiana. When we look at these names is it to be wondered why this regiment was known as the corps d'elite of the army? And why was such a crowd of "lights" grouped together? Because the officers all look upon that branch as one of honor, and seek such positions. It is said that when this new regiment was organized in 1855 the best young officers of the army sought positions therein and only those were chosen whose abilities were recognized and appreciated—several of them having distinguished themselves in Mexico. Every branch of the service though is necessary. There could be no really effective army without all three and hence it is they should dwell together in peace and unity.

It was on this trip we met for the first time since "Shiloh" the "Fourth Louisiana." In that regiment was a company from almost every parish that furnished the men for our command; at least it looked as if every man met with friends, and such hand-shakings, such warm-hearted greetings were seldom seen. "A fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind," and the trials, hardships and dangers through which all had passed made this meeting doubly appreciated. Our old time friend, Guy Tomb, of Austins battalion, had us remain and take dinner with him; we did ample justice to the "spread" and are willing to add our testimony in corroborating the statement that Guy was a good "feeder," for he fully sustained his reputation on that occasion. We bade farewell to these jolly boys and never again met them as soldiers. Many of them never returned to Louisiana, but went to rest on Georgia soil. Around Atlanta quite a number, among them Tom Scott, the gallant young lieutenant of the Hunter Rifles, went to a hero's grave.

How long we remained in the vicinity of Dalton cannot now be recalled; long enough, though, to see Gen. Jos. E. Johnston in command and everybody more

cheerful and hopeful. Here it was that we first commenced really enjoying the humorous letters of "Bill Arp." They were looked for with more pleasurable anticipation than anything else; they touched a chord in every heart, and when one was received the groups that would gather around to hear it read, with an eagerness almost unheard of would have satisfied Major Smith that his labors were not in vain, and that the sentiments, as he afterward expressed it, were indeed, "the silent echoes of our people's thoughts." Long life and happiness to "Bill Arp" comes from the heart of every one who wore the gray.

This camp around Dalton seemed to be one vast mud hole, equal to, if not surpassing, that of Bowling Green in 1861. Horses and cattle suffered terribly; it was here we got a genuine quality of pure *blue* beef—the best test of its purity (I was told) was to have the fence let down to four rails and the animal that could not step or jump over it was certain to be killed that day (to save it) and of course was the genuine article. George Lord says, right here, he had a practical demonstration of the good that will redound to a man for acts of kindness. His horse, standing in this mud, had taken a terrible case of "scratches," but that did not save him from being detailed. He was ordered to "saddle up" and report to "headquarters." His poor old horse was limping so that Bob Wilson called to him and said, "George, my horse is better than yours, and if you would like to do so I will take your place and next time you can take mine." It was so agreed. Four or five months afterward Wilson rode into camp and said, "George Lord, I am indebted to you for a splendid time; I have simply been luxuriating—they sent me way down into southwestern Georgia and I have been feasting upon the fat of the land." "Both yourself and horse indicate it," replied Lord, "but, Bob, your kindness to me was casting bread upon the waters, which you found after many days."

CHAPTER XVIII.

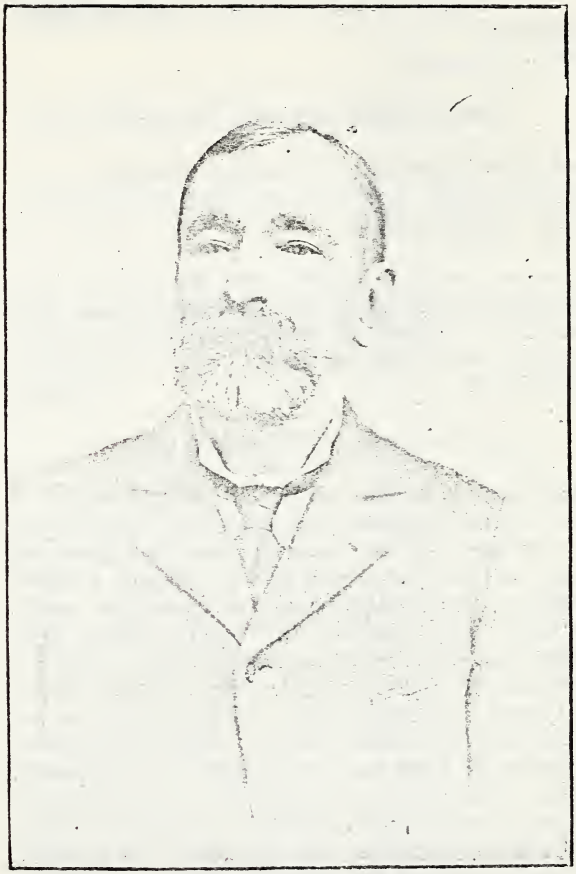
GEN. POLK'S REQUEST TO HAVE THE FIRST LOUISIANA SENT TO HIM—TRIP FROM DALTON, GA., TO LOUISIANA—HEENEY IN THE WRONG BED—DEATH OF HEENY—THE SAME STORY IN PICAYUNE—FIGHTS BETWEEN VICKSBURG AND JACKSON, MISS.—COL. F. N. OGDEN IN COMMAND—MAJOR TAYLOR'S RESIGNATION—OGDEN'S ACCUSATION AGAINST THE REGIMENT—DOYAL STOCKADE FIGHT.

The following explains how the First Louisiana came to be transferred from the Army of Tennessee to eastern Louisiana:

Meridian, Miss, Jan. 11, 1864.

Gen. S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General:

I am advised the enemy has made a landing at Madisonville on the lake shore in Louisiana; cavalry, artillery and infantry; in all about 2,000. The object is supposed to be to cut timber to build dry docks in New Orleans as a means of constructing light gunboats for lake service. We have many men for service in the parishes of east Louisiana. Col. J. S. Scott, of Scott's Cavalry, whose resignation you informed me, had been accepted and whose regiment was raised in those parishes, if at the head of that regiment and in that field could render me great service both in absorbing unemployed material and breaking up the operations of the enemy. His regiment is now a mere skeleton acting as escorts to Generals in the Army of Tennessee. If not inconsistent with the views of the department I



GEORGE LORD, 1890.

should be glad to have him recommissioned and his regiment sent to report to me for duty.

L. POLK,
Lieutenant General.

The following were the endorsements:

1. Adjutant General for statement on the case presented by the application for Col. Scott and regiment.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

2. Col. Scott was Colonel of First Louisiana Cavalry and resigned Oct. 8, 1863. Most of the regiment was captured just before the Battle of Chickamauga. The few not captured are serving in the Army of Tennessee.

S. COOPER.

See Vol. XXXIV, Series 1, part 2.

From Dalton we were ordered to the Southwest Mississippi and Eastern Louisiana District and many amusing incidents occurred on the long trip. There were a number of the boys who loved to get out of camp and sleep in comfortable homes. Among them was young Heeny of Company "D." One evening he rode up to a large two-story house and asked if he could stay all night. He was invited in, then went out to see that his horse was attended to, came back and was given supper. A little while after, the lady of the house said, "I suppose you are tired, so whenever you feel like going to bed just go up the stairs and you will find your room at the head of the steps. You will see a light in it. Going up, he found rather a dim light and a man in the bed. He thought nothing of this though, for soldiers were often put in the same bed even if they had never seen each other. Just as he retired a young lady and gentleman walked in and took

seats. Heeny with his elbow nudged his bed-fellow, but didn't dare speak—it was a novel situation and he wanted to see it out. The young fellow (after talking a while) said, "Jennie, I don't believe this old war is ever going to end; you have been putting me off so long, and why should we postpone our wedding any longer?" "Wait," she replied, "a little longer, say three or four months and if there is no prospect for peace then we will marry." A nudge from Heeny meant for his companion to listen. She had scarcely finished the sentence, though, when the young fellow threw his arms around her, and kissed her with the loudest kind of a "smack," saying "You dear little thing, give me a sweet kiss for that." Vigorous punches from Heeny were repeated, and the girl said, "Oh! John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself, kissing me that way when we are sitting up with a dead body." Up rose Heeny with the sheet over him, and down those stairs precipitately fled that boy and girl. Heeny, actually putting on his clothes as he ran, was right behind them and to the stable he went and, catching his horse, never stopped until he reached camp. "What became of the boy and girl?" was afterward asked him. "Oh," my God, I don't know, and don't care. You can bet I never went back to find out." Poor Heeny was killed between Vicksburg and Jackson, Miss. The story as related was told to me by Heeny himself and if it was not true the little German soldier is to be blamed. Twenty-five years ago or more I wrote it for the *Picayune*, under the caption, "In the wrong bed," and it went the rounds of the press. Now the *St. Louis Republic* tells of a "well known man about town" who often told of a practical joke that was played on him, telling almost the identical story except that he was put in the room with the dead man as a joke. It is

wondered if the same thing could have happened to two men.

Our arrival in Louisiana was the cause of great rejoicing in the ranks of several of the companies, especially those of B, C, E and H, all of which were from East Louisiana, and this home coming sent a thrill of joy through all their hearts. Many of the boys got furloughs for a few days and happiness of course reigned supreme in those homes. The regiment had been transferred to this department for duty, not for rest and pleasure, which was soon found out. The commands were all organized under Col. Scott as the commander of the district, and it was not long before we were hunting fights in every direction. Picket duty on all roads, particularly those leading toward Port Hudson and Baton Rouge and an occasional scout was now the routine work. The latter part of June we started for Mississippi, and on the 3rd, 4th and 5th of July engaged the enemy between Vicksburg and Jackson. Col. Fred N. Ogden had been put in command of the "First Louisiana." Major Taylor, after being wounded at Missionary Ridge, resigned. Lieut. Col. Nixon had never been exchanged and as Colonel Scott was commanding a brigade it left the "First" without a field officer. Col. Ogden, whom the boys had never seen or even heard of, was sent to take command—no one in the regiment liked it—they thought that one of their own officers should be in command. They had no more objections to Col. Ogden than any other stranger. Mirabeau, the great French statesman and orator, held, that "the soldier ceased to be a citizen when he became a soldier. He must be deprived of his liberty to think and act and must recognize that a soldier's first duty is obedience." This, the boys knew to be correct in the main, but they knew furthermore that this was a volunteer army, and there were men in the ranks whose thinking and reasoning powers were equal to the com-

manders, and they were so worked up over this matter that the first time Col. Ogden called on them to make a charge nobody moved, and he rushed back to Col. Scott and said, "that regiment will not fight, Colonel." "What! my regiment? Come with me, sir, and I'll show that they will." Galloping up the line he halted and said, "Boys, I want those Yankees driven out of that graveyard, can you do it?" Dozens of voices answered, "Yes! if you say so, but we want our own officers." The charge was made, the enemy driven back in confusion and Col. Ogden said, "Col. Scott, I take back what I said about the regiment, for that was the finest charge I ever saw." Scott then said, "Boys, Col. Ogden is one of the best officers in the army; he was with us in that charge and I want you to go with him just as you have done and will do with me. He thought this morning that you wouldn't fight; he thinks so no longer and I want you to so act that when he leaves you it will be with the proud satisfaction that for a little while he had the honor to command the "First Louisiana." The little speech had the desired effect; all the men were pacified and Col. Ogden had no further trouble with the regiment, but was so pleased that he complimented them on several occasions and the men became very fond of their temporary commander. He was a chivalrous soldier and a good man, and when he bade farewell to this world, after a life of usefulness, honored and loved by the community in which he lived, none regretted his death more than the old members of the First Louisiana Cavalry.

On the morning of the 4th of August the command left the vicinity of Clinton for quite a trip. We passed around Baton Rouge and early on the morning of the 5th attacked "Doyals Stockade" in Ascension parish, near New River Landing. Major S. P. Remington, of the Eleventh New York Cavalry was in command; he reports as follows among other things:

Donaldsonville, La., Aug. 5, 1864.

"Scott's brigade attacked me this morning* * * only had 206 men for duty and could not hold position. Our loss small, except camp and garrison equipage. Capt. Norris was shot through the shoulder. My horse shot from under me."* * * * *

Capt. Henry Doyal, who commanded a company in our brigade, was the owner of the plantation on which the stockade was located. His residence had been used as Federal headquarters, and as soon as the fight was over Doyal commenced making preparations to burn the house, but Col. Scott being apprised of it, positively ordered him not to do so. The number of prisoners and horses captured have been forgotten, but there were quite a number.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRIP TO MAGNOLIA PLANTATION—FIRING ON THE TRANSPORT—THE SOLDIER'S FALL IN THE RAVINE—GEN. BUCKNER CROSSES THE MISSISSIPPI—BILL NEYLAND'S GOOD-BYE TO ALFRED—CAMPBELL'S PROMOTION TO MAJOR—COL. MCKOWEN'S FIGHT AT THE MT. PLEASANT STOCKADE—DEATH OF PIETZ—CAMPBELL AND BRIAN AMONG THE WOUNDED—CAPT. MILLS—R. S. TROTH—A STORY OF PROVIDENTIAL PROTECTION.

A short time after this the regiment went to Magnolia plantation, a few miles below Bayou Sara to try and capture a transport that was passing up the Mississippi. It was a dark, dismal night, but the boys were cheerful and joking all the time. Finally one of them rode into a deep ravine and everybody thought he must be seriously hurt. Col. Fred Ogden was in command and hearing the noise and ascertaining the cause

he came up to where the accident occurred and seemed anxious and solicitous about the soldier. He said, "Men, don't stand there talking, but get the man out of that place." Then leaning over the precipice he said, "Trooper, are you hurt much?" Groaning so you could have heard him a half mile, he replied, "Oh! yes, Colonel. I'm nearly dead; I fell thirty and a half feet." Ogden whirled around with the most disgusted exclamation ever heard, "The d—n fool cannot be much hurt, he is too accurate as to the number of feet he fell." Some of the boys felt as the Colonel did. One of them said, "Come, get out of that ditch, we are tired fooling here with you." And strange to say he did get out without much trouble. This was the same soldier who had the measles at Russelville, Ky., and who was dissatisfied with everything that was done for him. One of the attendants at the hospital went out one day and when he returned he had "on board" a little more "apple-jack" than was necessary. This soldier was groaning and saying that nobody would wait on him, that he knew he was going to die. The attendant walked up to his bed and said, "Look here, we are getting tired of that talk of yours and the sooner you die the better pleased we will be, so die now as quick as possible." He hushed growling and immediately commenced getting better. We made our attack on the transport, but to our surprise a gunboat was close by. She dropped down the river a little way and a "broadside" was enough to start us up the hill.

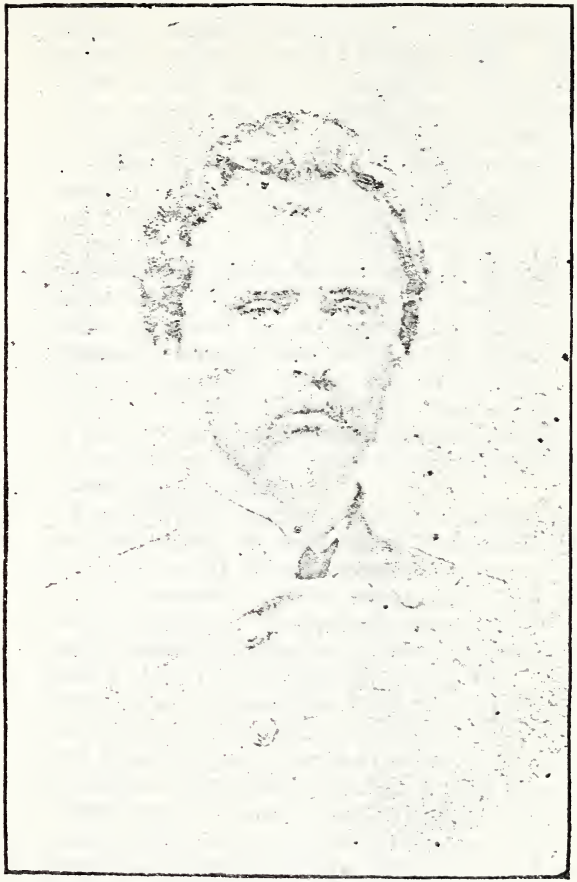
About this time Gen. S. B. Buckner was ordered to the trans-Mississippi department. He and his two aides, Captains Bowie and Galliher, the latter afterward Bishop of Louisiana (Episcopal) and the orderly, Alfred, came to Woodville, Miss., near where the First Louisiana was then encamped. With twenty-five men I was ordered to report to the General to act as his guard until he could cross the river. It had been agreed

and understood that a troop of cavalry on the other side would signal us when all was ready and then the General and his staff would be sent over in a skiff. We spent several days in this vicinity, most of the time Gen. Buckner being at Gen. Brandon's residence. At last everything was ready and down to the river bank we went. The General and each of his aides shook hands with all the boys, thanked them for their watchful care over them, got into the boat and with muffled oars were rowed across the Mississippi, almost in sight of a big gunboat. We watched them until they were safe and then mounted our horses and went back to our regiment. Bill Neyland, the "wag" of the company, telling the boys about this trip said, "You don't know how intimate we all became with the General and his staff; I actually smoked a pipe that was lit from his cigar, and as for Alfred, why he and I became bosom friends. When we went down to the river's bank and Gen. Buckner extended his hand to me, saying 'god-bye,' I warmly shook it and said, 'Good-bye, General, may success attend you wherever you go.' Capt. Bowie then gave me his hand and all I could say was, 'Good-bye, Captain.' Then as Capt. Galliher came I was too full for utterance, all I could do was to warmly clasp him by the hand; but Alfred came and as I was about to take his hand, I just couldn't stand it, but 'boo-hooed' like a baby." The big mosquitoes of those Tunica swamps made such an impression upon Gen. Buckner and all of his escort that they will probably never forget that trip.

A surprise was now in store for the regiment. Sieb W. Campbell, the First Lieutenant of Company F, was promoted to Major. He was a gallant fellow and a first class officer, but his promotion over the heads of several Captains created some confusion. Most of the Captains, however, were in prison, and those present concluded to accept the situation. Subsequent

events proved that Col. Scott made a wise selection, for from that time until the close of the war Major Campbell commanded the regiment and an excellent commander he made. Cool, self-possessed and valorous, with commanding appearance and tact for controlling men, he made an ideal officer.

An expedition was planned, and had all parties carried out instructions a regiment or more of Federals would have been nicely bagged. Capt. John McKowen had been appointed acting Lieut. Colonel, and was sent with his own command, the First Louisiana, and Capt. G. C. Mills' company to make a dash upon the outer lines of the Port Hudson garrison. A stockade had been erected at or near Mount Pleasant. It was the outpost guarding the river or Springfield roads. A charge was made upon the fort and the Federals fled precipitately. The last soldier to leave the stockade was a negro, who jumped up on the parapet and fired. It was an effective shot, the bullet passing through George Pietz and he fell to the ground a dying man. Pietz was one of Company E's. recruits; an excellent soldier he was, formerly belonged to the Army of Virginia and had been wounded four times, the last being such a terrible one that he was discharged and his old comrades never dreamed that he would be able to take up arms again, but he recovered and joined Company "E" to receive his last wound. He belonged to that hardy race of Teutons whose soldierly qualities the world had an opportunity to contemplate and admire a few years after this, when Von Moltke gave to France a terrible lesson in war. We do not know where Pietz came from or where was his home, but we know that he was a good Confederate soldier. Peace to his ashes. The negro who did the shooting was riddled with bullets and many others of the same command were killed. The Federal garrison or a large portion of it soon "double-quicked" out to the scene of action, and we had

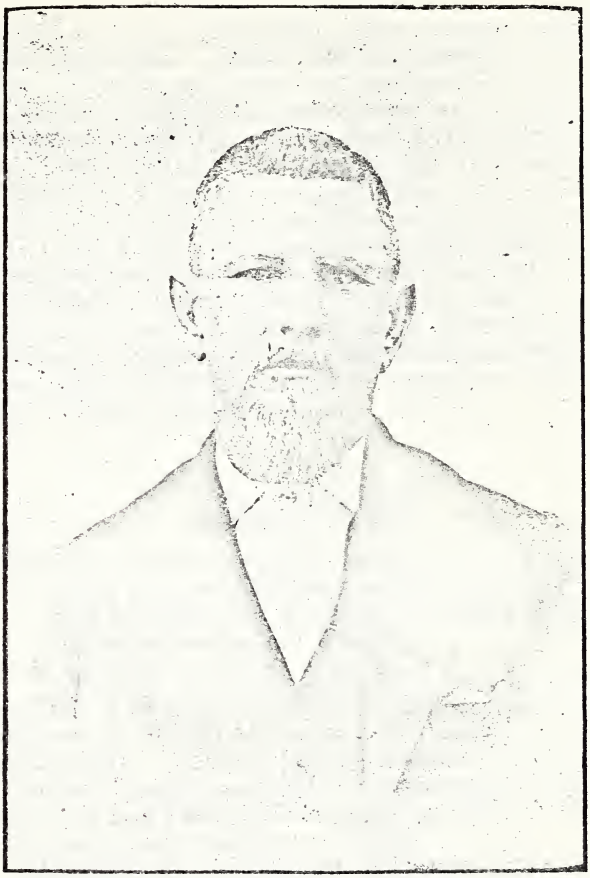


MAJOR S. W. CAMPBELL, 1865.

to hurriedly leave; succeeded, however, in getting off with our captured horses, etc. It was now fight and fall back, what we call a running fight. On reaching Baton Rouge bayou we expected to find Col. Power's regiment, but to our dismay they were not there and the only thing left for us to do was to make a desperate stand at the crossing. It was done and the enemy checked. We lost, though, several good men, killed and wounded, Major Campbell receiving a severe wound in the side, not a dangerous one, though, for it was not long before he was back at his post again. The fight, we might say, ended here, though, a few of the enemy followed us on through the lane as far as the Alexander house, near which E. F. Brian, a most gallant and chivalrous soldier boy, lost his leg. McKowen had accomplished his part of the day's work, but owing to misconception or misconstruction of orders the balance of the command failed to be at Baton Rouge bayou at the time expected.

Capt. Mills' company, that was with us on this trip, and on nearly all subsequent ones until the close of the war, might henceforward have been called a part of our command. A fine troop it was, too. R. S. Troth of this company, who was severely wounded in the fight at Harrisburg on the line of Mississippi and Tennessee, tells a story of Providential protection. He says soon after he was discharged from the hospital at Lauderdale Springs and while on furlough at home, near Clinton, he and Lieut. Columbus Allen went down through the Hope Villa country to a place then known as Dutch Settlement. It was a good trading point and these young fellows went down adventure seeking; quite a number of Federal soldiers had been killed in the vicinity of this place by a squad of men operating independently, and whom the Federals were anxious to exterminate. At last a detachment of the 118th Illinois Cavalry was sent up on a transport from the camp on

the Mississippi river to a point opposite the settlement, and by the aid of a guide marched through the woods eight miles to this place, and just at dusk secreted themselves in the woods near by. They had received orders to show no quarter and give no chance of surrender, and if possible kill every member of the squad. Capt. Shaw, in command of the detachment, said the men had been ordered to be ready to fire at a given signal and when Troth and Allen came along the forty men of the detachment had aim on them and they would have been riddled had the signal been given, but Allen who had begun to relate an incident of capture at a point just up the road, was finishing as they rode into the woods to hitch their horses. The night was hazy or foggy, and when in the woods you could not see an object a foot before you and they did not know that they were within five steps of forty Federals with guns aimed at them. As they came near the cross-road Allen said, "Bob, right here once, my brother and I captured five Yankees of the Fortieth New York Cavalry. We heard them coming just in the bend above and had only time to get outside the road as they came up; we promptly ordered them to surrender, at the same time covering them with our revolvers. They had been in America but a short time and spoke very brokenly, but knew what surrender meant and so promptly plead to be spared. I said to them, 'Why did you leave your country and come over here to fight us?' One of them replied, 'Me no fide de repels.' 'Then what are you doing with those guns?' 'Mine frent me not shood any repels mit mine carpine, me shood nodding as rattle snakes and owls.' They were certainly the worst scared Dutchmen I ever saw. They thought they were in the hands of murderers. They did not know that Confederate soldiers are gentlemen, and never stooped to such things, and when they found that we were not that gang of pretended soldiers who were



JAMES S. STANLEY.

killing so many Yankees they were the most delighted men I ever saw. I never believed in killing a Yankee without giving him a chance to surrender." They had dismounted and hitched their horses as the story was ended and walked across the road to the residence of Dr. Lewis, where a few minutes later they were surrounded and captured. Capt. Shaw of the Illinois regiment said, "I was just about to give the order to fire when I heard the conclusion of that story and I knew you were not the men we were looking for, and concluded to capture you." They were kindly treated and ate at the mess table with Capt. Shaw and Lieut. Roarhy as long as they remained in their custody, and then went North and spent a dreary ten months in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor.

CHAPTER XX.

FIGHT AT CLINTON—JIM STANLEY WOUNDED—RUNYAN'S JOKE ON CAMPBELL—EXTRACT FROM "CLARION"—FIGHT AT THOMPSON CREEK—STEDMAN MENTIONED—SCOTT'S REPORT.

These little raids and fights lasted all the summer and fall of 1864. One at Olive Branch was quite severe, another in Clinton in which J. S. Stanley, a veteran of Company "E" was badly wounded. He soon recovered, though, and like the good soldier that he was and had been for three years and more, reported for duty sooner than was expected.

Whenever we were in camp the ladies of the vicinity kept us bountifully supplied with all the good things to eat that the country afforded; even "sure enough coffee" to drink, which was an agreeable change from roasted potato, corn, and peanut substitutes. Once a large basket of good things was sent in to Major Camp-

bell from a house where he had been visiting a young lady. Several of us were invited to take dinner with the Major and while we were enjoying all these good things, as soldiers only can, some one discovered wrapped around some salt, pepper, or something of the kind a portion of a letter written by the young lady referred to above to a friend. It was the concluding part and read as follows: "Come and see me soon; try and get here before Scott's cavalry leaves this section, for they are a jolly set of fellows, and I want to show you my beau—the handsomest fellow you ever laid your eyes on. He is tall, with dark hair and a lovely moustache, and he is a Major, too, and they say he is as brave as a lion and as gentle as a lamb." The note was read out loud and all laughed heartily, save Campbell. His face reddened up and he said, "I see nothing so laughable in this affair, on the contrary it seems to me that I would feel ashamed to think that I had read a young lady's note, which evidently got into the basket through some mistake." The more we all laughed the more provoked he became: at last Lieut. Runyan, assuming somewhat of a hurt air, said: "I see no reason, Major Campbell, for you to attempt the championship of something you know nothing about, and that does not concern you in the least. It is known by everybody in this camp that "Major" (pointing to my negro boy) visits the cook over at that house all the time. Her name is the one signed to that note. "Major" is tall with dark hair and a moustache, and if everything doesn't point to the probability of the cook writing that note then I don't know what I am talking about." At this there were shouts of laughter, and had it not been that all were his friends and particularly "Doc Runyan," it might have ended differently, as Campbell for a few minutes was as mad as a man generally gets at a joke. But as he always had control over himself, he joined in the laugh and simply said, "Such a silly set of boys I

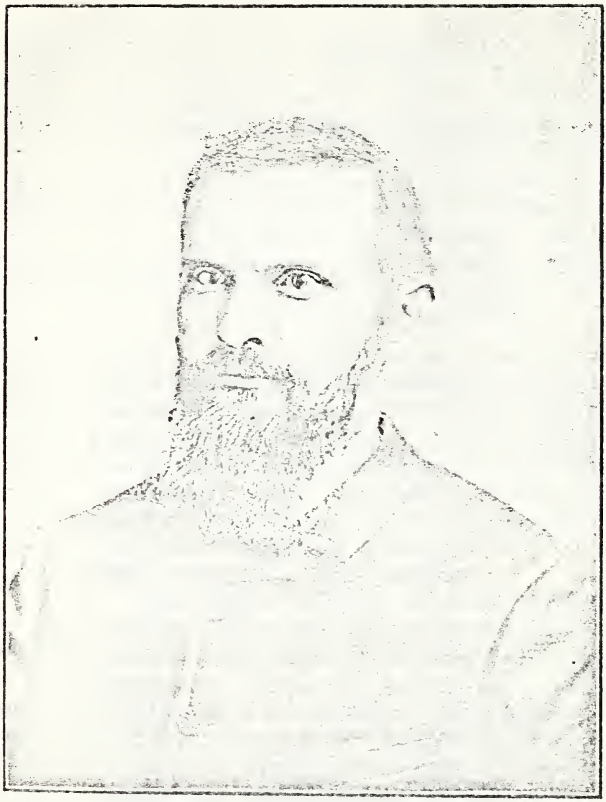
never saw." The most amused fellow in the whole camp though, was the negro "Major." He was a listener to the whole affair and enjoyed it hugely. It was really so that a servant girl living with this family who sent the basket, had the same name as her young mistress and the boy "Major" had been to see her. Hence the enjoyment over what Runyan had to say.

A correspondent writing to the *Clarion* from Clinton, La., Aug. 16, 1864, rejoicing over the fact that Scott had again been placed in command of the District, indulges in a "retrospective glance at the history of an officer, who has achieved so much reputation and so little promotion in this our second war of independence. He then goes on to speak of Col. Scott as first he appeared as a scout, then his call for a battalion of mounted men and "no less than twenty-seven companies should have been offered him," etc, etc. "The expressions of the great hero, Sydney Johnston, were warm and grateful to Col. Scott and had he lived, his influence with the President would probably have long since neutralized the back-stairs intrigue that has kept down the noble Colonel." After speaking of his Kentucky and Tennessee campaigns he says: "But it was at the Battle of Chickamauga that he demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of all who witnessed it, that his forte was not simply partisan warfare, but that he possessed military skill of the highest order. Dismounting, he took the extreme right of our line and for three days with his small brigade, fought Granger's corps, driving them on one occasion a mile and a half. In consequence of difficulties about this time with superior officers he resolved to apply for a transfer to his old commander, Kirby Smith, in the trans-Mississippi Department, but was finally induced by Gen. Polk to take command of this district, which he has managed so much to the satisfaction of both citizens and soldiers, and which, it is hoped, will be the scene of continued use-

fulness and distinction. Although, since the death of Terry and the promotion of Wirt Adams, he has been the senior Colonel of cavalry in our army, no wreath yet encircles his stars. But he has the consciousness of having discharged his duty, and despite neglects and slights, the most pointed, of having contributed in no small way to the glory of our arms."

After this many little skirmishes occurred on the different roads, but the most notable fight was the one which took place on the Jackson and Bayou Sara road at Thompson's Creek, we might say, from that place all the way to Alexander's creek near Bayou Sara. An account of which is given in Col. Scott's report, and also in a letter from Howard Stedman, to whom I am indebted for many courtesies and much information.

In Col. Scott's report of the fight at Thompson's creek and on to Bayou Sara, he says: "Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1864, attacked enemy at Thompson's creek; used artillery. First Louisiana made the attack, 86 men and two pieces of artillery. Third Louisiana, with 150 men, reached me after the fight, on Alexander creek. At 9 o'clock that night Capt. Foster, U. S. N., accompanied by Major Taylor and ex-Gov. R. C. Wickliffe, came to my camp. These gentlemen had gone to see Capt. Foster to arrest his shelling St. Francisville, assuring him that pursuit had been stopped by me. His presence in my camp was unauthorized and unexpected, but as he had been assured of a safe return to his boat, I felt compelled to comply with the promise given. In the engagements around Bayou Sara, including a second skirmish on Sunday, the 9th, we had one man killed and four wounded. Enemy's loss about sixty-five. We buried eleven."



HOWARD STEDMAN.

CHAPTER XXI.

GEN. HODGE AND COL. SCOTT—FIGHT AT LIBERTY—DEATH OF LIEUT. COUVILLION—CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF LIEUT. HAWKES, HIS COMMISSION, ETC.—....CARD FROM COL. SCOTT—THE OFFICERS COMPLAIN TO SCOTT—TRIP TO *MOBILE*—A. G. GREEN—CAPTURE OF 75 DESERTERS—TRIP TO COLUMBUS—FIGHTS WITH RAIDERS—SURRENDER AT GAINESVILLE, ALA.—DOCUMENTS AS SIGNED—OFFICERS' PAROLE—RETURN HOME.

Gen. Hodge was now in command of the S. W. Mississippi and East Louisiana Department, and as he wrote, in a private letter to Col. Wm. Preston Johnston (Mr. Davis' secretary) it was impossible for him to get along with Col. Scott. The letter can be found in the army reports. Col. Scott's restless and active mind and manner did not at all suit the quiet, sedate ways of Gen. Hodge, and it was evident from the start that they could never work together.

The fight at Liberty, Miss., about the 18th of November, 1864, was quite a severe one. Our loss was considerable, Lieut. Couvillion of Company G, being among the killed. He was gallant and efficient and his death was a severe loss to the regiment.

Lieut. Hawkes of Company E had his horse killed under him, and he asked Capt. Herndon (the quartermaster) to lend him one of his. Herndon hesitated, saying, "Lieutenant the only extra horse I have, money could not buy, and I am afraid it will be just my luck to have him killed if I lend him to you, and yet under the circumstances, I cannot refuse you." In a little

while Hawkes, with a squad of men was sent over on another road. The enemy came toward him and he made fight. Some of the boys suggested that there were several hundred of them, and they had better get out of the way. "Don't make any difference," said Hawkes, "we'll give them one volley anyway." The result was his horse was killed and the whole battalion of Federals rushed upon and captured him; thus Herndon's fine horse went down as he thought would be the case. Hawkes, being a prisoner and wounded too, was started that night with a guard. He was put on a mule and a soldier placed on each side of him. The night was fearfully dark, and while the command was going at a trot across a small creek in a skirt of woods and some of the horses had stopped to drink and the guards being a little out of place, he sprang from his mule and into the woods, and then heard the howl they made when they found he had escaped. He rejoined his regiment next day. Two horses killed under him, wounded, a prisoner and escaping under such circumstances, all in twenty-four hours, was an episode thrilling enough for any man. The following extract from the *Times-Democrat* of Sept. 1, 1893, deserves a place right here:

"Hon. J. G. Hawkes is a native of Great Britain, but he has been here so long that he has become thoroughly imbued with the ideas, feelings and sentiments of the Southerner* * * *He was a mere youth when he arrived in this country. The war between the states was at its height then and Col. Hawkes enlisted in the Confederate Army and for a time served as a private. He proved to be a gallant and chivalrous soldier, conspicuous as a fearless fighter. He had a number of horses killed under him in action. His commission as an officer of the First Louisiana Cavalry, the regiment that cut its way through the Federal army,

rather than surrender, was a most flattering one. It reads as follows:

'Headquarters First Louisiana Cavalry.

'For oft-repeated gallant services in the field Private J. G. Hawkes is hereby appointed second junior Lieutenant of Company E, First Louisiana Cavalry, C. S. A., subject to the approval of the War Department. By order of JOHN S. SCOTT,
Colonel Commanding.

A CARD FROM COL. SCOTT.

A rumor having been circulated, and to some extent believed, that I have either left or was about to leave this district for the trans-Mississippi Department, I deem it due to the soldiers whom I lately had the honor to command and to my friends in this military district who have been kind enough to express an interest in my movements to state that such is not my intention. The people of this district are the companions of my youth and riper years. The soldiers are endeared to me by the enthusiastic association of many a hard fought campaign, and I shall remain with them in the faithful performance of duty. The claims of our country and her sacred cause must ever rise superior to those of individual interests. Our young republic is passing through the throes of a mighty revolution, and it behooves us all, soldiers and citizens, to oppose to the enemy here as elsewhere a united front, and soon, I trust, we will be enabled to join our acclamations in a glorious triumph for constitutional freedom.

Soldiers of my late command stand by your colors! Cultivate the cardinal virtue of discipline and obedience! Continue to do that duty which your country has a right to demand, which will make your names an object of affection to friends and terror to foes.

When peace comes again it will be your proudest reflection, the richest legacy you can leave your children, that with unfaltering step, and all the hardships, you packed your musket cheerfully and heroically to the end. True, the lamented Polk commands no more. He sleeps in a glorious grave, mute and motionless, but mighty still, by the influence of his example. Yet we have another eminent Louisianian in his place, the hero of Mansfield and Pleasant Hill, who will gain additional claims to the title of defender of our State by proving himself the protector of East Louisiana. He comes to oppose the same vandal horde who desolated the fair fields and laid waste in moldering ruins the homes of so many of my own regiment on the other side of the river. Let us then unite in a cordial support of all the authorities and cheerfully obey the orders of the experienced soldier whom the President has placed in command of this district. Patriot never drew sword in a holier cause! Stand by it like men, and a triumph greater than ever graced the pages of history will be our reward.

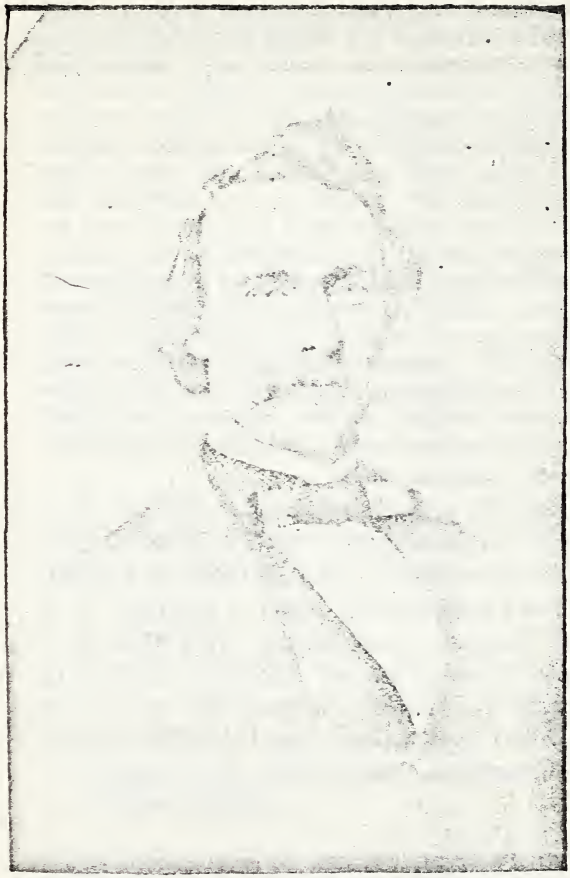
JOHN S. SCOTT.

The following document is now in the hands of Rev. W. S. Slack, son of the lamented Lieut. H. R. Slack, of Company A. It is just as it was written, signed and endorsed in 1865:

Camp First Louisiana Cavalry, March 5, 1865.

Lieutenant—We the undersigned commissioned officers of the First Louisiana Cavalry beg leave to address our commanding officer the following note:

General orders, dated headquarters Louisiana Cavalry Brigade, 10th ult. requires that roll calls be held at regimental or battalion headquarters, attended by all company officers and superintended by a field officer. Hitherto under the army regulations and general or-



CAPT. E. GREENE DAVIS.

ders of army commanders they have been held in company quarters, and under the supervision of one company officer. The present unprecedented and stringent requirement, taken in connection with the whole order certainly implies a lack of confidence on the part of our Brigade commander in his company officers. Having served under him for the past three years and a half, and faithfully, as we believe, we would respectfully ask how at this late hour we have lost his confidence.

Also under these orders an enlisted man is allowed the privilege of a two hours' pass approved by his regimental or battalion commander, while a commissioned officer cannot leave the limits of the camp without the approval of the brigade commander. We would again respectfully ask why such a stringent and humiliating distinction is made between enlisted men and their commissioned officers? Very respectfully,

Your obedient servants,

E. G. DAVIS, Capt. Commanding Company C,
JOS. C. REILY, Capt. Commanding Company E,
HENRY R. SLACK, Lieut. Commanding Cos. A & D,
W. C. GREANY, Lieut. Commanding Cos. F & I,
T. H. RUNYAN, Second Lieut. Company F,
HOWELL CARTER, Second Lieut. Company E,
W. S. BOOTH, Second Lieutenant Company B,
JAMES HUEY, Lieut. Companys G and H.

To Lieut. D. H. Allen, Acting Adjutant First Louisiana Cavalry.

The following endorsements are on the back of this document:

Camp First Louisiana Cavalry, March 5, 1865.

Communication from all company officers present of

First Louisiana Cavalry inquiring occasion of certain orders affecting them.

Headquarters First Louisiana Cavalry,
Camp near Georgetown, March 5, 1865.
Respectfully forwarded,
S. W. CAMPBELL,
Major Commanding.

Headquarters Scott's Cavalry Brigade,
Providence Church, March 7, 1865.

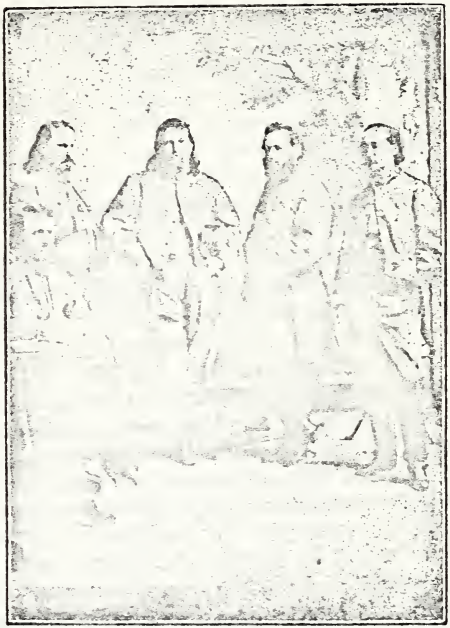
Respectfully returned through Maj. Campbell. It was thought necessary by the brigade commander to issue the orders referred to in this document for the more speedy organization and discipline of the command. Its purpose was not a reflection, nor intended to evince any loss of confidence in the officers. Should they think themselves aggrieved and that I have assumed an authority not warranted, I shall accord to them the right to frame a formal protest, which it will afford me pleasure to forward with a copy of the orders to Department Headquarters for their decision. Until which time strict conformity to the orders will be exacted. By order of Col. J. S. SCOTT,
J. W. LEAKE, A. A. A. General.

Headquarters First Louisiana Cavalry,
March 7, 1865.

Respectfully returned to company officers First Louisiana Cavalry, calling attention to indorsement of brigade commander.

S. W. CAMPBELL,
Major commanding.
D. H. ALLEN,
Acting Adjutant.

In December the brigade went to Mobile, Ala. Did some hard service, though not a great deal of fighting;



LIEUT. JOHN W. LEAKE.
COL. FRED. N. OGDEN.
COL. J. S. SCOTT.
CAPT. JOHN C. McKOWEN.
COL. JONES S. HAMILTON. —1865

remained in the vicinity of this city for quite a while, and on the 15th of January was in Summit, Miss.

It was while in Mobile that Albert G. Green of the quartermaster's department wrote his memorable parody on 'I am dying Egypt, dying," which all the old members of the regiment no doubt remember, as nearly every one got copies or committed it to memory. I still have a copy, written on war-time paper. At Summit or in close proximity thereto, we remained quite a long while, recruiting. Then we received orders to march toward north Mississippi. When we had gone about a hundred miles above Columbia 75 men deserted at one time. We were sent back and after quite a trip Major Campbell overtook and captured the whole party. With twenty-five men I started at 4 o'clock in the afternoon with instructions to reach Columbia by 10 the next morning. The distance was 110 miles, but we made the trip in accordance with orders and then a courier arrived, giving the information that on another road Major Campbell had caught the deserters and that we could, after resting our horses march leisurely along in the direction of Columbus, at which place we rejoined the regiment and spent many days in that vicinity. A series of fights now commenced. Some raiders (Wilson's, I believe) started through that section of country and our brigade had several fights with them, but no data is at hand as to losses, etc. While in Columbus those who had plenty of money could enjoy themselves; taking buggy rides, only $20 for an hour or so in the afternoon, and smoking cigars at one dollar each. Everything else in proportion. Dark clouds were lowering, though, and the end was near, but the countenances of the boys showed no forebodings. As Dyer says, they were always ready for fun or frolic. Things might come and things might go, but the Confederate soldier was ever ready for fun or fight.

News now reached us that Lee had surrendered and although every one knew it was a severe blow to the Confederacy, yet no one thought the end was so near. Many contemplated, in fact, a majority of the brigade would willingly have crossed over to the trans-Mississippi Department and continued the fight, but the futility of such a move was so apparent that, with the exception of a few officers and men the proposed surrender was finally acquiesced in, and as many of the old boys have no copy of the documents which sent us all home the following extracts from notes taken at that time will not be out of place:

"Colonel J. S. Scott's brigade, composed of the 1st, 3rd, Cage's regiment and the 18th battalion Louisiana Cavalry, laid down their arms on Friday, May 5, 1865, near Ramsey station, ten miles from Gainesville, Ala., it being the fifth day of the fifth month of the fifth year of the war.. Terms of surrender as follows:

1. 'The officers and men to be paroled until duly exchanged or otherwise released from obligation of their paroles by the authority of the Government of the United States. Duplicate rolls of all officers and men surrendered to be made, one copy will be delivered to the officer appointed by me, and the other retained by the officer appointed by Lieut. Gen. Taylor. Officers giving their individual paroles, and commanders of regiments, batteries, companies or detachments signing a like parole for the men of their respective commands.

2. 'Artillery, small arms, ammunition and other property of the Confederate Government to be turned over to the officer appointed for that purpose on the part of the Government of the United States. Duplicate inventories of the property surrendered to be prepared, one copy to be retained by the officer delivering and the other by the officer receiving it for the information of their respective commands.

3. 'The officers and men paroled under this agree-

ment will be allowed to return to their homes with the assurance that they will not be disturbed by the authority of the U. S. so long as they continue to observe the conditions of their paroles and the laws in force where they reside, except that persons residents of Northern States will not be allowed to return without permission.

4. 'The surrender of property does not include the side arms, horses or baggage of officers.

5. 'All horses which are in good faith the private property of enlisted men will not be taken from them. The men will be permitted to take such with them to their homes to be used for private purposes only.

6. 'The time and place of surrender will be fixed by the respective commanders and will be carried out by the commissioners appointed by them.

(Signed): E. R. CANBY, Major Gen.
Official: J. D. LEWIS,
A. A. A. General.

Official: STANHOPE POSEY,
Capt. and A. A. General.

The following is a copy of the parole as signed by each officer and the commissioners:

No. —

I, the undersigned prisoner of war, belonging to the Army of the Department of Alabama, Mississippi and East Louisiana, having been surrendered by Lieut. Gen. R. Taylor, C. S. A. commanding said Department, to Major General E. R. S. Canby, U. S. A., commanding Army and Division of West Mississippi, do hereby give my solemn parole of honor that I will not hereafter serve in the armies of the Confederate States or in any military capacity whatever against the United States of America, or render aid to the enemies of the latter until

properly exchanged in such manner as shall be mutually approved by the respective authorities.

Signed: ———— ..

Done at Gainesville, Ala., this 12th day of May, 1865. Approved—W. H. Jackson, Brigadier General C. S. A.; E. S. Dennis, Brigadier General, U. S. A.; commissioners.

The above named officer will not be disturbed by the United States authorities as long as he observes his parole and the laws in force where he resides.

E. S. DENNIS,
Brigadier General U. S. A., and Commissioner for United States.

All the paroles having been signed and everything turned over to the U. S. commissioners the regiment started for Louisiana (the Kentucky and Tennessee boys going toward their homes) in a body, Major Campbell commanding. We would travel from thirty to fifty miles a day. The trip was rather a pleasant one, though there was an expression of disappointment on every face, but God in His inscrutable wisdom, saw proper to blot from existence the young republic, the prowess of whose troops had attracted the concentrated gaze and admiration of the entire world, and these soldiers all over the South were now returning to their saddened and desolate homes, but with the consciousness of having faithfully performed their duties—were ashamed of nothing they had done; have no apologies to make for having worn the gray and are willing to transmit as a heritage to their children their acts and deeds under the Stars and Bars.

The following is an address sent by Colonel Scott to his old regiment soon after the surrender:

St. Francisville, La., May 23, 1865.

To my fellow soldiers of the First Regiment Louisiana Cavalry, C. S. A.:

Soldiers—It was my misfortune not to be present

with you when, in common with the other troops of this department you were surrendered. Deprived as I temporarily was of my command, by an order of the War Department, an order which proceeded from the false representations of a malicious and cowardly personal enemy, who, in violation of all the rules of military service avoided the proper and legitimate channels of complaint and instilled the poison of his *malice* and *hatred* into the War Office through the medium of a private letter to Mr. Davis. Thus prevented from being present with you at the last moment to share its trials and accept its humiliation, I have taken this opportunity of addressing you a few words of gratitude and farewell. For nearly four years, fellow soldiers of the First Louisiana, you have borne the flag of your regiment with honor, with no stain upon its folds amid the smoke of battle and the peaceful but severe duties of camp. The records of the struggle which has just closed will show that at all times, in all places and under all circumstances in Kentucky, in Tennessee, in Georgia, in Alabama, in Mississippi and in our own loved state the First Louisiana Cavalry has done its duty and its whole duty with the devotion of true men and the spirit of brave and honorable soldiers. You have never been called upon for a service which you did not perform, never has any duty been prescribed which you did not discharge, nor has any commanding officer under whom you have served ever had reason to be otherwise than proud of you, either amid the din of battle or in the peaceful pauses of the conflict.

You have, with rare unanimity, stood by your colors to the last; you have respected private property, and demeaned yourselves as gentlemen and soldiers under all the trying circumstances through which you have passed, so much so that you have upon more than one

occasion extorted even the praise and admiration of your adversaries.

Although the result deprived you of the prominence in military history which is always awarded to success and more or less denied to defeat, you have the satisfaction of knowing that by the common consent of the world and even by the admission of those whom you opposed you have, together with your brother soldiers of the South, made a military record which shows that with whatever motives you entered into the fight you have ever borne yourselves with conspicuous gallantry and devotion. Like myself some of you believed that further efforts at pacification should have been made before the appeal to arms, and that the independence of the South could not be secured, if at all, without a long, bloody and desolating war; yet when our State called upon us we did not stop to count the cost, but prepared to sustain our reputation as Louisianians at every sacrifice and with all our energies. Though you may feel mortified at the result, yet there is nothing humiliating in the fact of your being compelled to surrender. Overborne by a pressure which it was impossible to resist you still maintain a consciousness of having faithfully rendered the service which Louisiana called upon you to perform. The disabilities under which you at present labor, as paroled prisoners of war will, I think, soon be removed by the magnanimity of those in authority, so that you will be enabled again to resume you homes, and as citizens apply yourselves to the peaceful occupations of your former lives. The fall of Richmond, the surrender of Gens. Lee, Johnston and Taylor will in all probability compel the surrender of Gen. Smith west of the Mississippi river and the disbandment of all the forces of the Confederate Army. This admonishes us that the struggle is ended, and we must accept the situation in which we find ourselves. Since the fortunes of war have gone against

us, since the overwhelming numbers and resources of our adversaries have compelled our capitulation, I trust you will allow me to counsel with you as to your duty in the future. We cannot afford to sully the glorious record you have made by any demonstration of resistance or outbreak against the laws which are over you. Men who have fought as you have done can safely be trusted with all the duties and responsibilities of your new position. Sullen obstinacy and unavailing complaint will serve no good purpose, but only aggravate the evils under which you suffer. The duty which you owe to yourselves, to your families and the once bright and sunny land which is still your home, require you to be as active, as vigilant and as industrious in peace as you have ever shown yourselves in war.

Your weapon is no longer the sword, but the intellect. The times require that the transition from years of military service to the peaceful pursuits of civil life should be effected as quietly as possible. Upon you, in a great measure, will devolve the duty of preserving the benefits of civil government. As soldiers you were so ready to perform the duties that you were called upon, that I feel assured, as citizens your duties, though different, will be performed with equal fidelity. Whatever may have been the motives that impelled us to take up arms four years ago, a recollection of common suffering, common danger and common sacrifices has bound us together by ties which are indissoluble and which no human agency can sever; nor can we forget the meed of honor and respect which is due to the memory of those of our brave comrades who have fallen by our sides on the field of battle, illustrating everywhere the honor of Louisiana by heroic deeds and sealing with their life's blood their devotion to our State. The fortunes of war have decided that they died in vain; but this cannot prevent our cherishing their memory with interest and affection and guarding with ten-

der solicitude the bereaved families they have left behind them.

I part from you with nothing but the kindest feelings to each soldier of my old command. Officers and men, if at any time I have ever done any of you a wrong it was an error of the head not of the heart; and nothing can ever interrupt on my part the warm feelings of friendship for you which I shall always cherish. To one and all, officers and soldiers of the First Louisiana Cavalry, to whom I am under so many obligations for personal kindnesses, as well as for the ready performance of every military duty, I return my heartfelt thanks and bid you an affectionate farewell.

J. S. SCOTT,
Colonel First Regiment Louisiana Cavalry,
Paroled Prisoner of War.

Col. Scott was undoubtedly under a ban at Richmond, otherwise he surely would have been a Major General. The commanding officers of the East Tennesee Department evidently did not agree with the authorities at Richmond, for after he was sent there he was placed in command of a brigade and part of the time one large enough to be a division. Both Gens. Kirby Smith and S. B. Buckner recognized his worth and never permitted him to command less than a brigade. It was reported at one time that Lieut. Col. J. O. Nixon, who was summoned to Richmond, was offered a Brigadier Generalship, but he thought John Scott was the best cavalry officer in the Western army, and when he was told that Scott was to be continued as Colonel, "then," said he, "I shall remain where I am; if Scott does not deserve promotion, I do not, and I shall remain as his Lieut. Colonel." And he never spoke of himself as Lieut. Colonel of the First Louisiana Cavalry, but always as "Scott's Lieut. Colonel."

When transferred to the Department of Alabama,

Mississippi and East Louisiana, his worth was recognized by Gens. Polk and Taylor, both of whom kept him in command of a brigade as the East Tennessee commanders had done. There is no doubt but that Scott was headstrong, self-willed and chafed under restraint, especially when commanded by officers whom he did not admire and in whom he had but little confidence, but those whom he did believe in could have had implicit obedience from him at all times. He would have been willing to die for Albert Sydney Johnston, to him that soldier was the grandest the world ever produced. I once heard him say, "I have seen nearly all of the great men of the country, some whose names are known the world over, but when you go close to them, when they are scrutinized they are but men after all, but there was one, the closer you got to him the bigger he got. Whenever I was in Albert Sydney Johnston's presence I felt as if I was looking up to some superior being and that whatever he said was right." Gens. Joe Johnston, Kirby Smith, Polk, Buckner, Dick Taylor, Magruder, Cheatham and Cleburne came in for a share of his admiration, but there was no love lost between him and Gens. Bragg, Forest, Pegram and Hodge. All of them knew him to be a good cavalry officer, but there were times when he would not obey them and hence there was trouble. Forest reported him to Richmond as a disorganizer and hoped for the good of the country he would be relieved of his command, but his services were too valuable to be dispensed with, because of the dislike or hatred of another officer. Pegram in 1862 was Kirby Smith's Adjutant General, and during the Kentucky campaign sent one or two dispatches to Scott which nettled him considerably, and the chances are that the rivalry and dislike which ever afterward existed between them can be dated from that time. Gen. Hodge, while in command of the S. W. Mississippi and East Louisiana

District, wrote to Richmond that he was delighted to hear that Scott had been ordered from the district. With such reports from officers high in rank, there is no wonder that he failed to get the promotion which he so justly deserved. Any one who will read the reports of the Federal commanders on the borders of Kentucky and East Tennessee will soon discover in what estimation he was held by his enemies, and the fact that for only a month or two in the last three years of the war did he command less than a brigade, further bears us out in the assertion that no man ever won and deserved promotion more than he and failed to get it.

After the war Col. Scott went into the cotton factorage business and lived in New Orleans until his death. His affectionate regard for his old troops never died out and theirs for him remained as steadfast as when he led them over the mountains of Tennessee and Kentucky, and all of the survivors are still proud to say they belonged to "Scott's Cavalry."

The Louisiana battery of Mountain howitzers, as originally organized, was commanded by Lieut. W. H. Holmes, and was considered and in reality was a part of the First Louisiana Cavalry, and the boys called it their "right bower." When we would meet the enemy and a "stand up" fight was on hand, Lieut. Holmes would, with a few of his shell, throw them into confusion and with a yell the regiment would charge and I don't think they ever failed to make the cavalry boys in blue hunt other quarters. Big Hill was a fair illustration of many fights of that kind. After hard and splendid service with the First Louisiana, Lieut. Holmes was transferred to one of the forts near Mobile, as Captain commanding a battery. Lieut. Boyd, one of the battery's gallant officers, was a clerk in the St. Charles hotel in New Orleans for several years after the war, but what became of him has not been ascertained.

In 1863 a company was formed of this mountain howitzer battery and the "wild cat cavalry" (organized from Wheat's old Louisiana Tigers from Lee's army) numbering one hundred and forty officers and men, under the command of N. T. N. Robinson as Captain; Winslow Robinson, First Lieutenant; John Turner, Junior First Lieutenant; Charles Leverich, Second Lieutenant; Herman Worth, First Sergeant. The company was known as the "Louisiana Horse Artillery." It was supplied with four three-inch Parrott rifled guns captured from the enemy during one of their raids into East Tennessee. A section of this battery under Lieut. Turner did a magnificent piece of work at Harrison's Landing, near Chattanooga, by checking Sherman's command when the attempt to cross was first made (see Jordan's life of Forest). There were five companies of Horse Artillery in the Army of Tennessee, which Gen. Bragg ordered consolidated into one battalion of three companies, and placed under command of Major John Rawls. Winslow Robinson was made the Adjutant; Lieuts. Turner and Leverich were assigned to different companies in the battalion. N. T. N. Robinson, being the Junior Captain, and the consolidation being on the basis of seniority of commission, was first assigned to ordnance duty under special direction of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston, who about that time succeeded Bragg and was then appointed Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Major, and assigned to duty in the District of S. W. Mississippi and East Louisiana. Lieut. Winslow Robinson received a commission as First Lieutenant in the regular army of the Confederate States as a recognition of special gallantry in the presence of the enemy, and was assigned, at his own request, to the district of southwest Mississippi and East Louisiana, and placed in command of the post at Mandeville, La. He was indeed a fine fellow, and very

popular in the regiment. None of us can ever forget the look of indignation that seemed to be boiling from his cheeks as he rode out from Mumfordsville, Ky., on the evening of the 13th of September, 1862, and said, "Col. Scott, Col. Wilder refuses to surrender, and sir, they have grossly insulted your flag of truce." "In what way?" asked the Colonel. "Wilder himself did not," he answered, "and he pretended to hunt for the man who did, but, of course, he could not be found." The epithet that some soldier in the fort had used, loud enough for Robinson to hear, was so galling to him that he looked as if he was longing for the hour to come when he could get at them. He survived the war and died of heart trouble in New Orleans in November, 1882.

Lieut. Turner, of the battery was killed in 1864 by Lieut. Ramsey, a brother officer, in a duel. Lieut. Leverich died in New Orleans some years after the war. Sergeant Worth was one of the best artillerymen in the service. It is said that he had no superior in either army as a gunner. His comrades said he could kill a man a mile off by sighting the piece with his hand only. His eight years' service in the Prussian army had made him almost perfect in all the details of a soldier. His ordnance reports were always complimented at division and department headquarters. Gen. Buckner is reported to have said that they were the best he had ever seen from a volunteer command. Sergeant Worth died in New Orleans some time after the war.

Major N. T. N. Robinson, the sole survivor of the Louisiana Horse Artillery, is now a resident of Washington City. He was the First Louisiana's commissary, but preferring different service he was transferred to the battery as mentioned and was succeeded in the regiment by Wm. A. Hurd. To him I am indebted for most of the information about these artillery officers. Speaking of the battery in a recent letter he says, "It

did its full duty at all times, modestly and seeking no clamorous praise from any source. It earned worthily the right to stand with the cavalry, infantry and artillery sent by Louisiana to the field and to a full share of the glory reaped by the heroes of the Pelican State."

Every way possible was tried to get a roll of the old battery, but nothing could be found out, except that George Valandingham, Marshall Wood, of Frankfort, Ky.; Jim Hasok, of Hartsell, Ala.; — Prout, of Tuscumbia, belonged to the battery. The two former having died some years ago and the two latter may possibly be living.

Muster Roll of Company "A."

("Ed Moore Rangers," Iberville Parish.)

Captain Calvin W. Keep resigned in September, 1862; First Lieutenant Samuel Matthews promoted to Captaincy; second Lieutenant Henry R. Slack promoted to first Lieutenant; Third Lieutenant E. A. Marioneaux promoted to second Lieutenant. F. Orillion promoted to third Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned officers—First Sergeant, John S. Whitney; second Sergeant, James Huey; third Sergeant, C. N. Kleinpeter; fourth Sergeant, Alfred Clement; first coropral, John Adams; second corporal, Joseph Beal; third corporal, K. W. Parker; fourth corporal, G. S. Mills; first bugler, Romain Daigue, second bugler, Achile Dupuy; farrier, Alfred LaRose.

Privates—J. E. Altemus, Ernest Arteaux, J. E. Bookish, Abner Barbay, J. H. Barbay, Azenor Barbay, Thomas Brady, E. Barbay, J. M. Bell, Samuel Babers, Tras Brooks, C. E. Booksh, L. S. Babin, Robt. Butler, S. M. Boissac, P. F. Bayard, A. Boswell, Willis A. Barbee, A. Bordelon, Oscar Babin, Jos. H. Bryant, Ed Castle, Allen G. Chapman, Charles Clement, Ernest F. Christin, David Cerf, James W. Darling, Wm. J. Darling, Chas. H. Dickinson, Paul Dominique, Felix Desnoyer, Ernest Dupuy, Isaac Daniels, A. M. Davidson, T. J. Davidson, Frank Elder, Andrew H. Gay, J. R. Gillespie, V. Gaudin, Emile Gassie, D. Gravois,, C. H. Gilbert, Joseph Hotard, Eugene Hebert, W. A. Havis, F. Joly, F. M. Keut, Jr., DeKalb Kleinpeter, Volney Landry, Peter J. Little, L. LeBlanc, M. Laspard, Theophile Landry, J. B. Levert, James Lauer, Hereford Moffet, T. J. McMichael, W. H. Mitchell, Elliott Mudge, John Machin, John H. McConkey, M. McCausland, P. E. McKenna, Lewis Newburgh, Jules Noel, Wm. Oliviere, Isaac Overhulz, J. S. Penny,

J. L. Pointer, Joseph Pinelle, J. M. Robertson, Fred D. Robertson, Wm. Rollins, P. E. Rils, A. Robert, Paul Richard, Gustave Reginald, J. Sanchez, Seb. Smith, J. W. Stillwell, J. G. Snellgrove, V. Sigineaux, W. H. Strong, S. C. Schwing, J. H S.hanks, Otto Schwartz, James Texada, George Tureaud, James Tureaud, Emile Tureaud, Thomas Villa, Theogene Viola, Nicholas Valega, T. H. Woods.

Capt. Calvin W. Keep went to Honduras just after the war, returned in a little while and went to Florida, where he died some years ago.

First Lieut. Samuel Matthews, promoted to Captain —practiced law in Plaquemine and died there.

Lieut. Henry R. Slack died in Tennessee in 1890. See special notice.

Lieut. E. A. Marioneaux passed safely through the war; died in Plaquemine a number of years afterward.

Lieut. F. Orillion is still living in Iberville parish.

Allen G. Chapman lived for a number of years after the war and was killed by a negro.

Chas. H. Dickinson was accidentally killed in Iberville parish in 1899.

Andrew H. Gay still lives in Iberville parish. See special notice.

F. M. Kent, Jr., promoted to Sergeant Major, and after the war left Baton Rouge for the Pacific coast. Never heard from.

James Huey, just before the close of the war was appointed Lieutenant and was commanding Company "H."

J. B. Levert living in New Orleans. See special notice.

Hereford Moffet living in Baton Rouge.

S. C. Schwing for many years a druggist at Jackson, La., died May 27, 1900.

Emile Tureaud still living.

L. S. Babin is still living near St. Gabriel, in Iberville parish.

Oscar Babin still living.
Robt. Butler killed in Kentucky.
R. Daigre is still living, growing oranges in Florida.
A. Dupuy living in Iberville parish.
Ed Castle was killed by guards at Fort Delaware.
D. Cerf committed suicide some years after the war.
E. Dupuy was killed.
V. Gaudin still living in Iberville.
E. Gassie still living in West Baton Rouge.
Jos. Hotard still living on Grosstete.
Jules Noel still living; J. Robertson still living; F. Robertson still living.

Lieut. Henry R. Slack, who commanded Company "A" until the close of the war, Capt. Matthews being made prisoner in July, 1863, died in 1890. He was a polished, intelligent gentleman, a graduate of Yale College and a good Christian soldier. To his son, Rev. W. S. Slack, I am indebted for information concerning Company "A." He kindly offered his father's old papers for perusal and right here I am reminded of an incident connected with my visit to their hospitable home. I related one of the marvelous acts of heroism displayed by one of the First Louisiana on the field of battle, exactly as told in the preceding pages. Mr. Slack seemed interested, but I thought I could detect a sign of incredulity creeping upon him and I wondered if he was putting me down as a Munchausen; some time after this his mother said, "Son, if you will look in my desk, possibly you may find something in your father's old letters that would be of interest." After glancing over one or two, he suddenly exclaimed: "Well, listen to this!" and in his father's own writing he read the story referred to above, and now he knows it was true. Lieut. Slack's diary was succinct and unique. Somewhat on this style: "January 11th, 1862,. fatal to Company B. March 9, Capt. Scott's skirmish near Franklin. March 19, silk spreads and mahogany bedstead, next night on a board in a cabin." "Found a very inhospitable hospitable man," etc., etc.

LIEUT. ERI BROOKS AND SONS F. M. AND O. D., 1861.

Roll of Company "B."

(East Baton Rouge Parish.)

J. M. Taylor, Captain, promoted to Major, resigned in 1864; Ed Heriart, First Lieutenant, resigned; N. W. Pope, Second Lieutenant, promoted to Captaincy; J. B. Fort, Third Lieutenant, resigned; Eri Brooks, promoted to First Lieutenant; W. S. Booth promoted to Second Lieutenant; Samuel Hall, promoted to Third Lieutenant and resigned; D. P. Cain first Sergeant; C. M. Towles, second Sergeant; Robt. Howie, third Sergeant; Geo. G. Nichol, fourth Sergeant; Joseph Hunstock, first corporal; J. E. Powers, second corporal W. P. Jackson, third corporal.

Privates—M. Berlin, W. E. Brown, John Burris, S. Blanchard, F. M. Brooks, O. D. Brooks, F. Bradford, Theodore Benton, B. F. Chapman, M. W. Carpenter, B. Christmas, R. T. Devall, Victor Deville, Joseph Drehr, James Edwards, Wm. Gerholt, George Green, F. C. Godbold, C. A. Goodrich, J. Grayham, George Gent, Wm. Gayle, A. E. Grayham, F. M. Hereford, L. A. Hooper, A. Hunstock, J. Homobono, Wm. Hill, Benton T. Hillen, E. T. Hubbs, Charles Hall, Robert Jones, W. J. Kelly, J. Kelly, R. J. Kennard, Wm. Kirby, Leavy (farrier), — Lee, — Lorenzo, James Marsh, James Mulkey, Ben Morrison, Joseph McKitrick, G. Noble, J. Noble, John Owens, M. A. O'Neil, John Piget, R. P. Powers, E. F. Powers, A. T. Poe, A. Pogue, Robt. Parish, James Richardson, Jose Sabio, R. E. Sullivan, L. H. Stephens, J. F. Stephens, R. C. Smith, Richard Smith, Hicks Taylor, R. K. Tainter, Alex Tunnard, R. D. Whitehead, — Winburn, W. E. Wright.

Capt. J. M. Taylor was promoted to Major, commanded the regiment for a long while, was badly wounded at Missionary Ridge, and afterward resigned

or was transferred to other duty; died in Baton Rouge many years ago. The other officers of the company are all dead except Lieut. W. S. Booth, who is living in Baton Rouge. See special notice.

O. D. Brooks, who for many years was a druggist in Bayou Sara is still living there. To him I am indebted for information concerning Companys "B," "G," and "H."

F. C. Godbold is a druggist in New Orleans.

Chas. Hall is running on some ocean steamer, perhaps as engineer.

Hunstock is living either in East Baton Rouge or Livingston parish. Several of the other boys are living, but where could not be found out

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ROLL OF COMPANY "C."

(West Feliciana Parish.)

Those marked with a * are known to be living.

*Capt. W. W. Leake, resigned in October, 1862; First Lieut. Robt. D. Gill resigned in March, 1862; Second Lieut. E. Greene Davis, promoted to Captaincy; *Third Lieut. J. Oscar Howell, resigned in March, 1862; *John W. Leake promoted to First Lieutenant; J. Murphy, promoted to Second Lieutenant; Orderly Sergeant W. W. Davis promoted to Lieutenant in Power's Regiment; Sergeants, B. F. Miles, E. Plumedore, — Trapanier.

Privates—Benjamin Allen, J. C. Allen, C. B. Austin, Jno. W. Barry, John Beck, J. Bruce, L. A. Burgess, Wm. Benson, — Blackerby, Henry Brown, John Campbell, Joe Clark, Morgan Clendenin, — Courtney, — Cooney, Otto Craig, Alex Campbell, Thos Cowdin, Louis Dawson,—DeGrey, Frank Dickson, Wm. Draw-

dy, Lucius Elam, *L. Forno, Fairchild, Walter Fulsom, Elijah Gore, Albert G. Green, *D. B. Gorham, — Graham, Jackson Green, Cicero Gray, Wm. Hurd, *Robt. Huston, Longville Hull, A. C. Herndon, Wm. Herron, Herline, Hogan, Wm. Hornsby, Joe Hornsby, Jeffreys, *James R. Leake, — Lucas, *R. G. Lurty, *Tip Lopez, *George Lord, Wm. Minor, E. R. Mumford, J. P. Mumford, *F. M. Mumford, Conrad Mosier, James McPherson, *Frank A. Monroe, Massy, Wash Miles, B. McNary, *W. A. Porter, Tom Percy, W. W. Pharis, John Payne, *Isaac Payne, *George W. Purnell, Ed Phillips, J. Ricks, Stephen Redmon, *W. A. Read, Samuel Rabb, John Ring, — Reinolds, *N. Greene Rhodes, *Lewis Sterling, Jno. W. Smith, Richard Smith, — Scott, Thurman, Tamply, *W. M. Town, Frank Temple, Phil Thompson, Wm. Thompson, Geo. White, James Woodruff, W. A. Williams, Milo Whitney, Geo. Whitney, *Geo. Wilcox, — Walker, — Wilson. The following are supposed to have belonged to this company: — Herbert, Joe Mulkey, — Richardson, — Sanford, —Scott, James White, John Freeland, John Perry, John Semple.

Capt. W. W. Leake is still living, a lawyer by profession, and at this time one of the Judges of the Fourth Circuit Court of Appeals.

Capt. E. Green Davis died in West Feliciana some years ago. Lieuts. Robt. Gill and J. O. Howell, who resigned in 1862, are both still living, the latter at Slaughter, La.

John W. Leake, who was promoted to 1st lieut. and afterward to the Brigade Inspector Generalship is still living in West Feliciana. Lieutenant J. Murphy is perhaps still living, but where, has not been ascertained.

Willis W. Davis, who was orderly sergeant, was promoted to a lieutenancy in some other command and was killed in Jackson, La.

John W. Barry, who succeeded Fox as adjutant, died in Texas some years ago.

Forno, Laurence, still lives, in New Orleans.

Greene, Albert G., was in the quartermaster's department—died after the war.

Green, Jack, killed at Danville, Ky.

Hurd, Wm., succeeded Robinson as commissary—lived some years after the war and died in New Orleans.

Herndon, A. C. Succeeded Cammack as quartermaster, and died in New Orleans some years ago.

Leake, James R. The first sergeant major is still living. At present connected officially with the Charity hospital.

Lurty, R. G. Still living in West Feliciana parish.

Lopez, "Tip." Still living in West Feliciana parish.

Lord, George. Still living in New Orleans.

Minor, Wm. For a while color-bearer of the regiment; afterward transferred to some other service.

Mumford, E. R. Died.

Mumford, J. P. Connected with brigade staff duty, and died some years after the war.

Mumford, F. M. Was made brigade ordnance officer in S. W. Miss. and E. La. department. Is still living; an M. D. and druggist at St. Francisville, La.

Monroe, Frank A. Still living in New Orleans. A Supreme Court judge. See special notice.

Porter, W. A. Still lives in West Feliciana; has represented his parish in the Legislature.

Payne, Isaac. Still living—in New Orleans.

Purnell, George W. Still living—in East Feliciana parish.

Read, W. A. Still living—in Mississippi. He was Col. John Scott's step son.

Rhodes, Green N. Was promoted in some other command and fought in the Trans-Miss. department. Still living in Pointe Coupee parish.

GEO. W. PURNELL, 1899.

Sterling, Louis. Still living—in West Feliciana.
Town, W. M. Still living—in West Feliciana.
Wilcox, George. Still living—in West Feliciana.

S. Redman was taken from the Soldiers' Home to the State Insane Asylum at Jackson, La., and died there in April, 1900.

ROLL OF THE RAPIDES RANGERS, CO. "D."

As furnished by Lieut. Tom Clements, who got it from T. M. Wells in 1897:

John Routh Williams, captain, resigned in 1862. E. Enete, 1st Lieut., promoted to captain; James Culberson, 2nd Lieut.; Thomas Clements, 3rd Lieut.; H. H. Parker, 1st sergeant; T. M. Wells, 2nd sergeant; B. F. Perley, 3rd sergeant; Sam Fellows, 4th sergeant; J. H. Davis, 5th sergeant; W. L. Martin, 1st corporal; W. H. Moore, 2nd corporal; J. S. Robert, 3rd corporal; Wm. St. John, 4th corporal.

Privates—J. Austin, R. T. Adkins, L. F. Amelung, Robert Bean, M. W. Burr, H. Ballance, Chas. Burr, H. T. Brooks, *Sam Chamberlin, John S. Crosby, W. C. Colville, L. J. Colville, E. M. Calcoate, James Cassidy, Charles Cassily, George Clark, *S. A. Dowty, S. J. Dowty, John Dubois, A. H. Dufell, Jacob Fietz, Oscar Flaharty, Wm. Goynes, J. Heeny, Wm. Higgins, Joseph Hustle, C. W. Hoskins, Charles Johnson, *Aaron Johnson, Geo. R. Johnson, James Jackson, R. T. Jordan, J. W. Killet, J. M. Lewis, E. P. Lewis, Isaac Levy, *Henry Loomis, *R. W. Martin, J. H. Mitchell, Wm. Mitchell, J. M. Mitchell, A. M. McAlpine, M. Paul, Jr., *L. C. Read, J. H. Ransdell, L. A. Richards, *D. D. Rogers, David Redmond, Robert Simpson, G. W. Smith, Sam'l A. Stewart, Sam'l Stewart, A. J. Ste-

phens, *W. H. Smart, G. L. Taylor, J. T. Tousley, *Wm. M. Wilcox, John West, *J. T. Wilcox, H. M. Weeks, Jno. R. Weeks, Riley Williams.

John Routh Williams, the first captain of Company "D," was one of the Louisiana rich ante bellum planters. He resigned in 1862. Died in the Soldiers' Home a few years ago. His successor, Capt. E. Enette, and 1st. Lieut. James Culberson are both dead. Second Lieut. Thomas Clements, who commanded the company most of the time during the war (the other officers being in prison) is living in Alexandria, La. He was engaged in steamboating some years after the surrender, and later was made president of the First National Bank of Alexandria. He is an honored and respected citizen of that thriving little city. To him I am indebted for information concerning Co. "D."

Sergeants Ben Perley and Sam Feilows are both living in Rapides Parish.

Those marked with a * were said to be living last year. Of the others, but little is known.

Roll of Company "E."

(East Feliciana Parish.)

Those marked with a * are known to be living now.

Captain Gus A. Scott, killed in East Tennessee; 1st Lieut. John F. Killer resigned before leaving Louisiana in 1861; 2nd Lieut. A. Ballard, promoted to 1st Lieut., and resigned in Sept., 1862; 3rd Lieut. James Haygood resigned in the spring of 1862; Jos. C. Reily, orderly sergeant, promoted to lieutenant, then to captain; Fayette D'Armond, orderly sergeant, promoted to lieutenant, then resigned; *Isaac Palmer, promoted to 1st lieutenant; *Howell Carter promoted to orderly

sergeant, then to 2nd lieutenant; *Joseph G. Hawkes promoted to junior 2nd lieutenant.

Sergeants: *Walter Stewart, *Jas. R. Freeman, Elzey Hendry.

Privates—Thos. Andrews, Jerry Allspaugh, *B. M. G. Brown, Jr., Leon Brown, Rezon Brown, Joseph Brooks, John Bethany, Robt. Bethany,* Joel Brannon, *Wallace Badger, Irvine Brown, Emory Curtiss, Philip Covert, Harry Charles, Wm. R. Carter, Isaac Cox, Wiley Daniels, Delos T. Dawson, *Frank Dawson, W. W. Douglass, Newton Delee, Felix Delee, John Fluker, *Jacob Flonacher, Doc Foreman, Wm. Gore, Frank Gore, —— Gee, —— Gorman, James Huey, *Dot Harrel, A. M. Horton, *W. C. Hatcher, *Sim Hatcher, *Allen Hausey, Lawson Hays, Robt. Horton, *Alex. W. Henderson, Oscar Hudson, James Jelks, *Sam'l James, Dan Jackson, H. Jackson, Nicholas Lynch, *Frank Lea, *Ab. Methvin, Jesse Matthews, *Terrence Mulkey, Wm. McCants, *Norman McQueen, John McKeown, Calvin Mulkey, —— McManus, *Kemp Mattingly, Mark Noble, *Pierce Noland, Wm. Neyland, Mat. Palmer, James Palmer, Charles Palmer, *Caswell Palmer, Calvin Palmer, Lewis Palmer, Phil. Palmer, *Charles L. Pond, Dr. Sanford Perry, George Pietz, Tom Pemble, James L. Powers, *Ed. Ross, *D. R. Rowley, *Robt. Rogillio, John Robinson, *John Roberts, Martin Rogillio, Skip Robins, Wade Richardson, *Guy Rogillio, *Flem Stuart, *James Stanley, Micajah Stokes, John Singletary, Tolliver Smart, T. J. Spurlock, *Palmer Smith, *Robert Skipwith, George Stambaugh, Andy Somerville, —— Sloane, *Dick Taylor, —— Toadvine, *Milton Williams, *Julian Ware, Moses Walder, Tom Worsham, J. D. Williams, (of Ala.), John Owen.

Independents—Dr. A. Porter Brown, A. Eugene Carter, Charles McVea.

Capt. Gus A. Scott, killed in Tennessee; see special notice.

First Lieutenant John F. Keller resigned in 1861, joined another command, fought through the war and died near Jackson, La., some twelve or fifteen years afterward.

Second Lieutenant Aquilla Ballard, promoted to First Lieutenant; resigned in 1862 and after the war died in Texas.

Third Lieutenant James Haygood, resigned in the spring of 1862 and died some years after the close of the war.

Capt. Jos. C. Reily was orderly sergeant; promoted to Lieutenant, then to Captain. Fought through the war and died in Clinton about 1897.

Second Lieut. Lafayette D'Armond resigned in the winter of 1862 and died near Clinton a few years after the war.

First Lieut. Isaac Palmer fought through the war and is still living in East Feliciana parish.

Second Lieut. Howell Carter, promoted to orderly sergeant, then to Lieutenant. Fought through the war, surrendered at Gainesville and is living in Jackson, La.

Third Lieutenant Joseph G. Hawkes was with the command when it surrendered at Gainesville, but would not be paroled. He is still living in New Orleans.

Orderly Sergeant Walter Stewart fought through the war and is still living in East Feliciana.

Sergeant James R. Freeman left the company by promotion to another command in 1863; fought through the war and is now living in East Feliciana.

Jerry Allspaugh lost in mountains of East Tennessee.

B. M. G. Brown, Jr., fought through the war and is still living in East Feliciana.

Joseph Brooks died in Baton Rouge some years ago

Joel Brannon still living in East Feliciana.

Wallace Badger surrendered at Gainesville, is now living in Austin, Tex.

Emory Curtiss was in prison at the close of the war; came home and some years after was killed by a negro.

Harry Charles died in Tennessee.

Wm. R. Carter surrendered at Gainesville and died in Mississippi in 1894.

Wiley Daniels passed through the war and died some years after in West Feliciana parish.

T. Delos Dawson passed through the war and died in Jackson in 1898.

Frank Dawson passed through the war and is still living in Jackson, La.

W. W. Douglass passed through the war and died at Olive Branch in 1900; he was the half-brother of Col. J. S. Scott.

Felix Delee practiced medicine in Port Hudson; died there.

John Fluker took measles at Russellville, Ky., in the winter of 1861 and came home and died.

Jacob Flonacher still living near Natchez.

Wm. Gore died in West Feliciana some years ago.

Frank Gore living in Texas.

— Gee was lost in the mountains of E. Tennessee.

"Dot" Harrel passed through the war and is still living in St. Helena parish.

A. M. Horton was fearfully wounded at the Battle of Murfreesboro, but lived until a few years ago in Clinton.

W. C. Hatcher passed through the war and is still living in East Feliciana.

Sim Hatcher same as above.

Allen Hausey same as above.

W. Alex Henderson, on account of feeble health was discharged; is at present living at Norwood, La.

James Jelks fought through the war, nothing more known of him.

Samuel James fought through the war and is at present living in East Feliciana.

Nicholas Lynch died in Clinton some years after the war.

Frank Lea passed through the war and is now living in Rapides parish.

Ab Methvin still living in St. Helena parish.

Jesse Matthews passed through the war and died some years ago in St. Helena.

Terrence Mulkey still living in East Feliciana.

Norman McQueen still living in East Feliciana.

John McKeown lost his arm during the war and some years after died.

Kemp Mattingly still lives in Jackson.

Pierce Noland passed through the war and is now living in West Feliciana.

William Neyland died some years ago in Clinton.

James Palmer killed at Somerest, March 30, 1863.

Charles Palmer killed near Knoxville in 1863.

Caswell Palmer passed through the war and is now living near Wilson.

Calvin Palmer passed through the war and died some years after.

Lewis Palmer same as above.

Charles L. Pond transferred to the medical or Hospital Department, is still living in Jackson, La.

George Pietz killed at Port Hudson stockade fight.

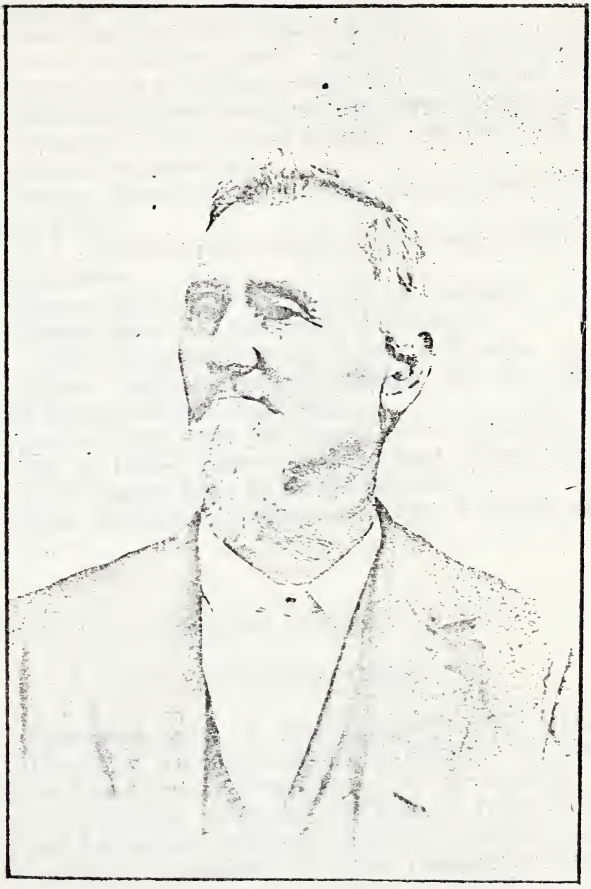
James L. Powers went to Honduras after the war nothing more heard of him.

Edward Ross passed through the war and is now living in Clinton.

R. D. Rowley same as above—living near Clinton.

Robert Rogillio still living in East Feliciana.

John Robinson was traded for Smart and was wounded at Atlanta and died.



ALLEN J. HAUSEY.

John Roberts still living in Wilson.

Guy Rogillio still living in Jackson.

James S. Stanley passed through the war and is at present living in Wilson—see "fight at Clinton, La.

Flem Stuart still living in East Baton Rouge parish.

Micajah Stokes passed through the war and died three or four years ago.

Toliver Smart died soon after he took John Robinson's place.

T. J. Spurlock was living in Mississippi when last heard from.

Palmer Smith still living in West Feliciana.

Robert Skipwith still living in Wilson.

Dick Taylor still living in East Feliciana.

Milton Williams passed through the war and is still living in West Feliciana.

Julian Ware same as above; lives in Wilson.

Dr. A. Porter Brown lives in Fort Worth, Tex.

A. E. Carter lives in East Feliciana.

Chas. McVea died some years ago; a circuit judge.

Roll of Company "F."

(Concordia Parish.)

Furnished by R. P. Holland and M. K. Mahan—J. Benjamin, Captain, resigned in 1862; W. R. Purvis, First Lieutenant, resigned in —; C. B. Wheeler, Second Lieutenant, promoted to Captain; Hugh Wilson, Third Lieutenant, resigned; Sieb W. Campbell, orderly sergeant, promoted to First Lieutenant, then to Major; T. H. Runyan, promoted to Lieutenancy; M. J. Greany, promoted to Lieutenancy; R. P. Holland, Sergeant; I. Hargrave, Sergeant; Edward B. Hay, Sergeant; Gabriel Disotelle, Sergeant; Robt, H. Hay, corporal.

Privates—John Ard, Peter Boyle, Frank Boyle, W. Book, Mike Brannagan, Ludwig Barther, Eugene Campbell, Beasley Campbell, George Campbell, Matt Crooks, O. Crooks, Eugene Crooks, Watt Carney, Barney Doher, Pat Fitzgerald, James Forsyth, Tom Farrell, James Gwinn, James Gunn, Wm. Gorman, M. Guire, John Hargus, Mike Kelly, James Long, Sam P. McGowan, Matt K. Mahan, Joe D. Miller, Dennis Minoque, Hugh M. Mathewson, James Murphy, Tim Mooney, W. McGraw, Wm. Nolin, Jerry O'Connor, Larry O'Brien, Willie O'Neil, Tom Price, Jeff Parsons, — Roberts, Robt. Reeves, Ben Schatz, Charles Shivers, James Sullivan, Thomas Stokes, Pat Scalley, John J. Thompson, Wm. Thompson, Charles Wilson, Milton Wilson, Alfred Wilson, C. L. G. Wilson.

Joe Benjamin, the first Captain, emigrated to British Honduras, and no further information concerning him could be obtained. Capt. Benjamin was a brother of the Hon. Judah P. Benjamin.

Capt. C. B. Wheeler, practiced law for many years in North Louisiana, and died there some years ago.

Lieut. Sieb. W. Campbell, who was promoted to Major, lived in Concordia parish and died there some time in the early 90s.

Lieut. Runyan moved to Kentucky and no further information has been obtainable of him.

R. P. Holland still lives at New Era, La.

Joe D. Miller still lives at Fairview, La.

Matt. K. Mahan still lives at Hartselle, Ala.

To the latter I am indebted for information concerning F.

Jerry O'Connor was promoted to Sergeant Major, but what became of him cannot be ascertained.

Barney Doher was accidentally killed while in camp at Bowling Green.

Tom Price accidentally killed by a member of Company "E," as he was passing him at night.

James Gwin was promoted to color bearer, for gallantry on the field of Murfresboro and was killed in one of the fights around Chickamauga.

Charley Shivers ,a Regimental spy, was badly wounded, got well but finally disappeared and was never heard from.

ROLL OF COMPANY "G."..

(Avoyelles Parish.)

Capt. Fenelon Cannon, resigned in 1862.
J. C. Joffrion, 1st Lieut.
W. H. Murdock 2nd Lieut.
H. C. Cailleteaux, 3rd Lieut., kil'ed at London, Ky.
———Convillion 3rd Lieut. killed at Liberty, Miss.
W. Moreau, 1st Sergeant.
A. L. Barbin 2nd Sergeant.
S. Convillion 3rd Sergeant.
A. B. Frazer, 4th Sergeant.
J. J. Craven, 5th Sergeant.
J. R. Griffin, 1st Corporal.
G. J. Gaspard, 2nd Corporal.
P. H. Convillion, 3rd Corporal.
L. J. Ducote, 4th Corporal.

W. E. Armstrong, Louis Broussard, Forbin Bordelon, H. Bonham, P. R. Baillio, F. Brouillet, George Baker, Philo Coco, A. Convillion, A. Z. Chatalain, J. M. Corbin, H. R. Dulaney, F. Desheautelle, M. M. Dufour, O. P. Edwards, S. D. Elam, Leon Gremillion, Giles Glasscock, Thomas Guert, M. Goudeau, Prosper Guillot, Emile Huneau, Alex. M. Haas, A. Hirschey, D. Husom, Joseph Jordan, Pierre J. Lemoine, Leon Lemoine Cessaire Lemoine, H. Lemoine, Francois La Borde, H. C. Little, O. P. Lydon, Privat Mayeux,

Gervais Morace, A. J. Moreau, Augustin Marcotte, T. J. Milligan, J. Morris, W. H. Mize, W. M. C. Nelson, J. P. Nusene, C. E. Pedicord, E. Pontheu, Andrew Ritchey, Frank Schuller, D. L. Todd, Meril Tassin, J. B. Tassin, Valere Tassin, J. A. Tally, T. J. Toler, Geo. T. Voorhies, Horace Voorhies.

Very little concerning this company could be ascertained. Several were written to, but there were no responses.

Alex. M. Haas is still living and prospering. Most of his time is spent in New Orleans, but he has interests in and around Haasville and Bunkie, where he and his brother have been successful in business. The latter town was named for his daughter. During the war Haas left the 1st Louisiana by promotion to a Lieutenancy in another regiment and served in the Trans-Mississippi Department.

A. B. Frazier is said to be living at Fort Worth, Texas, but no response came from a letter written him at that point.

ROLL OF COMPANY "H."

(From East Baton Rouge Parish.)

Officers—John Campbell, Captain; H. L. Daigre, First Lieutenant; J. G. McGimsey, Second Lieutenant; Samuel Martin, Third Lieutenant; John Converse, First Sergeant; R. T. Fridge, Second Sergeant.

Non-Commissiioned Officers—McEntire, John Miller, Estress Brand, John Eliser, —— Meeky, C. Balsenner, Omer Landry, Rene Bercegeais.

Privates—W. M. Adams, A. Albritton, A. Balsenner, A. Brown, H. Boudreau, Ernest Braud, Emanuel Braud, Buffington Babin, William Boggs, A. Bookter,

S. Carrier, John Cannon, John Dupont, Leon Gautrau, Silvany Gautrau, Alphonse Gautrau, Gille Gautrau, Theophile Gautrau, A. Gore, T. Hebert, E. Huguet, James Johnston, Thomas Jones, Levey Kelsh, Andrew Kellum, Jacob Kiest, Green Lively, A LeBlance, A. Latil, Isaac McNamara, James McDavid, A. May, Simon Ronget, William Rainy, A. Batto, John Rainy, James Rainy, J. Richardson, James Richardson, W. P. Ray, Jr., H. Sevario, E. Stephen, H. Settoon, William Smith, John Sides, H. Walleston, Thomas Watts, L. W. Brown, George Weston, R. Freeman, Nathan Edmund, C. Einger.

But little is known of this company. At the surrender James Huey, of Company "A" was commanding. He having been appointed Lieutenant by Colonel Scott. H. L. Daigre, is still living, practicing law in Alexandria.

A. Albritton is merchandising at Olive Branch, La.

ROLL OF COMPANY "J."

(Pointe Coupee Parish.)

Those marked X are known to be living.

Capt. Ovide Lejeune resigned September, 1862.

First Lieut. Frank Hitchcock, resigned early in 1862.

Second Lieut. J. H. Halsey, resigned early in 1862.

Third Lieut. Charles Villere resigned early in 1862.

X John H. Graham, promoted to Captaincy.

William Terrell promoted to 1st Lieut.

S. D. Jones promoted to 2nd Lieut.

——— Abernathy, x Iverson G. Batchelor, August Bertrand, ——— Bergamann, Oscar Benedict, ——— Bruce, George Brown, T. J. Babbitt, Thos. Burton,

——— Bowling, x Peter B. Caufield, x Martin Costley, Robert Curtiss, L. Colton, Silas Cobb, Sam'l Cook, James Crawford, ——— Campbell, Eugene Dubois, Edward Day, Milton Elbert, Jos. L. French, "*Bur*" Ford, Peter Guidro, ———Gates, Charles Gould, Simon Goudron, Nathan Haber, Pat Harley, James Hope, Ike Hunter, ——— Haguewood, Thos. J. Hughes, (of Ky.) ——— Howard, ——— Hardy, ——— Hughes, (of N. O.) ——— Kelly, Sam'l Keller, Joe Kennedy, Pat Keegan John Lacour, Alcide Lacour, Valcour Lacour, Dorsey Lacour, Porter Lewis, (of Ala.) Frank Lyons, *Lovell Ledoux, Michael Malony, Alsa Melancon, Ben. Moore, ——— —— McKneely, —— McSheer, —— McCarthy, *Alex P. Morse, Frank Myers, John Marlow, Wm. Moore, —— Mason, (of Ala.) Geo. May, —— Morris, Geo. Newson, Marcellin Oubre, *John O'Connor, (of Ky.) — Pelloquin, —— Payne, Jules Porche, —— Parr, — —— Palmer, (of Ala.) E. C. Pettis, *Albert G. Phelps, —— Rhayl, Valsin Richard, —— Rheineger, Benjamin Riggles, —— Sparks, (of Tenn.) James Searcy, —— Singleton, *W. E. Seebold, *John T. Shearer, *Howard Stedman (of Ky.) Jos. T. Spencer, (of Ky.) Charles Summers, J. B. Sneed, *W. R. Sneed, —— Sykes, —— Street, (of Miss.) *——Sweeney, (of Ky. Chaplain.) ——Theineman, —— Tholes, —— Taylor, (of Ky.) Jerome Terry, *Aquilla Talbott, (of Ky.) —— Treadwell, (of N. O.), Pat Thornton, Emile Tircuit, Wm. Turner, Wallace Vosburg, Eugene Vignes, *John W. Walsh, Julius Wooster, —— Wolf, Wm. Wood.

Capt. John H. Graham of this company who commanded it most of the time during the war is still living in Monroe, La.

Iverson G. Batchelor still lives in Pointe Coupee parish.

Peter B. Caufield in New Orleans.

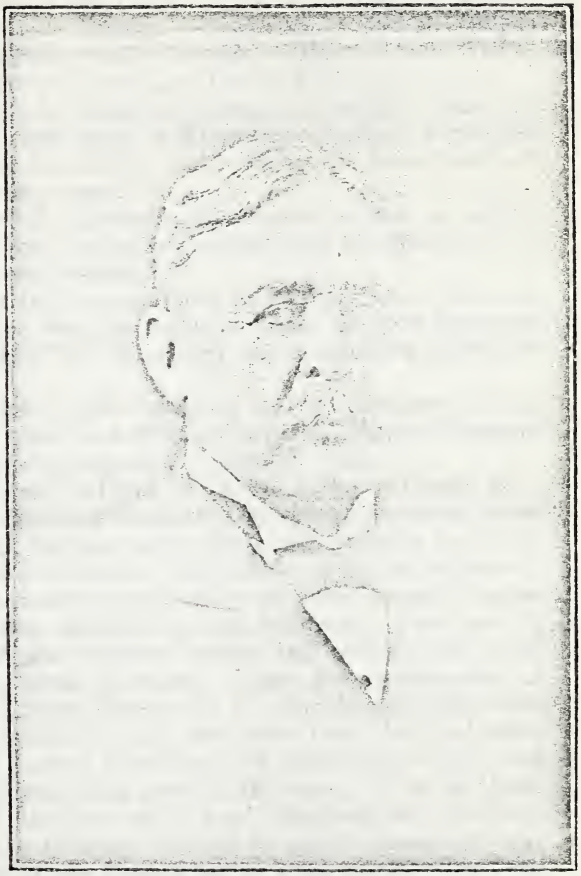
Martin Costly in New Orleans.
Lovell Ledoux in Pointe Coupee.
A. Porter Morse in Washington City.
John O'Conner in Frankfort, Ky.
A. G. Phelps in New Orleans, La.
W. E. Seebold in New Orleans.
John T. Shearer in New Orleans.
Howard Stedman, Forks of Elkhorn, Ky.
Jos. T. Spencer in Sugar, Ky.
W. R. Sneed in Pointe Coupee parish.
— Sweeny in Kentucky.
Dr. A. Talbott in Lexington, Ky.
John Walsh in Kentucky.

Of the rest of the company no information can be obtained.

Roll of Company "K."

Catahoula Parish.

W. L. Ditto, Captain; F. Ashbury Harper, 1st Lieut. Resigned; David H. Allen, 1st Lieut. promoted; —— Richardson, 2nd Lieut. resigned; Emmet Burns Scott, 2nd Lieut. promoted; Dr. Thos. J. Wattington, 2nd Lieut., promoted; Tobe Ward, 2nd Lieut., promoted; Nat. Thompson, 1st Sergeant; David Stafford, 2nd Sergeant; George Jones, Sergeant; George Lowery, Sergeant; —— Linney, Sergeant; Peter Shipp, 1st Corporal; Will Kelly, Corporal; Steven Ford, Corporal; George Meyers, Corporal; J. J. Bailey, Corporal; Lucien Suggs, Corporal; John Butler, Willie Donaldson, Wm. Drinkle, Willie Doniphan, —— Fielder, Wm. Hayes, T. C. Hatch, —— Jacks, —— Johnson, Dan'l Kendricks, Hypolite Kronsey, ——Lee, John McLane John Mc Lutier, Tom Marcellus, ——



J. B. LEVERT, IN 1900.

Marcellus, Hypolite Martin, James Neely, Dick Newton, Volney Ogle, Ellis Ogle, —— Odom, Steven Perkins, —— Penny, ——Powell, Littleton Shipp, George Spruile, Andy Trimbo, — Elsey, Dave Whitaker, Frederick Wilkerson, David Wilkerson.

Capt. W. L. Ditto, still lives in Florida. Lieut. D. H. Allen went back to Kentucky, married, went into business in Louisville, and nothing has been heard of him for many years.

J. J. Bailey is living in Shreveport, to him as well as to Capt. Ditto thanks are tendered for information concerning this company.

A letter from a gentleman in Burns, Tenn., gives the information that John Butler claims to have belonged to Company "K," hence his name has been placed on this role.

Ellis Ogle of this company was the *first* man of the regiment killed in a fight in Capt. Gus Scott's "Granny White" pike charge near Franklin, Tenn.

Capt. Wm. L. Ditto of "K" is living at Ocala, Fla., and the following extracts from a letter received from him dated February 21st 1899, will perhaps be of interest to the old boys: "I am proud of the old regiment; I am proud of her men and her glorious record. I am so glad my dear comrade to hear from you. I am now 73 years old, but healthy, strong and active, able to do most any kind of work. I am the commander of Marion County Camp, U. C. V., No. 56, and have been for several years, and more than this and more than all, I am a Christian and saved up to date, and hope and pray that you are the same. I am a Methodist. I have my wife, four sons and one daughter with me in Florida. Would be much pleased to hear from you at any time. I am so glad to hear from you With my best wishes and prayers for your success, health and happiness,

I am sincerely your friend and comrade, Wm. L. Ditto.

The "First Louisiana" had within its ranks many noble and chivalrous boys. When the tocsin of war sounded they hurriedly left schools and colleges and rushed to the front trying to be

> "Ever foremost in the battle
> Quick to yield their heart's best blood."

Besides those whose names have already been mentioned the writer takes a special pride in mentioning a few whose services upon the field, though excellent, have been equalled by their indomitable will in overcoming the difficulties that beset the paths of life and to-day they are among the substantial or well-known men of our State. In the City of New Orleans there are quite a number. J. B. Levert, of the old "Ed Moore Rangers," Company "A," is a fair representative of the company whose distinctive mark was a rattle snake rattle upon each trooper's hat. Seventy-five such rattles in line was an unusual sight to behold and were significant of the fact that these boys meant business, which was fully demonstrated by subsequent events. Mr. Levert's business career has been marked with decided success and all members of the old First Louisiana are glad to remember that he was one of "ours." He is now the commander of the Cavalry Camp, U. C. V., of New Orleans, and is highly esteemed by the community at large as well as by all of the "old boys." Mr. Levert was captured with Col. Nixon near Dix river; his account of the fight, capture and imprisonment is extremely interesting. When surrounded and seeing no possible chance of escape, he crawled under a bush and hoped to be unnoticed, but as on all battlefields, the prowlers or ghouls were around; after a while two of them discovered him and

commenced abusing and punching him with their guns. Feeling confident that he had cowards to deal with he declared emphatically that he would kill the first one who punched him again, and his threat acted like a charm; he had correctly "sized them up," and they commenced talking in a more gentlemanly way. He then told them that his leg was too badly shattered to get up or walk, but if they would get a horse and put him on it, he would willingly go with them. They hurriedly brought the animal and without examining his wound, helped him on, and, instead of tramping along with the other boys, he rode all the way to Lexington. Then for many months, with the others, he suffered almost the pangs of death in Fort Delaware and other prisons. He was not wounded, but his ruse worked well and his captors never knew any better until it was too late.

During Bragg's Kentucky campaign the First Louisiana at one time was stationed at Shelbyville. Mr. Levert became acquainted with a young lady who proved to be a friend, indeed. A year afterward when he was captured and taken to Fort Delaware, the first thing that greeted him on his arrival at the prison was a letter from the young lady referred to, containing money sufficient to make him comfortable, and thenceforward a regular correspondence was kept up, and the following is a copy of the last letter which has recently been sent to him by the lady, who, together with her daughters, takes great interest in Kentucky reunions and U. C. V. associations:

Fort Delaware, March 4, 1865.

My dear friend—I again sit down to the pleasant task of writing to you, but it is with a firm conviction that it is for the last time as a prisoner. Two thousand of us have orders to be in readiness to leave tomorrow for the South. You can better imagine my

feelings at this moment than I could express them. Many of our boys, I regret to say, are not going back, preferring to return home, with the joyful expectation of meeting the smiles of their friends and sweethearts. How they deceive themselves. I know you fair ones will receive these faint-hearted men with the scorn and contempt which they deserve. I destroyed this morning all your precious letters, all of which were still in my possession. It was a painful task, as I would have treasured them in after life. It may be that once exchanged I may never have an opportunity to write you, but rest assured whether in camp or on the field my dearest thoughts will be of you, my cherished hopes to see you again. Remember me to all my kind friends and believe me,

Yours always and forever,

JNO. B. LEVERT,

Company A, First Louisiana Cavalry.

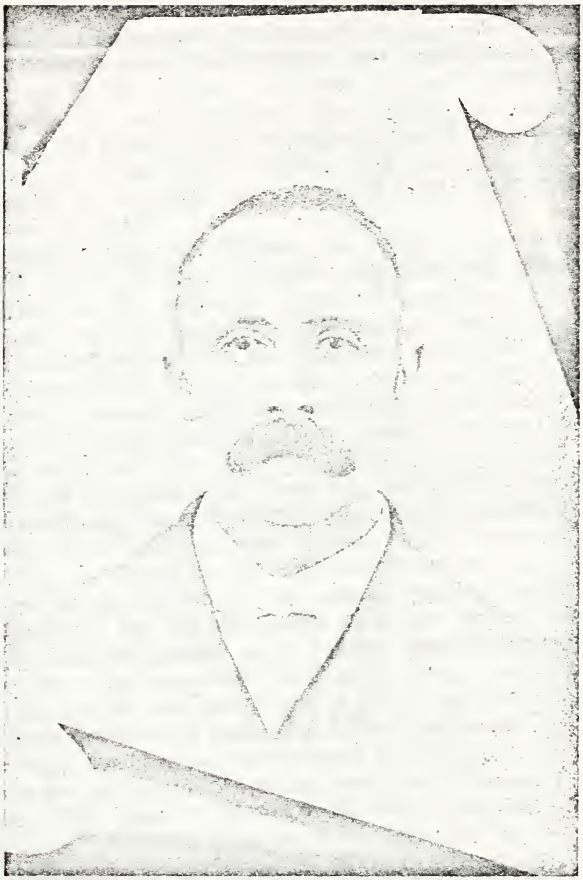
Comrade E. L. Woodside, of Baton Rouge, has kindly furnished the following list of Capt. McKowen's company, and as these boys were with us on more occasions than one, particularly at the Stockade fight below Port Hudson, we are pleased to have the list included in this volume; it is given just as furnished:

*J. C. McKowen, Captain; James Shattuck, First Lieutenant; D. P. Cox, Second Lieutenant; *E. L. Woodside, Third Lieutenant; E. E. Adams, J. P. Behrnes, *Harry Bradford, — Belvin, Brown, Isaac Cox, *W. Campbell, W. Carter, M. Clark, — Davis, *Frank Dawson, Jones Fluker, Sergeant I. T. Flynn, Oliver Gaskins, James Holmes, *Corporal Chas. Hubbs, — Howley, Theodore Jones, *Sergeant J. M. Kennedy, Corporal A. Kent, Corporal J. P. Knox, Knowlton McCarstle, *W. R. McKowen, Bragg McKneely, *W. J. McLean, *R. O. Munson, Sergeant Wilson Miller, C. Miller, L. Miller, J. P. Morrison,

Corporal John Meades, Wm. Nash, Nesmith, J. A. Penn, Joseph Pilant, *C. L. Pond, *H. L. Pond, A. Scott Rogillio (killed), J. Rutland, *Sergeant Henry Skipwith, *Jno. K. Skipwith, Shep Spencer (killed), Oscar Stambaugh, Wm. Stratton, Eugene Taylor, O. C. Vanlandingham, Wm. Wright, Wm. Worsham.

Those marked with a * are known to be living.

Lieut. W. S. Booth, of Company "B," who for some time had commanded a scouting party out on the Amite and had rendered valuable services to the department, was ordered in October, 1864, to rejoin the command at Clinton. His young wife was about five miles from his camp and he rode over to say good-bye to her. All the creeks and streams were very high from recent rains and such an idea as the enemy being in close proximity never once occurred to him, but a crowd of them close by must have been on the watch, for the house was surrounded and he was captured. The young wife was almost frantic with grief and to pacify her he said, "Don't worry over me. I don't intend to stay with these fellows very long; in fact, I am going to take my New Year's dinner with you. I might be a little late, but save my dinner, as I will be here sure." He was taken to Ship Island for a while, thence toward the North by way of the Mississippi river, and then by rail toward New York. When within a few miles of Elmyra, he jumped off the train and finally reached the City of New York. Here he had friends, who provided him with clothing, money, etc., and as a private citizen he traveled to Chicago and expected to go on immediately to St. Louis, but as that city was filled with troops, being hurried down toward Nashville, he had to remain in Chicago for some time, but with friends whom he could trust. At last he went over to St. Louis, got there just as the "Magenta" was about to leave for New Orleans and took passage. The trip down the river was quite pleasant and some distance



LIEUT. W. S. BOOTH.

below Natchez the boat landed for some purpose and a number of passengers walked off to look at the country, Booth among the number; but somehow he was lost out in the woods. He then had no difficulty in making his way toward his regiment, and on toward his home, which strange to say, he reached at 9 o'clock p. m., Jan. 1, 1865, thus carrying out his promise to his wife, that he would eat New Year's dinner at home.

Judge Frank A. Monroe, for many years on the Civil bench of New Orleans, and now an associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana, was a member of Company "C." He was a Kentucky boy, full of enthusiasm for the Southern cause and in the summer of 1861 did all he could to get recruits for the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, and then joined that command at Camp Barnett, Tenn., Sept. 1 of that year. Was with the army of Gen. Albert Sydney Johnston until the evacuation of Kentucky, and in March, 1862, on reaching Decatur, Ala., was handed a discharge which had been granted on the application of his mother, he being under eighteen years of age. She knew his preference for the cavalry and had made the application for his discharge in order that he might follow his inclination as to joining that branch of the service. She provided him with horse, saddle and bridle, and he was now ready to join a troop of cavalry. Within forty-eight hours the "First Louisiana" passed through Decatur and he enlisted in Company "C." He soon proved to the Louisiana boys that Kentucky valor was fully equal to theirs. He was conspicuous for gallantry in every fight until we left him on the field at Somerset, Ky., March 30, 1863, as was feared, mortally wounded. A description of the fight has been given in the preceding pages. Months afterward the regiment had the gratification of hearing that "Frank Monroe was not dead," but all were distressed to hear

ALBERT G. PHELPS, 1900.

that he was so dreadfully wounded and was a prisoner. He afterward informed us that he was in bed in a log cabin three months on the battlefield, a prisoner of war, was then taken to Lexington, where he spent three months more, still confined to his bed. Then removed to West's Building Hospital prison, in Baltimore, where he remained two months, and was then exchanged. Being unfit for further field duty, in order to obtain service elsewhere he went before the medical examining board at Marietta, Ga., consisting of Doctors D. D. Saunders, Chas. E. Michel and Frank Hawthorne, who gave him a certificate of permanent disability. The Secretary of War then assigned him to duty and ordered him to report to Capt. A. B. Sharpe, A. Q. M., at Forsythe, Ga., where he remained until the close of the war. Having fought with Louisianians he concluded that it might be agreeable to live with them, and he moved to New Orleans, where he has ever since been an honored member of the bar and a citizen highly esteemed by all.

Capt. John H. Graham, the first orderly sergeant of Company "I," was made Captain after Lejeune's resignation and through his exertions the company's ranks were well filled all of the time. Although hailing from Pointe Coupee parish, yet there were so many from New Orleans and Kentucky, that parish was hardly justified in claiming the company, although its original officers and most of the first enlisted men were its citizens, and the equipment of the company was largely due to the liberality of a planter near Morganza. Capt. Graham was the acting quartermaster after the regiment was transferred to the Southwest Mississippi and East Louisiana District. He then became brigade quartermaster. After the war Capt. Graham went to Georgia, where he lived for many years, then returned to Louisiana, where he is now living. To him, W. R. Sneed and Howard Stedman I am indebted for most of the information concerning Company "I."

In the quartermaster's and commissary departments there were a number of fine fellows, concerning several of whom nothing is known. Phelps, Pettus, Talbott, Eggleston, Greene and two or three others.

Albert G. Phelps belonged to Company "I." After the war, for many years, he was in the grocery business in New Orleans; for ten years past a member of the Stock Exchange and to-day is president of the "St. Charles Street Railroad Company."

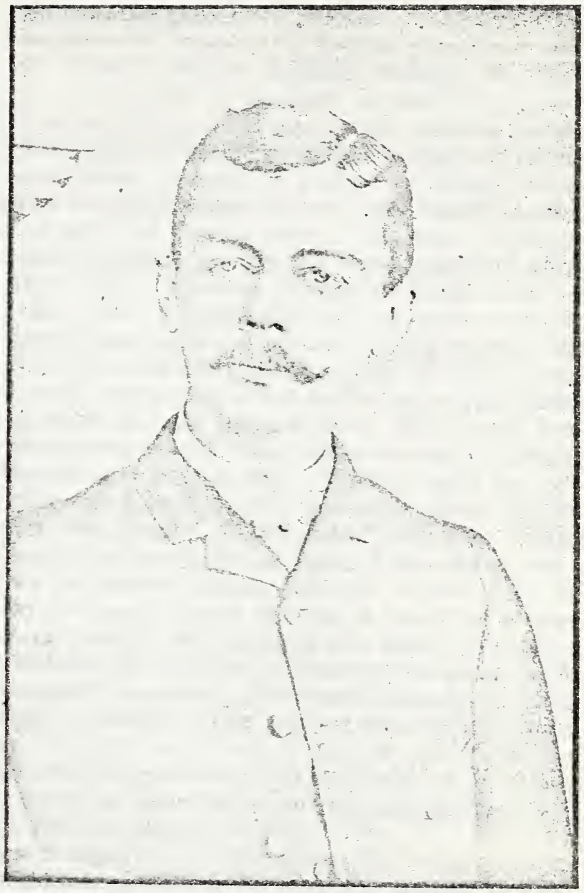
There are but few of the old regiment who do not remember Phelps, as in his quiet, unobtrusive way he attended to his duties as quartermaster sergeant, and as a true soldier. His prosperity gives pleasure to all of his old comrades.

Company "A" can also claim one of the wealthiest sugar planters of the State. Andrew H. Gay was another of our "rattle-snake" boys. He was at college when the war commenced, and his father being wealthy and able to carry out any such plans, proposed to the young boy to send him to the best college of Europe to complete his education, but the fires of patriotism had been kindled in his bosom and he chivalrously cast aside these glittering temptations and donned the gray, where he faithfully performed every duty imposed upon him.

A. G. Phelps tells some good stories that happened during the trip to Mobile. He says on one occasion he and a comrade were riding along the road discussing the propriety of enlisting the negroes in the Confederate army. One argued that the plan would be a capital move, carrying out the idea of "fighting the devil with fire," as the U. S. Government was enlisting them. Their talk for and against the move was so heated that they paid no attention to the surroundings, when all of a sudden a squad of Yankees sprang from the bushes and trees bordering the road, catching at the bridle reins of each horse. The noise of

rattling sabers and the sudden springing from the bushes so frightened the animals that they wheeled and went racing back down the road. It was so sudden and unexpected to the Yankees that they could not take accurate enough aim to stop them, and they were thereby saved the horrors of prison life for that time at least. Having ridden far enough to feel that they were entirely out of danger, Phelps says his comrade proposed that they go to a farm house and spend the night. It was agreed to and the next morning just as they came out from the breakfast table, the other soldier said: "Phelps, how delightful it is to be here, instead of camp, where the boys are getting well pine-smoked, and had I given way to you we would not now be enjoying ourselves like this." Just then they saw a troop of cavalry rushing up to the house; both soldiers struck out for a safe place. Phelps succeeded in reaching a swamp, into which he plunged with bullets whistling all around him. Dropping down among the marsh weeds with just the top of his head, from the nose up, exposed, he remained perfectly quiet, and again escaped capture; not so lucky though his comrade. He failed to get away and spent the balance of the war in prison.

Quite a number of fine young fellows joined the regiment after it came to Louisiana in the spring of 1864, among them Chas. H. Dickinson, Wm. R. Carter, Wallace Badger, Iverson G. Batchelor, Frank Lea, George W. Purnell, and many others, whose names at this moment cannot be recalled. The two first named are dead, but the others are still living. Batchelor, who belonged to Company "I," is now one of Pointe Coupee's most substantial planters, and better still, the people of his entire neighborhood look upon him as their friend. Like our chivalrous wholesouled old comrade, George Lord, whose name has already been mentioned in these pages, he has failed



WM. R. CARTER, 1886.

to carry out an injunction of the Bible. Both are "eligible: Still on the carpet."

In Company "C" there were several prominent citizens who made first-class fighting soldiers, but they could never reconcile themselves to the "rough and tumble" of camp life; could never make up their minds to eat "hard tack" when it was able to crawl off if left alone, and while at meals if a story of things being unclean in the preparation was told they would become nauseated and could eat no more. The boys "catching on" to that would invariably tell some sickening yarn when there was a scarcity of any particular kind of food. Mr. "S," a gentleman of the olden school, scrupulously neat in his dress and very particular as to what he ate, was their special mark. G. W. P. was a good cook, but a ring-worm broke out on his hand and a horrible looking place it was. Mr. S was one day enjoying the biscuit when some one said, "George, your biscuits are fine to-day." "What," said he, for whom this was intended, "did you make these biscuit with that sore hand?" "Of course," was the reply. Down went the biscuit and up jumped the soldier, saying, "It's an infernal shame for men to ruin flour in that way; whoever heard of such a thing as a man making up dough with a hand like that. We have biscuit at home all the time, but they are made up with a spoon, and it is actually dirty to make them up with the hand." Another time one of the boys cooked chicken. He was very fond of pepper and made the fricassee red hot, but most of the boys said hot or no hot we are going to have our share of that chicken, and the cook for that day got fooled.

James S. Stanley, of Company "E," who was so badly wounded at Clinton, La., not only passed through the entire war himself, but his old white horse was there in ranks from start to finish, and lived many years after. Mr. Stanley is a successful planter and

merchant. His home being a few miles from Wilson.

Company E had in its ranks two rather old men, who were substitutes. Mr. Gee for Mr. Lipscomb, and Mr. Allspaugh for —. At the Battle of Murfreesboro, where the bullets were pouring around us like hail some one said, "Look out, old gentleman, you are going to get hurt here the first thing you know." "Oh, that don't make any difference," answered the old soldier, "it won't be me it will be Mr. Lipscomb that will be killed." Poor old fellow was lost in the mountains of East Tennessee—supposed to have been killed by jayhawkers. Mr. Allspaugh also mysteriously disappeared and it is supposed he went the same way.

The following sentiments uttered by Fred Kent are given merely to show how the boys felt when it was announced that Gen. Dick Taylor was in correspondence with Gen. Canby regarding our surrender. Many would not accept a parole, declaring that they would carry on a guerilla warfare. The truth is, the surrender took place, but every man was ready for a fight that day if Gen. Taylor had said so.

On hearing of the surrender of our army Fred M. Kent wrote the following lines:

Oh! my country what grief to know
Thy tattered banner shall no longer wave
To welcome the vain and dastard foe
To death—by hands of Southern braves.

Four long years thy noble sons
Have bared their breasts beneath its folds
And many a glorious victory won
And many a tale of sorrow told.

'Twas vain they poured their noblest blood
Like water from the mighty sea,
Till o'er the land swept the flood
Of those who died for liberty.

Our Heavenly Father. Thy just decree
  Has bowed our heads beneath the yoke
Though we poor mortals cannot see
  Why came this sad and bitter stroke.

Though still our spirits scorn the foe
  We humbly bow to Thy decree,
And back to the hated Union go
  Since 'tis not Thy will we should be free.

Though for years we are forced to bow
  Our anguished heads 'neath tyranny,
Just Heaven! hear our solemn vow,
  We yet will strike for liberty!

On looking at a star cut from our battle flag, Fred Kent wrote as follows:

Oh! beauteous star! emblem of the free,
Tears dim my eyes as I gaze on thee,
  Thou once formed part of our banner bright,
  Which oft I've followed in the fight.

Where is now that gallant band?
The noblest, bravest of the land,
  Who gathered 'neath the dark'ning sky,
  And waved the crimson folds on high.

They all for freedom nobly fought
And some with life their freedom bought,
  And some have sought a foreign shore,
  Where they cannot see their country's woe.

And thou and I alone are left,
Of all our once loved friends bereft,
  I'll calmly wait a brighter day
  When again thou'l't light our darkened way.

Capt. Gilbert C. Mills' Company was attached to the First Louisiana Cavalry for several months, and it is with pleasure the roll is inserted in this volume. After Lieut. Col. Fred Ogden formed a battalion the company went with him.

COMPANY C.

OGDEN'S BATTALION—AS IT STOOD OCT. 31, 1863.

Officers—G. C. Mills, Captain; Edward Young, First Lieutenant; G. W. Cage, Second Lieutenant; T. J. Fuqua, Third Lieutenant.

Non-commissioned Officers—H. H. Davis, First Sergeant; J. E. Roberts, Second Sergeant; William Heath, Third Sergeant; C. A. Prestly, Fourth Sergeant; D. Culbreth, Fifth Sergeant; D. Lusk, First Corporal; J. A. Rodriguez, Second Corporal; Richard Harbour, Third Corporal; J. J. Drodey, Fourth Corporal.

Privates—J. L. Arbuthnot, William Allen, John Buhler, N. R. Black, J. M. Beauchamp, J. M. Borskey, George Borskey, T. J. Brashear, Phil Brashear, Robert Brashear, Thomas Behrne, Charles Baldwin, B. Campbell, F. Carney, J. Crumholt, F. Crumholt, R. Collier, Pat Conley, J. Cook, M. H. Carlisle, E. A. Carter, Louis Conder, J. L. Chapman, A Delat, W. East, R. A. Forbes, James Finley, William French, R. French, William Ford, John Gaskin, J. F. Garner, R. A. Gray, T. E. Groom, W. I. Graham, Edmond Gray, Pat Greeley, H. Hunt, Tom Hunt, Sam Hunt, E. Henderson, T. Holden, J. H. Hathorn, I. W. Jean, J. C. Kendrick, John Kirkwood, J. S. Little, F. Lamp, William McKinney, Tom Miller, William Miller, James McCartney, C. Mallett, C. E. McMillan, Mac McLelland, A. Napps, R. Norwood, S. S. Norwood, B. Nudam, T. F. O'Neal, G. E. Noble, W. J. Powell, A. Powell, M. Repp, John Roberts, J. C. Rodriguez, I. Roddy, F. Stafford, C. T. Sewell, John Sevier, J. W. Shelmire,

H. C. Sneed, W. L. Sherburne, George Sevier, J. M. Sessions, J. J. Statham, R. S. Troth, E. P. Vanlandingham, J. S. Vidler, O. C. Vanlandingham, Tom Whitehead, E. West, B. West, William Walters, S. Whitehead, G. R. White, T. J. Wilkerson, I. T. Young, J. F. Young, J. T. Young.

The company entered service May 15, 1862, with J. Welsh Jones as Captain. Surrendered 1865, at Gainesville, Ala.

Through the courtesy of Howard Stedman, I have been enabled to read John Will Dyer's reminiscences. He was a Kentucky boy, belonging to Helm's brigade, and, having been a prisoner, was exchanged and then succeeded in getting back to his old home. At last he started to make his way through the lines and when he got to Albany, found our regiment and temporarily joined it. Remained with us from April until the Battle of Chickamauga, when he rejoined his old command. His book is very interesting, but there are some inaccuracies which the members of the old First Louisiana cannot subscribe to. He says, "A short time before my arrival at Col. Scott's camp, his regiment had met Col. Woolford's First Kentucky near Somerset, and got most gloriously 'licked.' He refers to our fight under Gen. Pegram at Somerset. We acknowledge the "licking" part, but deny that Woolford's cavalry did it. No one regiment ever whipped the First Louisiana. A brigade of infantry and two regiments of cavalry was the command that did that work. His claim that half of our regiment were Kentuckians is wrong. Some thirty or forty of the boys were from that State, and they were soldiers in every respect. He says he was "enrolled in McGimpsey's company for rations. It was composed of French-Creoles from East and West Feliciana." The company was from East Baton Rouge parish. His description of Scott's raid into Kentucky to relieve Morgan is

full of interest. He calls Lieut. Harper the senior Captain of the regiment.

"After this little flurry," (writes Dyer, speaking of Scott's raid) "we moved into the edge of Tennessee and encamped on Wolf Creek, the headquarters of Tinker Dave Beatty, better known in the history of that section as 'old Tinker Dave.' He spread terror all through that part of the country. He murdered inoffensive old men in cold blood; whipped and outraged defenseless women, and for the most malicious deviltry he out-Heroded Herod. He claimed to be in the Federal service, but was the very worst type of a mountain bushwhacker. Champ Ferguson lived in this section and was considered a Southern man. During Ferguson's absence in Kentucky, Tinker, with thirty men surrounded his house and made a search for him. The ladies talked pretty plain to Tinker and his men, called them a lot of cowards, that they knew Champ was not at home or they would not dare to have come after him. Tinker and his men cut a lot of switches, and after stripping the ladies whipped them almost to death, and when Champ got home he found them in this condition. He went to work and from among those whose experience had been like his he raised a company of about fifty men and went on the warpath for vengeance, and, with 'no quarter' for his motto. This was the state of affairs in the Woolf creek country when we entered it, and we were to try to correct it, but besides giving the peaceable citizens a little security, we accomplished nothing. We had as well go fox hunting without hounds as to try to catch Tinker in those mountains with a regiment of cavalry."

Speaking of the First Louisiana, he says: "This was a fine body of men, well officered and carved for itself an honored name in the history of the Confederacy. Connected with this regiment was a battery of twelve

pounder mountain howitzers, and while their range was limited, they could make as much noise as the most pretentious field pieces and at short range were very effective weapons. They helped us out of several tight places during six months that I kept them company, and on two occasions saved the whole command from capture or overwhelming disaster." The occasions he refers to happened on the same day. The shot from the battery that frightened Woolford's command when we charged into Stanford and then later in the day from the side of the mountains when we made the stand that checked them.

Dyer's book is well worth reading. It is filled with many pretty thoughts and flashes of humor.

As it might be pleasant to our comrades to know that we are sometimes thought of by those with whom we were closely associated in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," great pleasure is taken in presenting the following letter recently received:

Batesville, Ark., May 9, 1900.

Mr. Howell Carter, Jackson, La.:

My dear comrade—Your address has just been furnished me by Mr. Howard Stedman, of Forks of Elkhorn, Ky. The enclosed circular explains itself. During the 2nd and 3rd years of the war, your regiment, the First Louisiana Cavalry, was closely associated with the 2nd and 5th Tennessee, together with the 1st Georgia and Carter's 1st Tennessee, and I have been authorized by the executive committee of "Ashby's Brigade" to extend to the survivors of these three regiments a cordial invitation to be our guests at our Brigade Reunion at Louisville on May 31. I have had great difficulty in reaching any of the survivors of your regiment* * * *I beg to tender to you and through you to the survivors of the gallant First Louisiana Cavalry a cordial invitation to meet us at the time designated in Louisville, and once more grasp

the hands of comrades who stood shoulder to shoulder with you during the trying times of 1862 and 1863, and who have always held you in high admiration.* * * I am sincerely your comrade,

JAMES P. COFFIN,
Chairman Exec. Com., Ashby's Tenn. Cavalry Brigade.

The circular referred to in the above letter closes as follows: "Thirty-five years have elapsed since these regiments" (referring to Ashby's Brigade) "were paroled near Charlotte, N. C., and but few more opportunities will be afforded many of us to meet and again grasp hands with those by whose sides we gave or withstood the shock of battle, and it is hoped by the committee that every survivor who possibly can, will esteem it his duty and his delight to attend this reunion. Our love for each other demands it, the memory of our dead enforces it."

Those regiments were our friends and it is a pleasure indeed to hear from some of them. James P. Coffin is at present cashier of the "People's Savings Bank" at Batesville. He closes one of his letters to Stedman, which was sent us to read, as follows:

"I notice you address me as 'Colonel;' bless your soul, I'm no Colonel, my military title is 'Jim.'

The "boys" of the "old First" can never forget the gallant Tennesseeans with whom they were brigaded and the memory of chivalrous little Ashby will ever be fresh and green. He was always the friend of Scott and Nixon. After the Battle of Somerset and the arrest of Scott he went with Col. Nixon to Gen. Pegram's headquarters to ask that their regiments be sent across the mountains with Scott as his escort. Col. Nixon's right arm was in a sling from the wound received the day before. As they approached the house, on the balcony sat Gen. Pegram, who arose to greet the two officers, and as he was about to extend his

hand Col. Nixon, being a little in advance, stepped back, saluting with his left hand, said, "I salute my superior officers, but reserve my hand for my friends." Ashby's salute was then significant of the fact that with his friends he would stand or fall.

The following letter from Dr. Aquilla Talbott, a prominent M. D. and resident of Lexington, explains itself, and shows that it deserves a place and is welcomed in this volume:

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 28, 1900.

Howell Carter, Esq., Jackson, La.:

Dear Sir—By the kindness of our friend, Howard Stedman, I have been permitted to read your two letters written him, and I now assure you that I found much pleasure in so doing. I am especially gratified to learn that the military services, and, perhaps, many campaign incidents of the First Louisiana are to be preserved historically, and that such preservation is in the hands of one rendered competent by actual experience with the regiment, as in your case.

Often in reflecting on my association with the command, incidents, both serious and amusing, are recalled In such meditations personal hardships are forgotten, and the soldier life in my experiences appears only as a pleasant memory. Even the barren mountains and waste places of East Tennessee are redeemed by a remembrance of its smiling valleys and limped streams, and all are given a more grateful seeming when viewed through the softening influence of time.

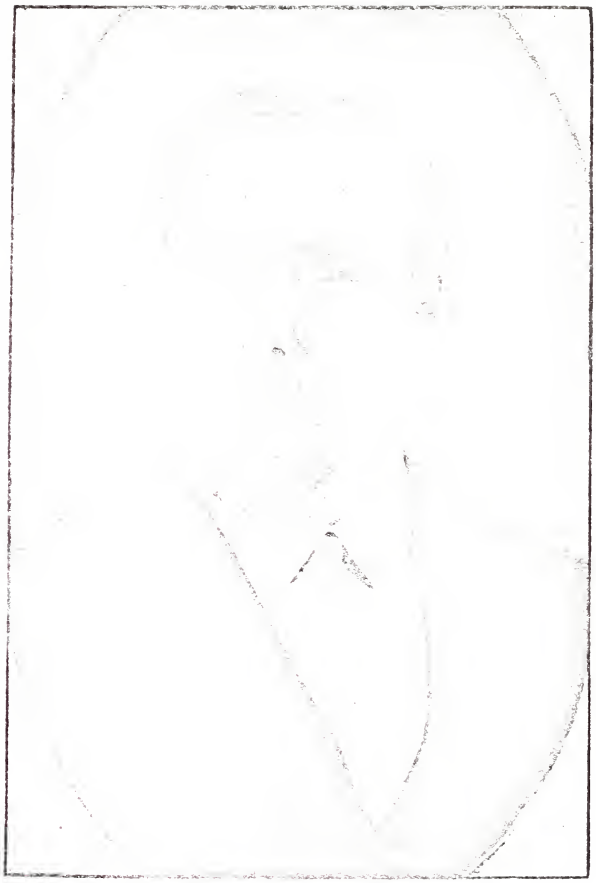
The information you gave regarding members of the regiment, both living and dead was indeed of interest, for I have often felt a strong desire to know the fates and fortunes of all of my old army associates. A few I have been able to keep trace of, many I have not. In answer to a letter written him I had a very pleasant communication from Lieut., now Judge Leake, some

time since. He was able to answer in regard to several concerning whom I asked him, but of one about whom I have been very desirous of hearing he could tell me nothing. My enquiry was regarding Major Campbell. While in Louisiana I was closely associated with him, in fact, in the same "mess." I admired many traits in his character, forming quite a friendship for him. He was near my age and may be yet living. My old friend and associate in the commissary department, Pettus, being older, I suppose has passed over the river. He was when last I heard of him near Liberty, Miss. Of Major Taylor and Capt. Wheeler I have never heard since the close of the war. Also lost sight of Lieut. Slack, about same time. Pete Caufield and Phelps were living in New Orleans last year.

Capt. Graham was in Kentucky sometime in the 70's and was then living in Florida. Should like to hear more of him. My wife who was a Miss Head of Franklin county, this State, became acquainted with several of the First Louisiana, her father's being a sort of asylum for the wounded and sick of the Confederate Army while encamped in his neighborhood, and she still takes interest in their welfare. One of the command who was too ill to leave the State at the time of the retreat, and who was sheltered by the family until sufficiently recovered to move, was named Gaspard, Gerard Gaspard, and if known of she would like to hear of his fortunes. Don't know to what company he belonged. I believe Stedman has given you an account of the Kentucky members so far as known, and I do not think I could add anything in way of information. Could say of myself, that I have been a resident of this city since '71, coming from Franklin county, where I resided before and after joining the army. Was married in '73; have no children living, having lost two girl babies in infancy; have enjoyed almost perfect

health since the war, and my friends tell me I am but little changed in appearance. I am sure that I feel but little, if any older. Engaged in practice of medicine. I think you asked Stedman to give you any anecdotes or incidents connected with the command deemed worthy of preserving, and as my recollection furnishes several, I shall give two or three and leave you to judge of their worth. Of course, any so given may be already known to you, and, if so, no harm will be done.

One incident recurring to me involves a little strategy practiced by one of the boys. My recollection is it was Pickles, to secure a mount after the Pegram raid into central Kentucky, and our having crossed, in some hurry the Cumberland river. You may remember that while horses and mules were regarded as "contraband" and subject to impressment, on the north side of that stream, property rights were more generally respected on the south side. In fact, we grew to look upon the Cumberland as being virtually the northern boundary of the Confederacy, and bearing out the illusion, Wayne county, Ky., was about as nearly exhausted agriculturally as Blount county, Tenn. So a soldier, finding himself a-foot there, was well nigh destined to remain so. But genius succumbs to no obstacles, and our dismounted friend proved himself possessed of that rare attribute. Leaving camp in the still hours of the night, he made a visit to a farmer's stable, or paddock, and by some means, best known to an enterprising cavalryman, induced a fairly good bay mare mule to accompany him back to camp. How a balance of the night was employed subsequent events seem to indicate. As might have been expected, next day found the farmer in camp, searching for his property, and, as he thought, he was not long in locating it; for while there is a striking family resemblance between mules in general, he was sure that he recognized certain features belonging to his particular mule



DR. AQUILLA TALBOTT.

in one quietly munching hay near Pickle's bunk. Now, while officers were always glad to have their men secure mounts, even if sometimes slow-footed ones were the best to be procured, still the rights of a Wayne county planter had to be respected. And, so the soldier claimant was aroused from a real or feigned snooze, and called on for an explanation. Lazily stretching himself, he inquired what was wanted? When told that the farmer accused him of having his mule, he became very indignant. Directing his remarks to the claimant, he said: "Why, man, if you'd been where I got that mule you'd been shaking yet. That mule came out of a government wagon we captured over at Danville, where bullets were flying thicker than bees in a swarm." This staggered the farmer a little, but he still persisted in his claim. Then P. feigned anger, and called out to know if his mule was branded. "No," said the claimant, "my mule was never out of my possession, and never branded." P. then caught the halter and whirling the mule around displayed a U. S., orthodox in appearance. This was a clincher, and the farmer actually apologized to P. before leaving camp. After getting well on the way to Tennessee. P. was asked how he managed it. "Well, a pair of barber's scissors, a live coal, skill and plenty of nerve will be found mighty handy sometimes," was his significant answer. (I write this as I've often told it to the amusement of friends in Kentucky. The occurrence happened as stated, and the particulars related as I remember them.) I recollect another incident, in which Pickles figured, that gave some amusement at the time and evidenced the imperturbable coolness of the man. It happened on our journey from Dalton to Louisiana. Stopping at some point in Alabama for a few day's rest, the men were pretty busy foraging around for extras with which to replenish their stores. So when P. saw a chance to secure at small risk a

sack of sweet potatoes he did not hesitate to improve the opportunity. The tubers were stored in a potato house made in the usual way, part below and part above the surface of ground, with entrance through door at one end. The door fastened with a lock, but Pickles was used to locks, and in good time "reached his destination." He had partly filled his sack, when hearing a noise from behind, he turned and saw the owner of the premises in the act of closing the door, and before P. could enter a protest the lock clicked, and he was a prisoner. I don't remember whether the owner came to camp for a guard or after a time brought the culprit in himself, but in due form the matter was reported to Capt. Wheeler, he being in command, the offender and offended being present. Capt., though suppressing a laugh, put on a stern look and informed the owner that under Gen. Bragg's order, any one caught robbing a civilian or abusing the property of such was liable to be court-martialed and shot, and that if he would appear against the prisoner such should be the course of action in that case. This seemed to horrify the accuser, and he said no, if that was to be the result, let the man go free. In fact, he had given him a lecture while in confinement that he thought would prevent his doing a like act in future, etc. P. was then told to go. Picking up his sack, which still contained several messes of potatoes, he remarked loud enough to be heard by all: "I'd like to have some more potatoes at the same price," and off he went. To appreciate the "play" one must call up in mind Pickles as he then was —tall, angular and careless of dress, drawling in speech and smileless. My wife saw a lady present him a Bible when in Kentucky, and never forgot it.

Stedman, it seems, said something in a letter to you about a "vermilion horse," seen in Louisiana. I don't think I recollect that, but I do remember a circumstance occurring while we were encamped at Sparta, Tenn.,

wherein some boys appropriated a farmer's horse and tried to disguise it by staining with the juice of walnut bark. They boiled the bark at night and did the staining also at night. When daylight came, and they saw the job they were sorry for the horse, whose own mother wouldn't have recognized him. Like the scape-goat told of in Scripture, he was turned loose in the wilderness of the mountains, bearing the sins of two unskilled painters.

Speaking of Sparta reminds me of my first experience in hog hunting after becoming a soldier. As you will remember, Company "I" was stationed directly in the little town, therefore being somewhat nearer Cumberland mountain than the main body of the troops, camped west of town. My mess was made up of new recruits, all Kentuckians, and we were getting very hungry for "hog and hominy," a popular diet at home. We had several times seen and occasionally "smelt" fresh meat in camp, but none of it had ever reached our board. So I concluded to inquire of some of the older hands how the end was accomplished. And I soon learned the secret. But I was told that it would be useless to seek for pork in the valley, that field was exhausted. Cumberland mountain was the only source promising a successful hunt. And so as soon as we could get off, a young recruit named Spencer, and myself started out for game. We reached the summit of the mountain in good order and began looking for signs of porkers. After riding for some time, we saw tokens in the shape of rootings and leave-beds that convinced us that our quest was about to be rewarded. Soon we noticed tracks going down a by-path, and then just beyond a house, and there right at the stile were the hogs. Of course, to shoot there was out of the question, and to give up the game even worse to contemplate. So we held a council of war and planned an attack. Riding boldly up to the stile I called in

country style, hello! At the same time Spencer's horse, becoming rather unruly bore over toward the hogs, he giving a low whistle such as used to frighten such stock. The farmer came out in answer to my call and I inquired after stray horses, which, he assured me, he had not seen. We then followed after the hogs, they having gone into the woods. After driving them some distance, I dismounted, Spencer holding my horse and keeping watch. I never had tried shooting hogs with an army rifle, and had some doubts about it, but there was too much at stake to hesitate, so getting as close as the hog would allow, I aimed for the brain and fired. But horrors! such a squeal as he gave; I'd shot too high, missing the brain. However, the force of the ball had stunned him and running up I "stuck" him and dragged him behind a large log, and, hearing no alarm from Spencer I soon had him in twain and a half in a sack brought for the purpose. We took a circuitous route back to camp and enjoyed the luxury of fresh meat for several days after. Strategy won when the chance seemed slim. Ever after the thing was easy. War has its practices that peace would condemn.

It was wrong, unquestionably wrong, to thus take property belonging to another, and yet, the soldier did not feel in his conscience that it was theft. He rather felt that those living under a roof, with families around them, and with a place that they could indeed call home were somehow able, if not under obligation, to thus contribute to his comfort. In peace it would have been a crime, in war it took more the nature of a prank.

There was an incident came under my observation while serving in Louisiana that I deem well worth preserving, though not exactly in record of the First Cavalry. It embraced a compliment to Col. Ogden, paid by Col. Scott, in a manner and under circumstances that rendered it peculiarly impressive. It happened during, or in, pursuit of the enemy from Jack-

son to the river at St. Francisville. You will remember that all day's fight amid heat and dust, and how stubbornly the enemy resisted the advance of the Confederates. At one point there was another road running somewhat parallel to the main State road, over which the Federals were retreating, and to prevent a flank movement, both commanders had detached troops on it. At a time when there was pretty severe fighting on the main road, the firing on the other road became also quite brisk, and Col. Scott evidently became somewhat uneasy, for sending for Col. Ogden, he directed him to take a sufficient number of men and go over to the other line, and, if necessary, assist in repelling any advance from that direction. Some little time after, the firing keeping up, a cloud of dust was seen coming our way, and some one in our group remarked that he feared the enemy were too much for our men, and that they were retreating. Colonel Scott, who had been watching the movement through his glass, quietly turned, and, with a smile, answered: "No, they are not retreating, Ogden comes in front." Of course the inference was that if retreating Col. Ogden would not be leading. Sure enough, he soon galloped up and assured Col. Scott that the forces on the flank were sufficient for those in front of them, and asked to be assigned to a place in the main line.

Colonel Ogden always impressed me as a truly gallant officer, and if he had been attached to one of the larger armies, I do not doubt that he would have become conspicuous.

George W. Cable was here sometime ago, and I related to him the above incident. He said he might use it in his forthcoming work, "The Cavalier;" but that would not make your report of it an infringement, if you decide to give it, as you would give it as an historical fact, with actual names, etc.

Returning to that raid, and incidents connected with

it, I think Col. Scott displayed as much acumen and foresight there as at any time in his career. The enemy were evidently attempting to lead him into a trap for the purpose of capturing the two Sawyer guns he had been using so effectively on their transports on the Mississippi river; and but for the caution exercised might have succeeded. You may remember that it was late in the evening when the troops reached the higher ground, back of the town of St. Francisville and stopped for a few hours rest, the enemy having disappeared from our front.

It may also be remembered that not a great while after Col. Scott's arrival at the village he received, under flag of truce, an invitation from Capt. Foster, commanding one of the Federal gunboats, to come aboard his vessel and join a party in some festivities, including cards, at games of which the Colonel and Captain had often engaged before. I afterward learned that Col. Scott had an arrangement with the Captain by which he (Scott) was allowed to visit Mrs. Scott, who resided in St. Francisville, and it was no uncommon thing for the two officers to meet and indulge in their favorite game—poker. Before going on the occasion referred to, Colonel came up to the artillery camp and instructed Lieut. Vallandingham, he being in charge, to take the guns that night back beyond Clinton, and, if necessary, to press horses or mules sufficient to haul them. And it was done, much to the disappointment, as I think was proven, of our friends, the enemy. For next morning it developed that a heavy force of cavalry had left the river at a point higher up, and, pursuing a shorter route, had struck Clinton before the artillery, if starting that day, could have possibly reached that point. But, free from encumbrance, Col. Scott was able to fall in rear of the Federal cavalry, and, without danger of capture, harass them until they were glad to return to their own territory. Hence,

I say, that the action of Col. Scott, in removing the artillery beyond danger at the time he did, showed a discretion without which disaster must have, in all probability, followed the success achieved on the preceding day. You know that many traps were laid to capture the guns, but all failed so long as Col.Scott was on guard.

I take it that you are just as well acquainted with the foregoing facts as I am, but I've thought they may not have impressed you as they did me. Besides, as commissary of the Regiment I was about headquarters much of the time, and therefore had better opportunity of hearing what was going on than one otherwise situated. Col. Scott himself told me of his visit to Capt. Foster, and part of the conversation that took place while there. I remember his saying that Capt. F. asked him the number of his forces, and when told he expressed surprise, stating that the Federals had more against him, and rather censuring the opposing officer for allowing himself to be beaten. I've always doubted the Captain's sincerity, as I think the retreat was part of a scheme to get the guns within reach.

We all know how the sad end came, when Gen. Geo. B. Hodge superseded Col. Scott, the first attempt made by the enemy was a complete success, and not only the larger guns, but the two little howitzers fell into their hands. This, I take it, measures the difference between the capacity of the two commanders.

Indeed, I think Col. Scotts' conduct, as regards the military branch, when in charge of the department of E. La. and S. W. Miss., was above criticism. With an enemy always watching an opportunity to take him unawares, he was never once surprised, nor, as I now remember, did he once suffer defeat in battle.

My experience with the people of the territory embraced in the department was most pleasant. As I was much of the time engaged in collecting the tithe re-

quired of each planter, known as "Tax in Kind," I was in many homes, often having to deal with ladies alone, the heads of families being absent in the army or elsewhere. I do not now remember a single instance where there was any complaint of the law, or any disagreement as to what was due under it. In fact, I never knew a more self-sacrificing and zealous class than the ladies there met with. I hold in remembrance one illustration of this which impressed me at the time as truly sublime, and which I still view with the same admiration it then inspired. It occurred while in pursuit of forces that so successfully raided Hodge's camp, and after they had been driven out of Liberty, Miss., by Scott's vigorous attack. You may remember that well on the way toward the river we halted for a rest near what was known as Keller's Cross Roads. Here resided a wealthy planter by the name of Keller, at whose house I had called on a former occasion, using his mill to grind corn into meal for the command. As we were again in need of provisions, I went forward, hoping to get something at his place to satisfy such want. But when I came in sight of the premises a truly desolate view was presented. Two large gin-houses in which I knew had been stored several crops of cotton were about consumed by fire, and fencing and several out houses were in like condition. The residence stood apparently unmolested. As I rode up to the stile the old gentleman was seen walking back and forth across the yard, seemingly in deep meditation. I saluted, calling his name, but he gave no evidence of having heard me. Having dismounted, I started toward the house, still unnoticed, when a lady came out and, addressing me, said that I must excuse any apparent neglect upon the part of her father, that he was in deep distress, as he'd not only lost what I saw in ruins, but the accumulations of a life time. She then told me that by threats

and punishment some of the Yankees had forced the old gentleman to reveal the hiding place of his money, amounting to over $70,000 in gold. Then with animation amounting to enthusiasm, the speaker exclaimed: "For myself, I shall count nothing as lost if in the end I may but feel that it was the price of liberty!" She was a splendid woman, fitted to utter such a sentiment. I left the place without stating my mission.

In writing a history of the regiment, I am sure you will mention, with proper comment, all important events connected with the command; but, as before said, all persons are not alike impressed by the same occurrences. The selection of the First Louisiana from among all the cavalry with the Army of Tennessee, to serve as bodyguards and couriers for the Generals of Longstreet's corps was, I think, a marked compliment, and I would claim it to be such. Again the fact that Scott was never in his long and active service, surprised by the enemy is greatly to the credit of both himself and men. Well to mention the fact that we invariably suffered defeat when Col. Scott was superseded by those of higher rank—Pegram, Hodge, etc. These suggestions are offered with all respect, and by one in full sympathy with your undertaking.

When I started in to write you I did not contemplate extending my letter to any unusual length, but when I began to think of the incidents connected with my soldier life, I found my self so engrossed by the subject that I wrote almost mechanically the suggestions of memory. If too elaborate to be read consecutively, skim over it and throw it aside.* ** *Wishing you success in your undertaking, I am yours very truly,

A. TALBOTT.

List of Kentuckians in Company "I" and remarks as made by Howard Stedman, in reply to a request for information concerning our Kentucky boys:

	Date of enlistment
J. Babbit, of Pewievalley, Ky.,	September, 1862
Thomas Burton, Perryville, Ky.,	September, 1863
Milt Elbert, Lexington, Ky.	1862
Jos. L. French, Forks of Elkhorn, Ky.	Sept., 1862
James Hope, Perryville, Ky.	1863
Thos. J. Hughes, Perryville, Ky.	1863
Lieut. S. D. Jones, Lexington, Ky. (In La.)	1861
George May, Perryville, Ky.	1863
— Morris, Perryville, Ky.	1863
— Swiney (parson), Perryville, Ky.	1863
Joe T. Spencer, Sugar Creek, Ky.	Sept., 1862
James Searcy, Laurenceburg, Ky.	Sept., 1862
Howard Stedman, Forks of Elkhorn	Sept., 1862
Dr. A. Talbott, Lexington, Ky.	Aug., 1862
— Taylor, Laurenceburg, Ky.	Sept., 1862
Jno. W. Walsh, Lexington, Ky.	Sept., 1863
Wm. Wood, (town or county forgotten)	Oct., 1862

The following belonged to the Howitzer Battery:

George Vallandingham, Frankfort, Ky.; Marshall Wood, Frankfort, Ky.

Remarks About Them.

Babbitt was living in Louisville eight or ten years after the surrender.

Burton I have not heard from since the war.

Elbert was lost in a steamboat wreck on the Mississippi somewhere above New Orleans, in 1868 (I think.)

French died in Arkansas in 1873.

Hope and Hughes both died; I don't know just when, but at their homes several years after the war.

Lieut. S. D. Jones died at Lexington in 1898.

May is dead.

Morris, have heard nothing of since the war.

Swiney, I have recently heard, is yet alive and living somewhere in Lincoln county.

Spencer—Have had letters from him recently; he is living at Sugar, Gallatin county, Ky., well and prosperous.

Searcy—Have met him several times since the war, but he, too, has passed over.

Stedman—I see him every day in good health; weighs 180 pounds, but in war times 120, and a long time after it was a struggle to survive, but is here yet with prospects for old age; 56 years old Jan. 22, 1900.

Dr. A. Talbott is now one of Lexington's most valued M. D's. and citizens, and looks much like he did thirty-five years ago, when he measured out our short rations, etc.

Taylor returned home from the war, but have lost track of him since.

Jno. W. Walsh still lives in Lexington; is well and time has made no change in him; looks about the same as when, with the old independent mess, composed of Mat Cosley, Pete Caufield, George Lord, Milt Elbert, Hughes, Hope, Bill and Jas. Sneed, and part of the time myself, whose chief characteristics were to eat as much as they could get, and do as little as possible.

Wm. Wood—His place of living is lost to sight, but his character is yet vivid in memory, because for dry wit, droll sayings, and draw poker (a weakness most of us had) he was without an equal in our company, and we all loved him.

J. O'Connor, a member of our company, who was an Alabamian, lives in Frankfort.

Lieuts. Allen and Runyan I don't know about.

George Vallandingham and Marshall Wood belonged to our battery of "Mountain Howitzers." Both died in Frankfort. Vallandingham lived at ease with himself and everyone else until he died in 1875. I think Capt. Woods was actively engaged in steamboating

from Louisville to New Orleans and died about 1882; both honored and respected by all who knew him.

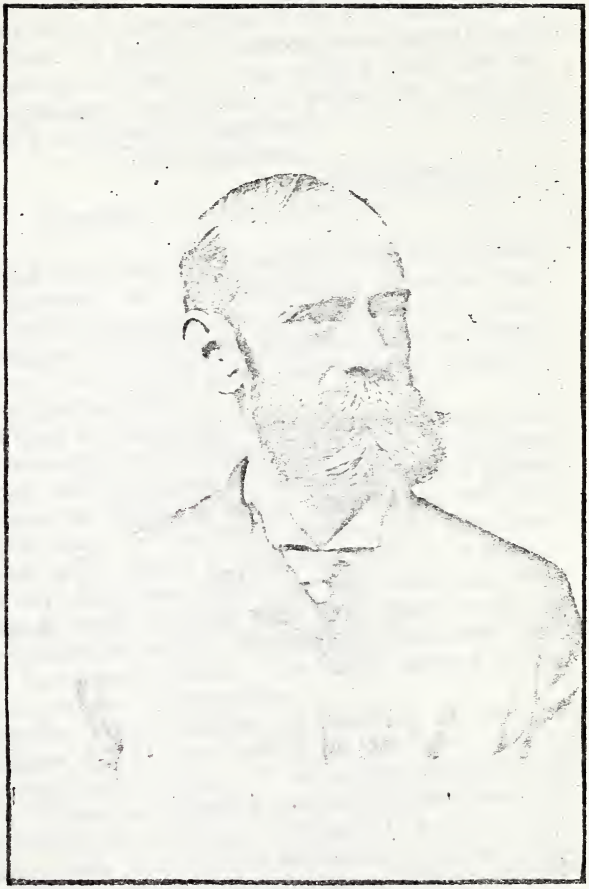
If you should see Wm. Sneed, ask him if he remembers Burgamont. I know he does, from a tobacco incident. Twenty years after the war I was in his studio in Louisville, Ky., and he looked just as natural as when he rode the big sorrel in Company "I." We thought him killed at Irvine, but he was cared for and got well.

I remember a raid that came out from Port Hudson, La., to Clinton and Jackson. Early one morning the enemy being camped just across Thompson Creek, not far from Jackson, Col. Scott, being in command, crossed the creek below them and a shot from our mountain Howitzers was the signal for a charge. Their camp was thrown into confusion and we kept them going until they got under shelter of Foster's gunboat lying off Bayou Sara. Now, the Vermilion painted horse(which I wrote you about) figures in this. A Yankee, more daring than the rest, rode a white horse that had been striped with vermilion paint, Zebra fashion, and was a target for all shots that day, and he was very much in the way, as he persisted in rallying the broken columns as often as we would break them. Finally Kegan brought up in close position one of the rifled Parrott guns and at the first fire down went horse and rider. After that there was no more rallying. I wonder what became of Gunner Kegan! A truer soldier and a better cannon shot never looked over the barrel of a gun. Now, the remarkable part of this vermilion horse and man story: We took the man from under the horse, buried him, expressed great admiration for his gallantry and regretted that we had killed such a man. About 15 years ago I was at a little town in Illinois and in conversation with an old Yankee soldier he told me of this raid and the painted horse in his company. I told him I was on the other side and helped to bury the man. He said neither

yea or nay, but asked me to visit him that evening, which I did, and he introduced me to the man who claimed to be the rider of the vermilion horse, whom we had killed twenty years before, and I insisted that if he was the man who rode that striped horse he was dead, for I helped to kill and bury him, and if he could not prove his identity, I could not believe him, even though he stood before me. We had a jolly good time over it, as he contended that he was very much alive, etc. His explanation was that when the shell struck his horse and exploded ,instantly killing him ,a man on the ground was killed, so close to him that the horse fell on him, and we supposed the dead man was the rider, but not so; he escaped unhurt and lived, and circumstances brought us together to talk the matter over where shell and the fumes of powder and the evil passions of man were an unknown element.

Billy Douglas! Do I remember him? As vividly as any one with whom I came in contact during the war! And his mother! I have lived to bless her all my life. After a hard trip from down about Port Hudson, Bill said, "Let's go to Jackson and take dinner with mother." Soldier like, always ready for something to eat, I went, and what a good dinner and clean up we had! The motherly words of that grand woman burn in gratitude to that mother of thine, Douglas, even until now. I never can forget her touch when she put her hand on my boyish head and with tears admonished me to remember my own mother and prove a worthy son.

At our reunion at Louisville some of us must be there. Our Kentucky end, of course. will be there, but we want to see our Louisiana comrades. I would like to shake hands with Will Douglas, Pete Caufield, Billy and Jas. Sneed, Iverson Batchelor, Melancon Richard, yourself, Capt. Leake, Capt. McKowen, Major Hamilton and a host of others that pass in rapid transit before my mental vision.



ALEX. PORTER MORSE.

Well! my comrade, if you can gather anything of interest from what I have written I shall rejoice at having aided you. A spell of sickness from which I am just recovering has delayed this writing some, and if there is anything I can do yet to hasten the work to completion I am yours to command.

Your comrade,

H. STEDMAN,
Company "I," First Louisiana Cavalry.

Referring to the above we take this method of thanking the comrade for the information furnished and other valuable assistance rendered. Howard Stedman is proprietor of "The Elkhorn Woolen Mills" at "Forks of Elkhorn," and is one of the most highly respected citizens of that section.

On an easel in his parlor he has a large picture of the group, consisting of Col. Scott, Col. Ogden, Col. Hamilton, Capt. McKowen and Lieut. Leake, from a photograph taken at Mobile in 1865. Thanks are due him for a "half tone" of the above picture. The Hamilton mentioned is Col. Jones S. Hamilton, who is a prominent citizen of Jackson, Miss.; he was connected with the Brigade staff, serving with Col. Scott while he was in command of the Southwest Mississippi and Eastern Louisiana district. The other officers in the group are referred to elsewhere.

Alexander Porter Morse, an attorney at law, of Washington, D. C., was one of the twenty or thirty men who joined Company "I" from New Orleans; He writes: "When the regiment was in Kentucky and the measles broke out in camp, Company "I" had the most men fit for duty and this was attributed to the fact that nearly all the country volunteers were down with the epidemic, while the city men escaped, generally having had the measles when youths. On every occasion, I believe, the company did its fair share of arduous ser-

vice. At the time of the fall of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, I was on recruiting service for the regiment at New Orleans, and upon the evacuation of the city I was ordered to take my men and assume control of the steamer Magenta, loaded with Confederate supplies and report at Memphis, which I did. Through friends of mine some zealous ladies of New Orleans presented the regiment with a very handsome silk flag, which was delivered by me at a special review held near Decatur, Ala. I recall very distinctly that Bill Minor, stalwart and popular, was the ensign of the regiment who received the flag.

"About a year after the regiment entered service I was appointed Second Lieutenant, C. S. A., and was transferred to duty first with Gen. Leadbetter at Chattanooga, and later as aid and Inspector General on the staff of Gen. Major in the Army of the Trans-Mississippi, with the rank of First Lieutenant, and afterward Captain.* * *I believe Treadwell and I wrote the camp song for Company 'I,' entitled,

'Come, fall in, Morgan Rangers,
The stirring time has come,
And martial notes are sounding
By the fife and on the drum.'

"The company was named after a Mr. Morgan, a planter who aided in its equipment.

"I was captured by a cavalry detachment fron Banks' army near Red River, La. Was on my way to Virginia, under orders to report to Brig. Gen. Francis T. Nicholls, commanding the Second Louisiana Brigade in Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. The same who is at present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Louisiana." In a letter, dated June 11, 1900, Mr. Morse says: "While talking to Brig. Gen. Jos. Wheeler, U. S. A., a few days since, I recalled to him the fact

that our regiment had served under his command during the Civil War; when he promptly and earnestly replied: 'Scott's First Louisiana Cavalry was a fine regiment; I remember it very distinctly; and I knew Col. Scott well.'"

W. R. Sneed, of Company "I," in sending the list of the company that he had, says that he and Roberts of Company "F" captured the last prisoners taken by our command. In a fight with Wilson's raiders both of their horses were shot under them; being dismounted they came up with Major Fiddler and three of his men who surrendered,—all were Kentuckians. About eighteen years after the close of the war he met at Galbraith's Springs, Tenn., the widow of Major Fiddler and his daughter, who thanked him for the kindness shown the Major during his captivity.

Gen. John McGrath, an Army of Tennessee veteran Captain, says that on one occasion his regiment was bivouacked on the road side and it was announced that Scott's Cavalry, that had been fighting for several days, worn out with fatigue and hunger, was to pass through the infantry lines for a day of rest. It was proposed that this Louisiana infantry empty their haversacks to these tired boys. "What command is this?" was asked as the troopers rode up. "Scott's Cavalry," was the reply. "Come boys and get something to eat," as the haversacks were handed up. McGrath says he knew the Louisiana Cavalry well, many of the boys being from his parish, and it seemed strange that not a familiar face could be seen; at last he asked, "What regiment did you say this was?" "The First Georgia, Scott's Brigade," was answered; just then the old First Louisiana rode up, and such hand-shakings! but nothing to offer the boys to eat. Explanations were made and the troopers appreciated these good intentions. Gen. McGrath says they were very glad to be able to stay Georgia hunger, but it was that fellow-

DR. F. M. MUMFORD, 1899.

feeling for Louisianians that caused them to empty their haversacks and take chances for themselves. McGrath is at present the editor of the Baton Rouge Truth; takes great interest in veteran association affairs and is very popular with all of the "old boys."

David H. Allen.

After many inquiries and dilligent search we were about to give up our hunt for this gallant Kentuckian, who was a Lieutenant in Company "K" and was acting Adjutant of the regiment at the time of the surrender, but to our great delight Dr. O. D. Brooks informed us that he accidentally, on his return from the Louisville Reunion, met with Allen's brother, who informed him of his whereabouts. The address was given us and the following is a portion of a letter received from him under date of June 22, 1900, at Edna, Texas;

"I assure you it was a very gratifying surprise to receive your letter. For years I have had few tidings from any of my old comrades. I have often thought of you, and on many occasions spoken of you and wondered if you still lived. On my return home, May 13, 1865, I parted with Talbott at Owensboro, Ky. Dr. Runyan left me at Louisville and went to his home in Maysville; for years I have heard nothing from either. Adjutant Fox died a few years after the war. I had the pleasure of visiting him at his mother's old, but beautiful home at Danville, Ky. From 1870 to 1895 I lived in Louisville and still call that my home. I am glad you have undertaken the work of giving a history of our old regiment."

From Dr. Brooks information is also received to the effect that Charles Hines, who belonged to the regiment, is living in Louisville, Ky., and also J. W. Robards, at Harrodsburg, Ky.

Dr. F. M. Mumford, a member of Company "C," and

afterward Brigade ordnance officer, was in Bayou Sara just before the Confederates commenced fortifying Port Hudson. The Sumpter, a gunboat, that had been captured by the Federals somewhere up the river, and had been refitted and was being used as one of the "Tin clads" guarding the Mississippi from point to point, had run aground opposite Bayou Sara. Mumford with several other venturesome young fellows, collected a crowd, got skiffs ready and determined to board the boat and capture her. They expected to make the attack at 12, but they did not get ready until 3 o'clock, and then quietly they rowed out, every man ready for the fray. Going up close by the boat, a voice from the deck cried out, "Who dat out dar?" "We demand an immediate surrender of this boat," said Mumford. "Lor', boss, ain't nobody on dis here boat to fight you folks, de soldiers all done gone," replied the contraband and boarding her they found it true; a transport had passed early in the night and quietly took off the entire crew, officers, marines and all except some negroes who had run off from their homes near Memphis. The boys sent these negroes ashore in skiffs and after taking off all the amunition, arms, etc., that could be utilized they saw (day was just breaking) a gunboat steaming toward them. All got into their skiffs and Mumford, the last to leave, set fire to the Sumpter and rowed for the shore. The gunboat "opened" on them, but no one was hurt. Mumford, the next week, started for Tennessee, where he joined the First Louisiana. He is an M. D. and a prominent druggist of St. Francisville.

After the resignation of Dr. T. P. Hotchkiss and the death of Dr. J. L. Gurley, Dr. A. V. Woods was made surgeon. He served through the war and lived in southwest Louisiana for many years after the surrender.

Gervais Schlatre, the first Major of the regiment was thrown from his horse a short while after being mustered into service and being so badly hurt was

compelled to resign. He lived at Plaquemine for a number of years after the war.

Capt. E. Greene Davis, who commanded Company "C" during most of the war practiced dentistry in East and West Feliciana parishes many years, and died in his home near Bayou Sara some years ago, respected by the entire community.

Lieut. Col. Nixon lived in New Orleans for many years after the war and died about ten or twelve years ago with Bright's disease.

Allen J. Hausey, whose picture appears in this volume, is a highly respected citizen of East Feliciana, being at present a member of the Police Jury.

Ellis Miller and — Gluxman belonged to the regiment, but to what company cannot be ascertained.

W. E. Seebold, one of Company "Is" good soldiers, passed through the war, went into business in New Orleans and has been and is now a Canal street stationer, well known and liked throughout the State.

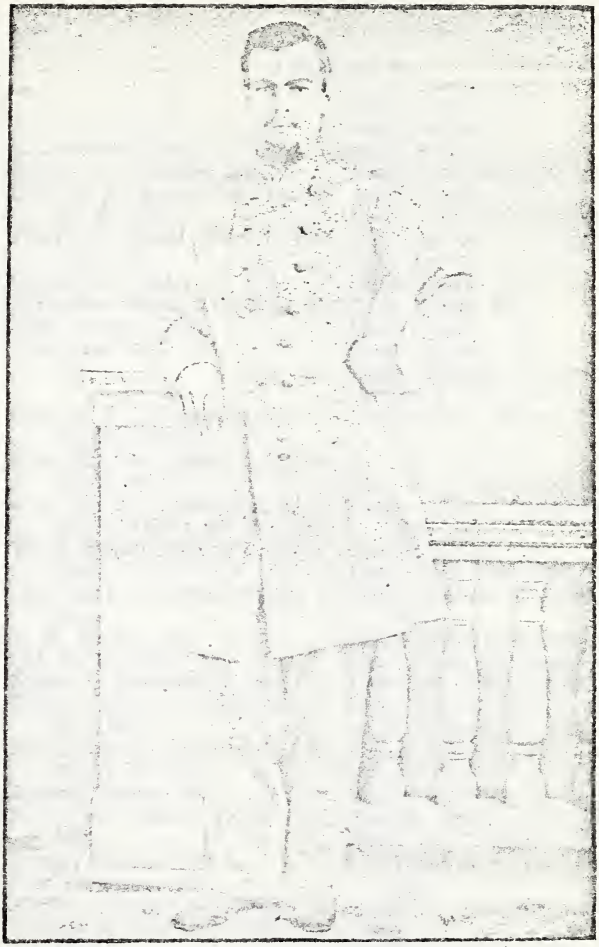
Walter Stewart, a member of Company "E," was a quiet, unobtrusive soldier; went in at the start and remained until the finish, always ready and willing to perform any duty devolving upon him. He is at present a respected farmer of East Feliciana parish.

Capt. Albert Cammack, the first quartermaster, resigned to accept service in another department. For many years he was in the cotton factorage business and is still a resident of New Orleans.

The name of James Wallace was unintentionally omitted from the roll of Company "C." Mr. Wallace was the night clerk at the old St. Charles Hotel until it was burned, and now occupies a similar position in the "Commercial."

Mr. Henry L. Loomis, of Co. "D," was for many years in the cotton factorage business in New Orleans, but has retired and still lives in that city, enjoying good health.

Mr. John Watson belonged to the Regiment; company not known.



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